THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, By Hubert H. Humphrey

Saturday Review

October 31, 1964 25¢

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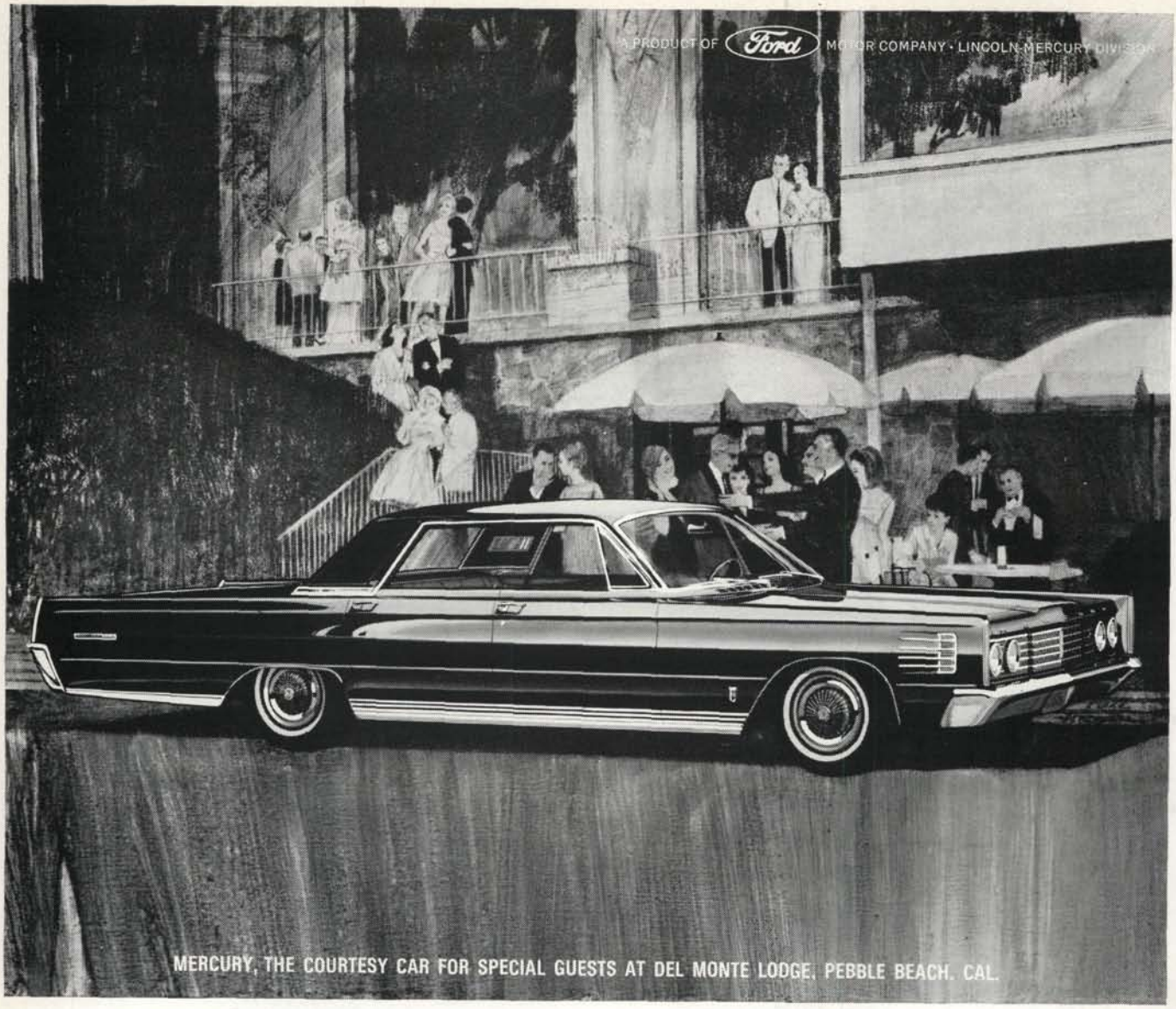
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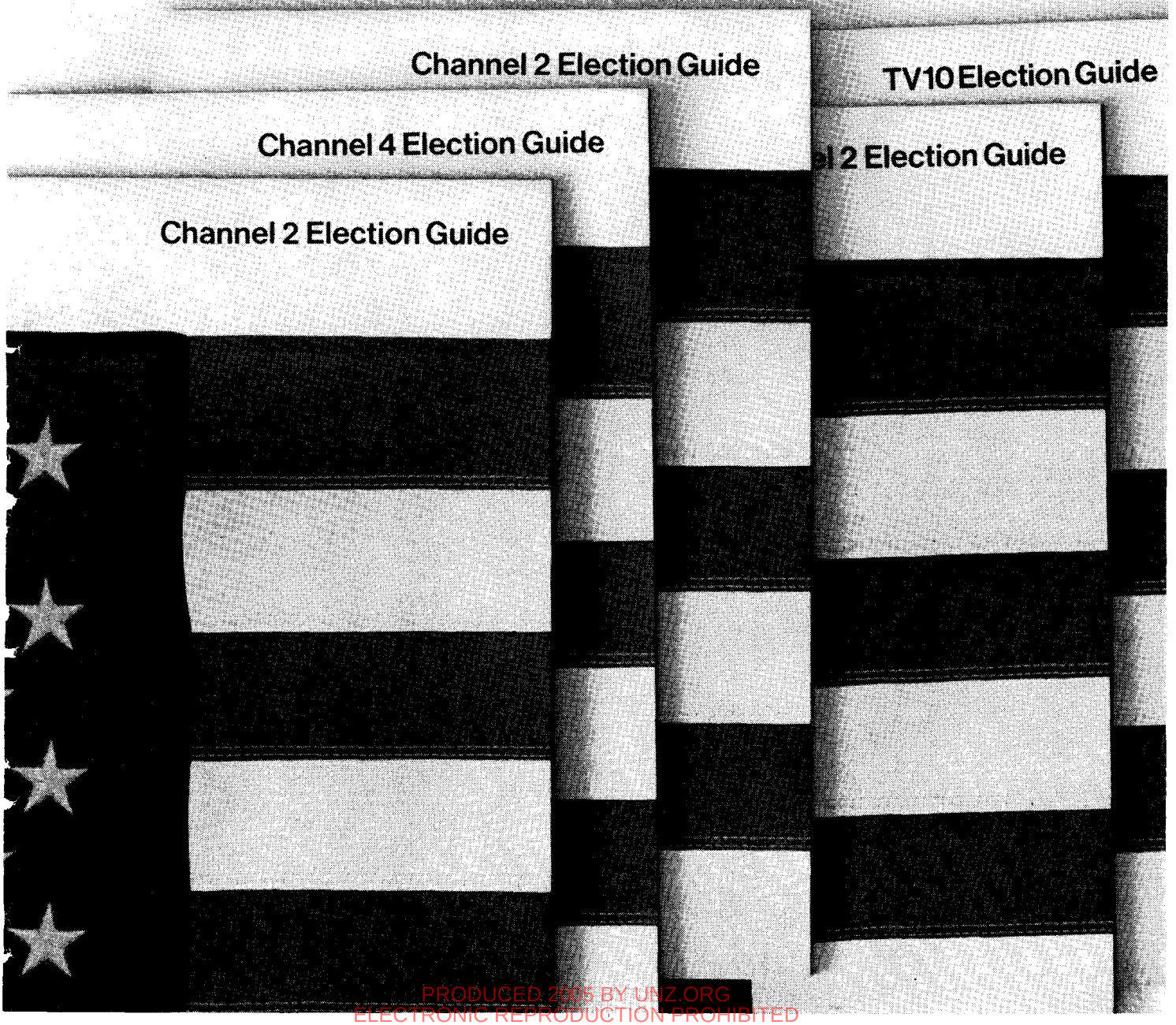

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Saturday Review

October 31, 1964

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Piedmont Country

Edited by Martin Levin

The Poisonous Gift

THE current excitement about labeling cigarettes reminds me of a time, in the hungry year of 1920, when the good people of Novgorod concluded that Herbert Hoover was out to poison them with tobacco. Why the American Relief Administration and Mr. Hoover had picked this God-forsaken, decrepit little city for extermination was beyond our comprehension. But it was obvious that some high-level decision had been made to do away with us in a curiously diabolical way.

Novgorod was a particularly vulnerable victim of the Great Famine. Its luck was notoriously bad. When there was a bad crop of wheat in Russia, that of the Novgorod region was the worst. When there was a bad crop of governors, the governor of the Novgorod province was the most reprehensible. The meanest commissars who ever ruled a Russian city after the Revolution were in Novgorod, and the famine descended upon it with a particularly savage force.

Other regions lacked certain products but had others. We in Novgorod lacked everything. We had neither bread, nor milk, nor meat. There were some fish in the river of Volkhov but they quickly disappeared. We either ate them all or else they fled to safer waters.

Some people say that it is easier to suffer collectively than singly. A hungry person is infinitely more miserable among well-fed people than among those who are just as hungry as he is. I don't agree with this. Going around hungry among other famished people did not drive me to uncontrollable outbursts of joy.

One day in the middle of August 1920, a group of five Americans appeared in Novgorod and went into a huddle with the leading commissars. That frightened us; we foresaw definite trouble ahead.

The trouble came two weeks before Christmas.

The five Americans were representatives of the American Relief Administration. Their stated purpose was to organize the feeding of starving Russians. We naturally could not understand why capitalistic Americans should want to feed inhabitants of a Communist country even if they were starving. We could not find any explanation for this capitalistic folly and we assumed an attitude of hostile watchfulness. The Americans spent many hours with the commissars (that was our collective name for Soviet officialdom) and the more the Americans talked to the commissars the less we trusted them.

Within a week or so several kitchens were established in our town; they served soup and a variety of canned meat that we had never tasted before—or since. We ate it all warily, expecting the worst.

Then suddenly the blow was struck and the American plot came into the open. The representatives of the American Relief Administration, presumably in the spirit of Christmas, distributed several thousand packages of cigarettes among the population of Novgorod. Each package of cigarettes bore the name of "Piedmont" and was stamped "Gift."

The mysterious word "Gift" intrigued us, until finally one of our local barbers, a German, translated it for us. "Gift," he told us is German for "poison."

There were no English-speaking people around to dispute it. The English governesses employed by families that belonged to the old order disappeared together with their masters. Certain people who knew everything without knowing anything explained to us that the American cigarettes were stamped "poison" because they contained some poisonous ingredient, probably opium. They advised us not to touch the cigarettes: there was no doubt that the Americans wanted us to become drug addicts.

We did not smoke the Piedmonts; we threw them out. We were not going to allow the Americans to poison us with "gifts."

That Christmas we smoked Russian cigarettes or we did not smoke at all.

—M. K. Argus.

A Bouquet of Shrinking Violets

(Plucked from recent journals)

RITA HAYWORTH describes herself on page 64 of *Cosmopolitan* for November 1963: "Sensitive, shy . . . of course I was. I still am."

The Bank of America's president, R. A. Paterson, "seems a bit vulnerable himself—soft-spoken and shy," according to *Newsweek*, issue of last November 4.

Happy Rockefeller has a "shy smile"

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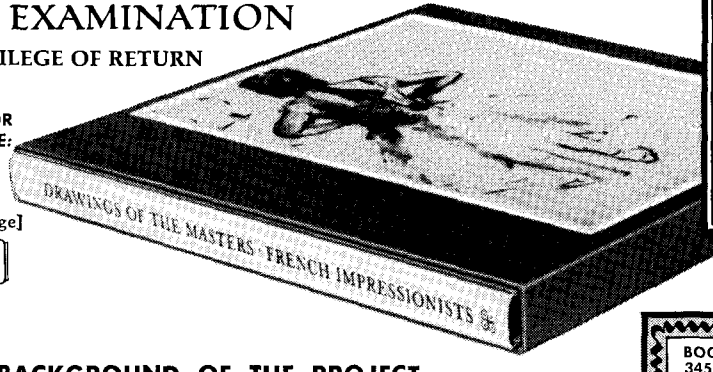

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and "wind-blown, all American-girl good looks," according to the front page of the New York *Journal-American*.

The Democratic Governor of Vermont is "appealingly shy," according to the *Saturday Evening Post* for November 23, 1963.

Lassie's wife, "Girlie" is not only a platinum-blonde bitch, but a shy one—so it says on page 23 of October 3 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Barry Goldwater is shy. (See page 18, August 8-15 of the *Saturday Evening Post*.) And so is Melvin Belli (page 28, same magazine for July 25-August 1.)

Jayne Mansfield—quote: "I'm very shy." (Walter Winchell, June 12.)

The Beatles are "well poised, quick witted, well-mannered . . . and rather shy," according to Marjorie Farnsworth in the *Journal-American*. And their countryman, Harold Wilson, is shy, too, (*Newsweek*, September 28, 1964).

Madame Charles DeGaulle is shy (*Cosmopolitan*, October 1964).

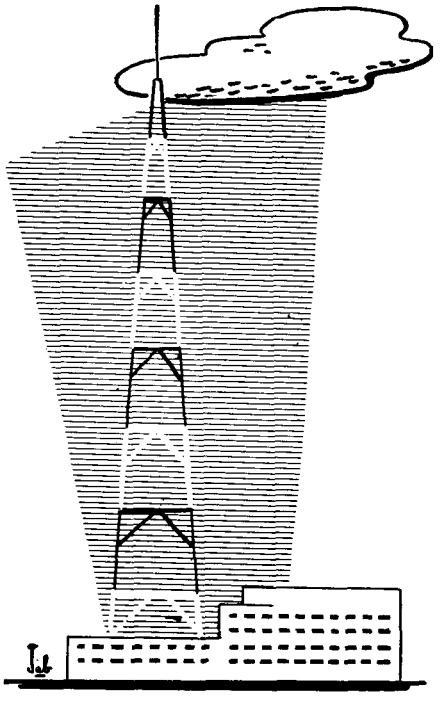
The recently wed second son of the Emperor of Japan is described as "the shy graduate biology student at Tokyo University" in the *Herald Tribune* of September 27.

Wife-beaters are "as a rule shy"—if you believe an AP dispatch of August 27. And according to *Pageant* of December 1963, "Wolves are actually quite shy."

Prince Charles of England "is like his mother, Elizabeth the Second, in that both are by nature quiet, even contemplative and rather shy" (*Good Housekeeping*, October 1964).

Lawrence Welk is shy. But then that's common knowledge.

—GLADYS C. SCOTT.



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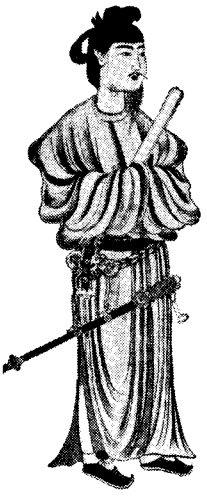

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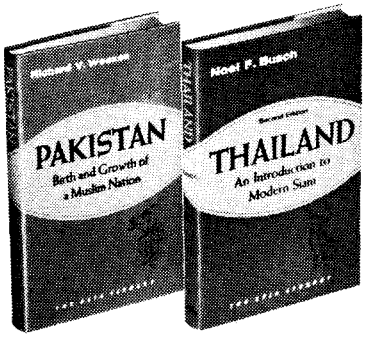

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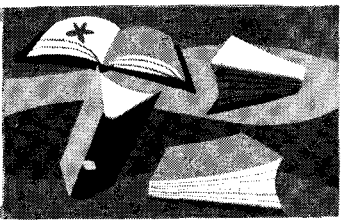


Inspired by some recent book titles, we've come up with a few quick, one-line reviews for the questionable convenience of potential readers: Cyril Connolly's *Previous Convictions* ("Plenty of hard cell"); *Selected Letters of Robert Frost* ("Won't get a chilly reception"); C. P. Snow's *Corridors of Power* ("Didn't get the drift"); Richard Condon's *An Infinity of Mirrors* ("No reflection on the author"); Alex Austin's *The Blue Guitar* ("Left me unstrung");

Vladimir Nabokov's *The Defense* ("Inoffensive"); Saul Bellow's *Herzog* ("Blows hot and cold"); Ray Chandler's *Killer in the Rain* ("Every lethal bit counts"); Agatha Christie's *The Clocks* ("The villain gets the works"); Catherine Gavin's *The Fortress* ("Starts off with a bang"); Max Shulman's *Anyone Got a Match?* ("Striking").

Speaking of the last author on the list, we witnessed a particularly vicious game of croquet between Max Shulman and David Wayne on the latter's lawn. Mr. Shulman has spent the last year or so writing his first book in seven years, *Anyone Got a Match?* "I was working on films in Hollywood so long, I was beginning to forget how to write," he said as he whacked David Wayne's ball almost off the lawn. "But this croquet is a great game for frustrations. Pure hostility on the lawn."

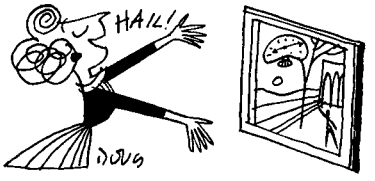
As he was lining up another malevolent shot, he added: "But of course I play with mallets toward none."

Whether you like apocryphal book titles or not, some of them can be unerringly apt. Whitney Darrow tells about the time he discovered Peter Schwed at Simon & Schuster groaning about the trouble he was having in finding a good title for a collection of stories about famous sportsmen and their accomplishments. "The only title that really fits," said Schwed, "is one we can't use—*Athletes' Feats.*"

The feats of athletes, incidentally, are sometimes not all they're cracked up to be. Bernie Burroughs tells a story about a pair of identical twins who showed so much promise as milers that their coach was sure at least one of them would set some kind of national or international record. One day during a practice workout, the coach watched one of the twins take off from the starting line and continue on to set a new unofficial intercollegiate record. Or so it appeared. What the coach didn't see was that several cheering teammates at the far end of the track formed a human screen to hide the second twin as he took over the run at the halfway mark.

Book titles are continually running through the mind of Peter Windsor, who has sent in a cluster of suggestions. He feels, for instance, that an ideal title for the biography of a name-dropper should be *The Ycleptomaniac*; for a gourmet's memoirs, *Nobody Knows the Truffles I've Seen;* and, for a book about a nervous caterer, *His Eye Is on the Spare Roe.* "On the other hand," Mr. Windsor concludes, "it might be better to save that title for a theater usher: *His Eye Is on the Spare Row.*"

This is certainly no worse than the title suggested by R. B. Wallace, of Beverly Hills, for the biography of a successful sales clerk in a drugstore: *Dristan and I Sold 'Er.* And Marcia Ringel suggests a title for a book about



a grocery store proprietor who never could keep enough inventory on hand: *The Joint Is Out of Thyme.* David Batterson suggests a tribute to a contemporary artist: *Hail, O Dali!* Charles Heilmann offers a suggestion for a book about a saintly Maryland prelate: *Baltimore Aureole.* Chuck Alverson has an idea for a book bearing the confessions of an addict: *Gone to Pot.* And Allan Kalmus suggests a travel book about Island-hopping in Hawaii: *Here Today, Gone to Maui.*

Finally, here's a title for a book about government workers in office jobs: *Swivel Service Today.*

In calmer waters again, we bow to the British for their capacity to put together a want ad of brisk and animated persuasion. Martin Gross, who provides

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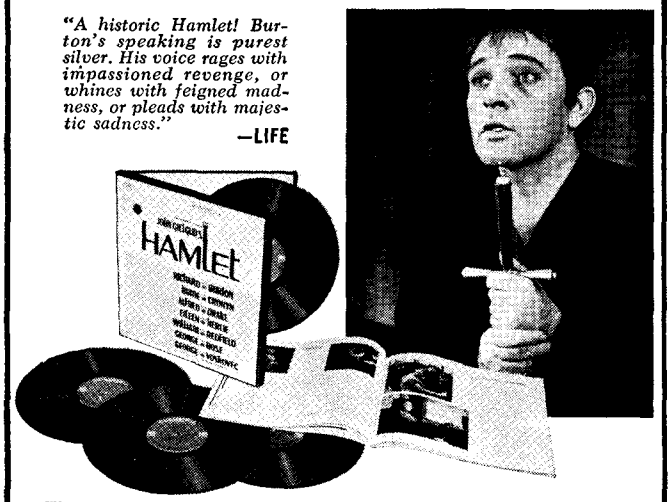

The eminent drama critic, Ward Morehouse, summed up the general reaction when he ranked Burton with Barrymore and Booth as "the most celebrated Hamlet in 200 years of the American theater." Barrymore's and Booth's portrayals are lost to posterity . . . but thanks to this original cast recording, which *HiFi/Stereo Review* called "one of the best spoken-word albums ever made!", you can enjoy Burton's brilliance whenever you choose.

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editorial services to publishers, sends us this one from England's *Bookseller:*

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A. C. Spectorsky, who a few years ago shattered the complacency of thousands of households with *The Exurbanites,* has been spending so much time as associate publisher of *Playboy* (he was recently referred to as the conscience of *Playboy,* whatever that means) that he has been conspicuously absent from the book-publishing lists for quite some time. One of his later books was the

anthology *The Book of the Sea.* A friend, chiding him about his literary inactivity, asked: "What's the matter, Spec? Long time, no sea."

—John G. Fuller.

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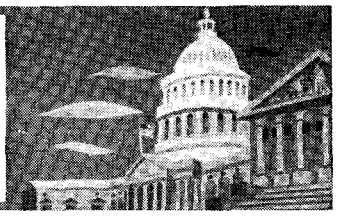
State of Affairs



Study in Contrasts

ELECTION campaigns may not be the suitable and felicitous stage for a Great Debate we like to think they should be, but when we were promised that the Republican candidate would offer a choice rather than an echo, expectations were naturally high. At this point, however, with the campaign turning into the final stretch, those expectations have been sadly disappointed. The Great Debate did not take place, and so a historic opportunity was missed. But why? There is no simple answer. The most obvious explanation is that Senator Goldwater simply did not have the capabilities and the equipment to mount and sustain this debate.

It has been said that he had the advantage of offering simple, clear-cut remedies to complex problems and that people would therefore follow him and his arguments like sheep. The truth of the matter is that there are no easy answers to our contemporary problems. One can only conclude, therefore, that the Senator's failure to follow up his simple answers with convincing explanations of the alternatives he is offering has seriously affected his credibility as a potential leader and President. It would have been difficult, of course, for anyone to defend the Goldwater gospel, but he never really tried, and that is a pity. He never tried to translate his beliefs into a consistent philosophy or into practical and convincing policies; in fact, he made very few speeches of substance. He either dealt in generalities or he pointed up some of the obvious problems of our time: the Communist threat, crime, juvenile delinquency, the racial conflict, the dissatisfaction with the war in Vietnam—without offering plausible remedies. Only in one or two instances did he attempt what one might call "constructive criticism."

His attack on the Johnson Administration's defense policy, whatever one may think of its merits, had the earmarks of a more serious analysis of the problem, but as the campaign advanced, his criticism of the Pentagon leadership deteriorated into flippancy. He became content with eliciting laughs by calling Mr. McNamara "Yo-Yo McNamara," thereby sacrificing any hope of being taken seriously himself. There was another thought-provoking effort when he proposed an alternative economic policy, but this was spoiled by the gimmicky suggestion of a 5 per cent tax cut every year for five years.

In foreign policy no major attempt was made to develop his central idea: the imposition of the American will on the Communist world. Instead, Senator Goldwater ran the gamut of trick solutions, from the withdrawal of diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union to a meeting with Mr. Khrushchev. Nor was there any credibility in the recurring emphasis on his belief in a strong NATO alliance, which, so he said in Peoria, Illinois, was only "waiting to be put to use in ending the Communist threat," when everyone knows that the European allies are dedicated to a policy of firmness but "accommodation with the Soviet Union"—a policy the Senator rejects.

In the Far East his criticism of the war in Vietnam, however justified, lacked persuasion because the only solutions he offered were to instruct the generals to pursue a policy "to win" or, as revised later, to send Mr. Eisenhower there; an idea received in Gettysburg with a silence that spoke for itself.

Instead of any of the really big foreign affairs issues, the control of tactical nuclear weapons became the central controversy, a problem that Mr. Eisenhower has said is not suitable for public discussion and should not have become an issue in an election campaign. It only lent further support to the impression that Senator Goldwater is overly occupied with the use of nuclear arms, an impression he further accentuates when, as in his speech in Hammond, Indiana, I heard him mention the words "war," "nuclear weapons," "holocaust," and "destruction" twenty-five times in about as many minutes.

THE penchant of American politicians for wanting to send a respected citizen on a fact-finding trip, to appoint a group as a task force, or to promise the calling of an international "conclave," as Senator Goldwater proposed for the reinvigoration of NATO, is always a sign of a paucity of ideas; or, as Dean Acheson put it when he took issue with the proposal for a conclave of those statesmen who built NATO, proof of "the naïveté of inexperience."

It is this very inexperience, a lack of understanding of the intricacies of foreign policy and of the position and attitudes of other governments, that has

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Sundays, Nov. 1 through 29 (12:30-1 PM)

Captain Kangaroo
Discussion of Election Day, 11/3; How banks work, 11/5; Veterans Day discussion, 11/11; Discussion of seashells, 11/17; On camels, 11/23; History of Thanksgiving, 11/26.
Weekdays (8-9 AM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein conducts Mozart's Jupiter.
Friday, November 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)
Bernstein conducts Borodin, Dvorak, and Falla.
Monday, November 30 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Exploring
Port of New York about mid 19th C.; About the beginning of Pittsburgh industry; A midwestern city's crops and livestock; Los Angeles' post-war development.
Saturdays, Nov. 7 through 28 (12-12:30 PM)

Quillow and the Giant
Musical based on James Thurber fantasy, starring the George Latshaw puppets.
Thursday, November 26 (5:30-6:30 PM)

Other programs of special interest—

Directions '65
Religion and Politics; Problems faced by Negro clergy; Curing narcotics addicts; Memorial Portrait: John F. Kennedy.
Sundays, Nov. 1 through 22 (1-1:30 PM)

Wide World of Sports
National Air Races; All-Irish Football Championships, Dublin; World Parachuting Championship; Canadian Football Championships.
Saturdays, Nov. 7 through 28 (5-6:30 PM)

Profiles in Courage
Autobiographies based on Pres. Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning book.
Sundays, Nov. 8, 15, 29 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Sophia Loren in Rome
A tour of the actress's favorite spots. Special guest: Marcello Mastroianni.
Thursday, November 12 (10-11 PM)

Look Up and Live
Contemporary Church Architecture.
Sundays, November 15 and 22 (10:30-11 AM)

The Louvre
Charles Boyer narrates. Masterpieces of one of the world's greatest museums.
Tuesday, November 17 (10-11 PM)

John F. Kennedy Commemorative Programs
The Burden and the Glory of John F. Kennedy.
Wednesday, November 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)
John F. Kennedy. His Two Worlds; John F. Kennedy Remembered.
Sunday, November 22 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Lamp Unto My Feet
Vatican Council: Major Decisions.
Sunday, November 22 (10-10:30 AM)

Two Friends of Winston Churchill
Edward R. Murrow and Lord Ismay.
Wednesday, November 25 (7:30-8 PM)

The Other World of Winston Churchill
Alec Guinness narrates a 90th birthday tribute.
Monday, November 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

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Sundays: Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Issues and Answers/AFL/NFL/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/ College Bowl/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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all too clearly shown through Senator Goldwater's speeches. He might have been able to avoid the impression thus created had he been surrounded by men well versed in these matters and not by amateurs; but time and again he has given speeches to read that betrayed this "naïveté of inexperience."

In domestic affairs, where he is no doubt more knowledgeable, he again blighted expectations by failing to translate his generalities into specific proposals.

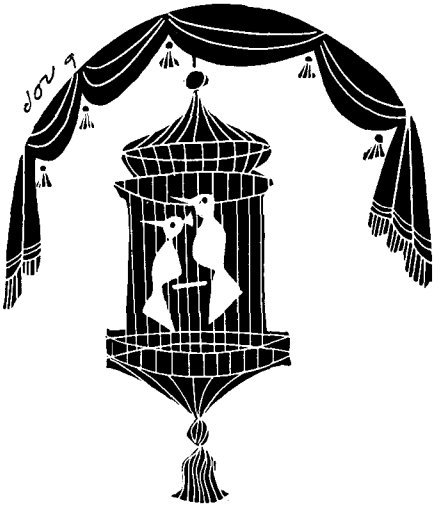
The Senator himself has certain fixed ideas mixed with some principles, but they are inadequate when it comes to developing and debating the great issues involved in his challenge. Like a lighthouse, they may offer him direction but not enough light to help him steer between the reefs and rocks just below the surface, or to let others see where he is aiming. Only one who has studied the maps and historic tides, who has traveled and met enough foreign statesmen, can gain the kind of feel and understanding necessary to fathom international problems of today. Unfortunately Senator Goldwater lacks the insights that would allow him to have a judgment quite independent of his advisers. And this lack of experience and deeper knowledge has led him to limit himself to generalities and to shun questions from the press.

There is a curious contrast between the quiet, attractive self-confidence Mr. Goldwater conveys from the platform and his uneasiness when faced with informed questioners. To espouse a new philosophy requires a command of language, an originality of mind, and a superior eloquence. One must convey a certain emotional involvement to be able to make these new vistas credible. These are qualities not often to be found in one person. It is a formidable task to develop a new philosophy, to go against deeply set ways and widely accepted norms. Senator Goldwater simply does not have the gifts and talents needed for this kind of monumental undertaking. Nor do the men he surrounds himself with have the range and political acumen needed to make up for his inadequacies. On the contrary, they have tended to underscore them, to show up the Senator as being a spokesman rather than a leader.

In view of all this, either instinctively or by design, Senator Goldwater has withdrawn more and more from debating the great issues involved in the "choice" he had set out to offer, resorting instead to the so-called integrity issue and such worm-eaten gambits as accusing President Johnson of being "soft on Communism" or asking the old, malicious question once applied to Mr. Nixon: "Would you buy a used car from him?"

The smoldering "integrity" issue caught fire with the Walter Jenkins case. It has hit the President where he is most vulnerable and it has tarnished the White House and called into question his judgment of people, at least as far as the old retinue from his Senate days is concerned. But, however unfortunate, this does not detract from the far more crucial fact that Senator Goldwater has failed to make a convincing case for his philosophy and its practical application or to convey the stature of a statesman.

—Henry Brandon.



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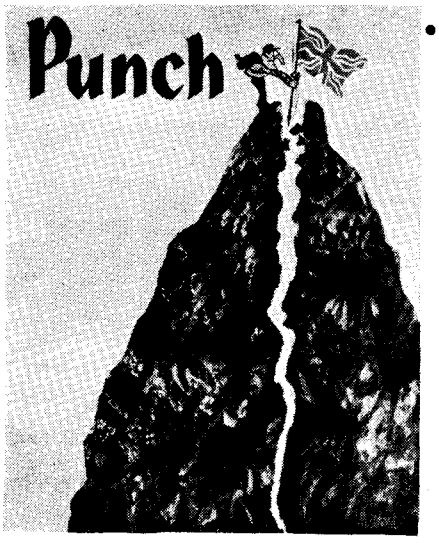

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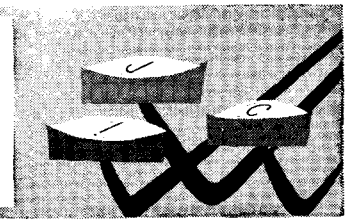
Manner of Speaking



On Form As a Language: The more I hear teachers talk about the meaning of poetry (by which they always seem to mean paraphrasable content), the more I suspect them of talking that way because they never learned how to talk about form. I do not mean to imply (I said "imply," class, not "infer") that poetry has no meaning. Meaning in poetry, as I have said before in these pages, is inevitable but secondary—still assuming, that is, that by "meaning" one means "paraphrasable content."

If, however, "meaning" is taken to mean the "intention" of a poem, then let it be added that the meaning is never in the subject content but always and only in the way that content is fused into form. Form is always first.

For the poem is not a statement but a verbal artifact. It exists as a painting or a piece of sculpture or a piece of music exists. It is a wrought entity. It is not simply a sequence of words and phrases. It has *thingness*. It exists as a form.

The act of the writing is the act of reaching for the completion of whatever form offers itself. Nor is the poet opposed to meaning in that act of reaching. Rather, form is the language in which he means. The poem is finished, so to speak, when the form has signaled itself to a close.

There is nothing mysterious about the way a poetic form signals itself to a close; every reader knows something about it. He has at least noticed that when Shakespeare writes a soliloquy in blank verse, he is likely to end it with one or two rhymed couplets. The rhyme serves as the closing bell. The listener hears it and knows the passage has been brought to rest.

It is, to be sure, a bit more complicated than that. The rhythm of the saying, the sound of it, the emotional enlargement of the dramatic situation, and the paraphrasable content of the passage must all be manipulated in such a way that they come to rest together in those final chimes. But even a gross simplification of the case is enough to suggest one general rule: *form tends to conclude itself by some increase in formality.*

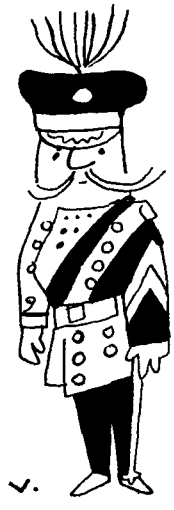
And the rule so derived from Shakespeare's use of blank verse will apply as readily to poetry written in other conventions. If the poet is writing in rhymed couplets, for example, the addition of one more couplet will not in itself signal the passage to an end, but some other increase in formality can do so. Alexander Pope is likely to conclude his paragraphs of rhymed couplets with a particularly pointed parallelism, with a balanced antithesis, with some other grammatical or rhetorical formality, with a particular management of the sound and stress of the voice, or with some combination of these.

Just as certainly, a series of double rhymes can be rounded home on a final chord of triple rhymes. And many poets have given the closing signal to a sequence of iambic pentameter couplets by ringing in a final alexandrine. An alexandrine is technically no more than an iambic hexameter, but when it is used in this way it tends to be further characterized by a rather formal pause in the middle with the rhythm and grammar (or both) of the last three feet repeating or complementing that of the first three.

Pope, I must note, thought badly of alexandrines. The famous passage of "An Essay on Criticism" in which he ticks off, while imitating, the bad habits of poetasters concludes:

> Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
> With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
> A nameless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

English teachers, however, ought not to assume that the whole law has been spoken in a single deft lampoon. The alexandrines Pope had in mind may have been pedestrian, but the need for them was formal, and there is nothing to keep a good poet from writing such



alexandrines to good effect. They remain a still usable, though minor, technical resource.

Another sort of formal completion is the one I think of as *thematic*. It consists of getting two different tonalities going in a poem and of bringing the poem to rest by blending the two into one. Marianne Moore's "Nevertheless" is a particularly firm example of this sort of form. The poem begins (and the title must be read as part of the saying):

> you've seen a strawberry
> that's had a struggle; yet
> was, where the fragments met,
>
> a hedgehog or a star-
> fish for the multitude
> of seeds.

The poem continues in this tone for six stanzas, reveling in minutely observed details of such particularities as prickly pears and the "leaves of *kok-saghyz*-stalks" (*kok-saghyz* is a species of dandelion from the roots of which the Russians make rubber; the *WNW*

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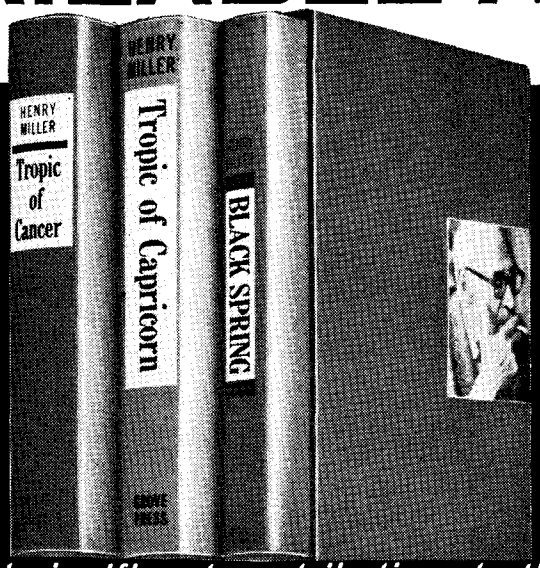

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spells it without the *h*). Then, between the seventh and the eighth stanzas, a new tone enters:

as carrots form mandrakes
or a ram's-horn root sometimes. Victory won't come
to me unless I go
to it;

Thereafter the poem returns to the first tone until the last two stanzas, which read:

The weak overcomes its
menace, the strong overcomes itself. What is there
like fortitude! What sap
went through that little thread
to make the cherry red!

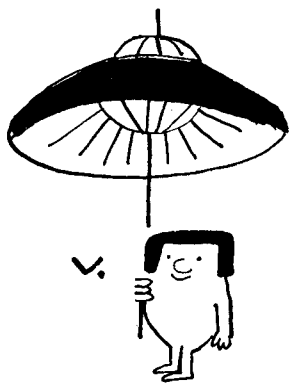
What has happened? Let me suggest that the reader can readily enough find out for himself either from these fragments or from the total poem (it may be found in the *Collected Poems,* published by Macmillan in 1957; the price then—it may be more now—was $3.50).

Let him begin by calling that first tone "botanical observations" and the second "moral statements." Then let him go through the poem underlining every "botanical observation" in blue and every "moral statement" in red.

My hope is that by the time he finds himself underlining the last two and a half lines in purple, he will have discovered for himself something about the way in which form is its own language.

In the hope of not being wilfully misunderstood, however, let me say I have not implied, and the reader should not infer, that Miss Moore wrote the poem in two colors. She wrote it listening with what Reich has called "the third ear." In poetry that is the ear into which form speaks as its own language, saying what only it can say of how one element within a poem offers itself with and against others until all the elements are brought to rest in the completed entity and thingness of the verbal artifact.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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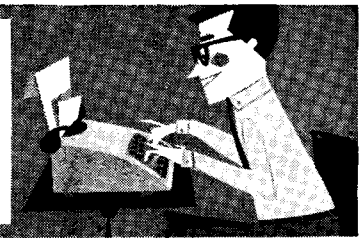

Take a Letter

IN A magazine advertisement a forlorn lady stands in an airport watching a plane take off. The copy reads: "If the only thing you hate about a business trip is saying goodbye to your wife, take her with you. She'll enjoy the swift, quiet ride of a Boeing Jetliner as much as you do. The whole trip, in fact, will be more fun."

Take a letter:

Dear Boeing Jetliners: Why don't you mind your own business?

• • •

An item in the *New York Times* for October 13 states that at a meeting of the English-Speaking Union of the United States in Denver, Colorado, General Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected chairman.

Take a letter:

Dear General: Congratulations. As chairman of the English Speaking Union will you speak in English to a certain Senator running for a high office and ask him to stop saying "Please help Bill Miller and I." You know, General, the objective case and all that jazz.

• • •

In the mail comes a copy of the *Home News,* published by the New York Telephone Company. "See by Phone" is the title of one of the items. It goes on to say: "The arrival of a baby in a family is an exciting event. Relatives can't wait to see the new child. But what happens when the grandparents are in Chicago and the child is in New York? Simple, they can see the youngster with exciting 'See-As-You-Talk' Picturephone service, which opened between New York, Chicago and Washington, D.C. on June 25th. . . . All you have to do to use this exciting new service is to come to the New York Picturephone Center at Grand Central Station, sit in an air conditioned family booth, relax and enjoy yourself. . . . A five-minute Picturephone call from New York to Washington costs $16 plus tax."

Take a letter:

Dear See-As-You-Talk Picturephone Service: Yes, that's one involved way to do it. But instead of dragging the kid down to the drafty Grand Central Station and that air-conditioned phone booth why not simply take a Greyhound to Washington at a cost of only $7.85? And what happened to just sending snapshots of the kid? That only costs a five-cent stamp. When I was a kid that was two cents. Of course if the infant insists on being the first kid in his block to use Picturephone service the parents would have to do it your way, no matter the cost. But don't get the idea that I'm a cheapskate standing in the way of progress. You may be interested to know that years ago my wife invested heavily in two-cent postage stamps. And you know how much they are today.

• • •

A letter from Mrs. Gerald D. Pyles of Wichita, Kansas, objects to a recent column about my difficulties in getting definitive color on my TV set. The lady is the wife of a TV technician and she writes:

"Undoubtedly by now you have felt the repercussions of your column relating to color television. It is indeed unfortunate that someone in your position should have such a negative view toward the most marvelous advance in the television industry."

Take a letter:

Dear Madame: Among the repercussions was a telephone call from the RCA Service department. The regional manager, a Mr. Barnabic, kindly offered to send over one of his best men to help bring back color to the cheeks of my TV set. The next evening two TV technicians showed up and for two hours gave both sets a thorough overhauling. They even removed and cleaned the window of one of the sets — all those nasal sprays, you know, and those detergents and all that smoking can really cloud you up. As they worked they explained in detail all the intricacies of television reception, beginning with the invention of this modern miracle when somebody spoke those first words, "Come here, Watson, I want you." Or something like that. Most of it was lost on me because I still don't understand what makes a doorbell ring. When they had finished, everything was in perfect order. There was a rainbow round the shoulder of my sets. Every channel came in sharply. Ever since then my reception has been perfect. I can see every one of those new TV comedy shows so clearly!

Now what do I do?

—GOODMAN ACE.

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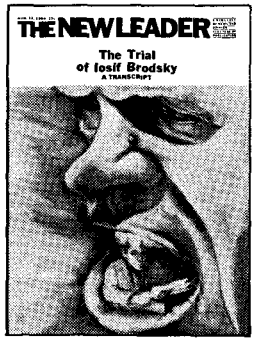

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Recently it upset so many of them by running Irving Kristol's hard-headed and, some thought, hard-hearted analysis of poverty in the U.S.A., that it had to devote the better part of two subsequent issues to rebuttals.

Soon afterward, it outraged some of its most influential subscribers—including members of Congress, and almost everybody at the State Department—by publishing a biting series of articles by Theodore Draper on U.S.-Cuban relations. (Among other things, these articles revealed a well-kept secret: that the State Department had made an undercover attempt at *rapprochement* with Castro way back in 1960—including an offer of aid.)

But don't think it's just The New Leader's political articles that bite into its readers. More than one devoted subscriber has yelped at an Albert Bermel drama review, a John Simon movie review, a Hilton Kramer art column, a David Boroff piece on the TV scene, or Dika Newlin on music. And some readers of gadfly literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman do more than just yelp. A long-time subscriber, Mrs. M. of Wichita, Kansas, finally gave up and cancelled after reading Hyman's provocative column "In Defense of Pornography."

Why then, one wonders, does this ungrateful little magazine continue to have any writers, readers, or financial supporters. The first part of this question is the easiest to answer.

Men like (and as unalike as) Daniel Bell, Eric Bentley, Juan Bosch, Milovan Djilas, Ralph Ellison, Louis Fischer, Michael Harrington, Sidney Hook, Hubert H. Humphrey, George F. Kennan, Martin Luther King Jr., Marvin Kitman, Robert Lekachman, George Lichtheim, S. L. A. Marshall, Karl E. Meyer, Hans J. Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. H. Raskin, John P. Roche, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jacques Sous-telle, and Ronald Steel continue to contribute articles without pay to The New Leader for just three reasons: It will let them say what they want to say, the way they want to say it, to the people they want to say it to.

Which brings us to the part about the people who read The New Leader.

There aren't very many of them. The New Leader's total circulation is equal to only 0.022% of the adult population of the United States.

But it is a pretty special 0.022%.

Senator Paul Douglas reads The New Leader. And Willy Brandt reads The New Leader. And T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Chet Huntley, Marvin Kalb, Dwight Macdonald, Richard C. Hottelet, Norman Cousins, William F. Buckley Jr., Leo Cherne and Max Lerner read The New Leader.

And the editors of The New York Times, Time Magazine, Fortune, Life, The Washington Post, The New York Post, and the St. Louis Post Dispatch (all of which have sometimes quoted from, praised, criticized, or publicly argued with The New Leader) read The New Leader. And the members of the Overseas Press Club (which has awarded its Citation for the "best magazine reporting of foreign affairs" to The New Leader) read The New Leader. And that's almost 0.022% of the adult population of the United States right there.

Presumably all these people continue to read The New Leader—even though it frequently infuriates them—because it airs facts, ideas, insights, and viewpoints long before they get aired anywhere else. As Murray Kempton put it, "The New Leader has always been about two years ahead of The New York Times in telling you what is going on in the world."

We think there are probably about 5,000 more people who would find this an adequate reason to subscribe. 5,000 more people who would enjoy and be stimulated by this toothy, audacious, ungrateful little magazine which they will find prophetic, candid, irritating, revealing, and—sometimes—even wrong.

Our coupon gives you a chance to find out whether or not you are one of them. It will bring you a year's subscription, 26 issues, for $4.50. (Less than half the newsstand price.) If, after four issues, you feel you've been bitten too much and you'd like to tear up your subscription and send us the pieces, go ahead. We'll refund the balance. Or write us a furious letter, if you feel that that would be revenge enough. We'll probably publish it.

The New Leader *does* give its readers plenty of chances to bite back.

The New Leader

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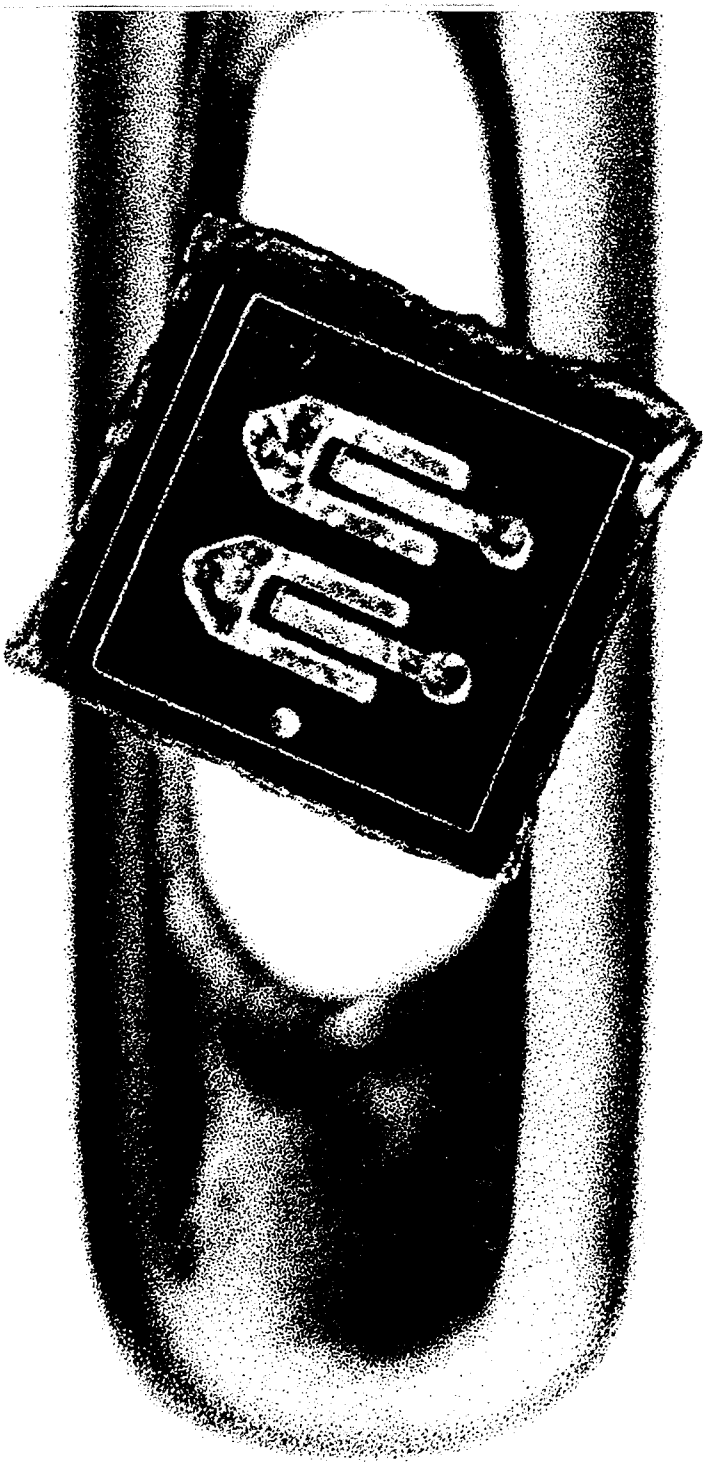

THE SMALLER THE BETTER: NEW DIMENSIONS IN CONVERSATION

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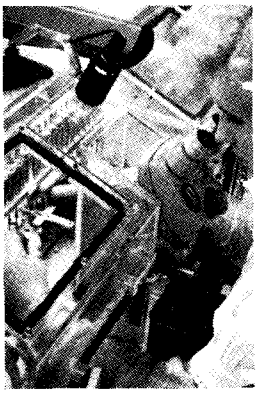

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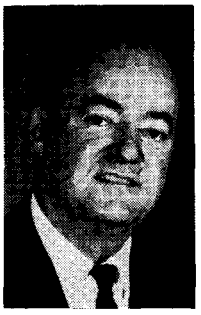
Position Papers: 1964

The Case for the Democratic Party



—Pix.

Senator Humphrey

The following article, written by the 1964 Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, concludes *SR*'s series of election-year position papers. Other articles in the series were published February 29 (Arthur Larson on liberal Republicanism), April 25 (James J. Kilpatrick on Southern conservatism), June 13 (Ralph McGill on Southern progressivism), July 11 (Joseph S. Clark on Democratic liberalism), August 22 (Robert Taft, Jr., on middle-ground Republicanism), September 26 (Roy Wilkins on a Negro view of the candidates) and October 17 (Barry Goldwater on the case for the Republican Party).

By HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

THE ISSUE this year is less one of liberalism versus conservatism than of responsibility versus irresponsibility, prudence versus recklessness.

The main requirement placed on us in 1964 is to consider carefully whether federal authority should be delegated to a radical fringe group or whether President Lyndon Johnson and the Democratic Party should continue the enterprises begun by President Franklin Roosevelt and continued by his successors of both parties.

In President John F. Kennedy's 1,000 days he inspired this country and the world. In a time of national anxiety, President Johnson challenged us to continue. And that we have done. Shall this continuity now be broken?

The supreme priority of 1964 is the maintenance of peace.

Militarily, we are stronger than any other power or any conceivable combination of powers.

President Kennedy in the Cuban missile crisis and President Johnson in the Gulf of Tonkin crisis proved that the greatest military power on earth can act responsibly, calmly, and justly.

It has not been lost on the people of the world that it was the United States that took the lead in proposing the treaty prohibiting nuclear tests. They respect us for this and look to us for continued leadership, particularly in disarmament.

Unilateral disarmament would fatally impair the security we must maintain to insure the peace. Unilateral *initiative* is something else. One example of this is our creation of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, the first such agency established by any nation in history. Its highly specialized staff has done monumental work in coordinating the complex and interrelated efforts to protect national security and maintain a viable foreign policy at the same time as we look to a reduction in arms. Such work is imperative, but it will take time. (We must beware of what Adlai Stevenson refers to as "get-peace-quick" schemes.)

One result of the easing of tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union is the eruption of a rash of lesser disputes not directly related to the confrontation of the two superpowers. This makes the maintenance of peace much more delicate, if we are to avoid a major confrontation. We must continue to maintain an active role in mediating brushfire incidents. But at the same time, the United Nations must be equipped with a police force ready to go anywhere in the world to bring shooting to an end. Ultimately we must establish a world rule of law. The goal is a distant one, but we must never lose sight of it.

THE United States is a big country with big problems. We are enjoying the longest period of sustained economic growth in our history, but there is poverty, misery, and discontent. We have done well, but we must and can do better. Even at its present eye-opening rate, our growth has not kept pace with the technological revolution and the population eruption that have shaped our lives in the twenty years since World War II.

The $11.5 billion tax reduction enacted this year should help increase economic growth. This is the most significant economic measure Congress has passed since the Employment Act of 1946. It was boldly calculated to provide our economy with the greatest fiscal shot in the arm we have ever known in peacetime. Our Gross National Product now stands at a record $600 billion plus. With the tax cut acting as a stimulus, we can look forward to a growth of perhaps $35 billion to $40 billion in the Gross National Product. This will help reduce unemployment, but we will still face the problems brought about by automation and technological progress. The enormity of this problem is shown in the statistics: We shall soon

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face the need to provide 300,000 new jobs every month—more than the population of such cities as Omaha, Rochester, and Akron, more than the population of the State of Nevada.

PUBLIC works can provide some of these jobs; others will come through the various levels of government and from the services and professions. But I am convinced that we must look to science and technology to generate new jobs in place of those they have abolished. Experts believe this can be done, if we set about it in the right way.

The federal government devotes about $15 billion a year to research and development—some in government laboratories but mostly in industry and educational institutions. We are counting on "spin-off" from defense-related and space-related research to yield new products, new industries, and new economic opportunities. We already have some of this spin-off, but not enough—and we have learned that although the potential is there it does not just happen. It has to be planned. We must develop more intermediate institutions between the laboratories and universities, where basic research takes place, and the existing and potential industries that can deploy it to make new products, develop new markets, and offer new jobs. There should be more joint industry-university ventures like the center established at Indiana University for retrieving and collating research data developed by agencies of the federal government. The Department of Commerce should be more adequately staffed and funded to give help and advice to new enterprises. Security classification rules on basic data need to be reviewed to make more new knowledge available to industry. At present, half our Gross National Product comes from a group of industries that account for less than 15 per cent of our total research and development expenditures for civilian purposes.

Above all, we need—and have recently provided for—a fundamental and long-range study of the total impact of automation and technology and what to do about it. This is the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, created in August through legislation that I originally proposed. This commission is patterned after the Commissions on Government Reorganization of the Hoover type, with representation from the government, business, labor, and educational and scientific communities. Its report and recommendations are to be submitted to the President and Congress by January 1, 1966.

As President Johnson has said, we have the intelligence to make machines a "boon, not a bane" to humanity. The ideas, even the concrete proposals, are not lacking. What we need to do is to gather them together, sift them, and perfect them—and, above all, implement them.

One of our greatest needs is to create opportunities for our young people. Sixty-nine million children—more than a third of our present population—were born between 1946 and 1962. Most of these are now in grade school and high school. This flood tide of young people will begin to hit the colleges and the labor market next year.

It's imperative that we be prepared to meet this challenge. We can do this if we give inspiration and incentive to our young people and provide a constructive outlet for their boundless energy. We have seen a fine example of this in the Peace Corps, which recently celebrated its third anniversary. We can turn this same youthful idealism and energy to good use at home through a Youth Conservation Corps and a Hometown Youth Corps.

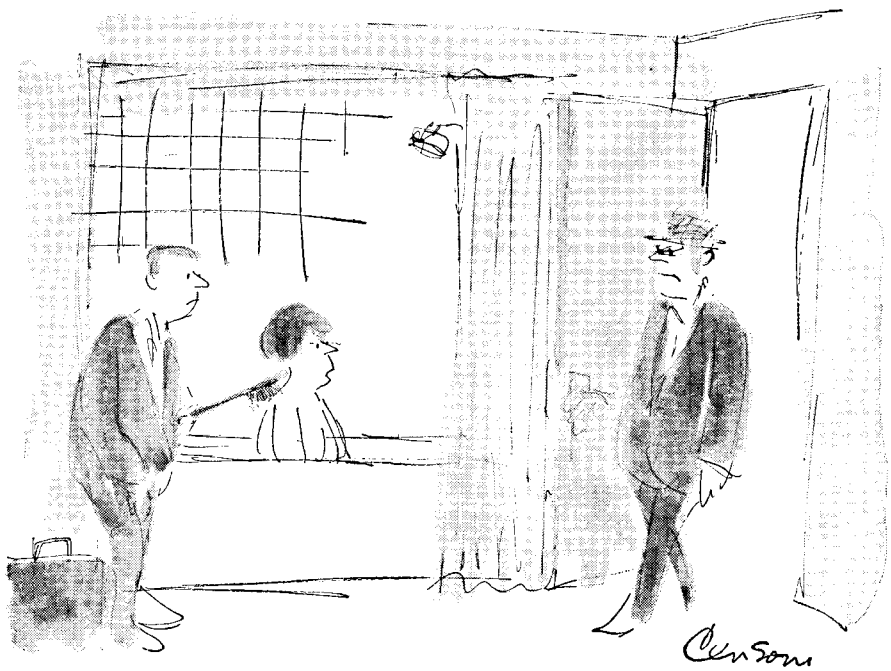
Such programs will provide a sensible attack on the mounting problem of youth unemployment. There is a national backlog of needed conservation work in our forests and in our scenic areas—and, yes, in our cities, too. These young people will be performing a service to their nation, and in return they will be given vocational training and the opportunity to develop new skills and reliable, dependable, and mature working habits.

THE central part of our domestic policy must be a greater new emphasis on education—with the kind of education that is best suited to each individual. Education, which has become a necessity for all, must become a reality for all.

We added new jobs in our economy —2,500,000 of them in the past three years. But 2,000,000 of them were in the white collar sector and required educational qualifications. We can create more white collar jobs—but they will not, in the nature of things, be open to people without education. As it is now, two out of every three Americans who are unemployed do not have a high school diploma. Unless we reverse the trend, this ratio will grow. Therefore we must keep millions of our young people in school longer and educate them better.

Like the crisis in employment, the crisis in education is not the result of culpable error or ignorance, but of the simultaneous impact of the technological revolution and the population explosion. At the same time that we have many more children to educate, we are confronted with the urgent necessity of training them to step into the kind of jobs that our sophisticated economy and technology require.

The sight of the first Sputnik in 1957 shocked us into giving attention and support to the development of our scientific manpower. By enacting the Higher Education Facilities Act last year, we took a significant step toward preparing for the new flood of college students who are the nation's future supply of brainpower. But this is not enough. Moreover, federal support of higher education has been concentrated in overwhelming measure upon science, mathematics, engineering, and modern foreign languages. I have fully supported this emphasis, but I think that the time has come for some rectification of the balance in favor of the liberal arts and



"Take it easy, Arnold! He's our Fuller Brush man!"

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humanities. Computers can assemble and collate knowledge and make it readily available—but they cannot make the value judgments involved in deciding how to use it.

We have taken many steps to strengthen the top of our educational pyramid. But there is much to do yet to keep the foundation from being eroded. The population pressure on our elementary and secondary schools is mounting day by day. In this decade, elementary and secondary school enrollments are going to increase by 55 per cent—that is, by 23,000,000 students.

These schools must have more help. In addition to greater state and local effort, there will have to be some federal assistance. The situations in our great cities are particularly critical and urgently need attention. The elementary and secondary schools of these areas are already suffering from an exodus of the well-to-do and a steady influx of the poor, from problems of desegregation, teacher shortages, building and equipment deterioration, and the need for new methods and equipment to deal with the difficult educational problems in these areas. These problems will get worse as more and more of our population crowds into giant cities. By 1980, when this country will have 250 million people, more than 75 per cent of that number—more than our entire population of today—will be living in the great urban centers.

Direct federal aid will have to come—not only for school construction and teacher salaries, but also for greater research at all levels on the problems of teaching our young. We must learn more about educating our teachers, about curriculum reform and the problems of the culturally deprived, the slow learners, and the drop-outs as well as the challenges presented by the unusually gifted and creative young people.

The figures I have cited concerning our growing, concentrated population highlight a whole new complex of problems. Our cities are "overgrown and underplanned." Their transportation channels are strangled, their air and water increasingly polluted. We can correct this—but, if we do not act promptly, the rot in our cities will cost us untold sums in welfare payments, crime, and political deterioration.

By attacking unemployment and inadequate education, we shall be striking at two of the main roots of poverty. The poor are not shiftless and lazy. They are, among others, marginal farmers, struggling along on $500 to $1,000 a year and unreached by the federal farm programs. They are migrant laborers. They are unskilled workers, discarded in the process of automation. They are residents of depressed areas like Appalachia, not only country people but a growing number from dying mining and industrial towns. They are people marooned among the exhausted mines of the Upper Great Lakes region. Ten to 15,000,000 of them are Negroes and Puerto Ricans, the last to be hired and the first to be fired. Eighteen million of them are elderly people—1,000,000 of them living in misery on less than $580 a year.

"Oh, go ahead! The Reader's Digest says the world is full of shy people just waiting to be spoken to!"

This is the poverty President Johnson has declared war against—a war in which every man and woman of good will should enlist. Some things can be done promptly—like the enactment of medicare for the aged under Social Security. Others will require more time. The important thing is that we are on our way, and that we have the capability and the resources to banish the bitter word "poverty" from the American language.

Another bitter word—"discrimination"—is on *its* way out. It was dealt a severe blow with the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964—the longest stride taken since the Emancipation Proclamation to insure justice for Negroes.

This historic achievement gives us our first real opportunity to close the "citizenship gap" that has long brought embarrassment and shame to this country. It gives us our first real opportunity as a world leader to come before the other billions with clean hands—to set an example of respect for human dignity and equal rights.

For the average Negro family this citizenship gap means an income about half that of the average white family. Sixty per cent of Negro families make less than $4,000 a year. This is true of only 26 per cent of white families. Not only that, but the dollar gap between wages of whites and non-whites has increased. In 1939 the difference was about $650 a year. Now it is more than $2,000.

Two other disturbing facts help show how wide the citizenship gap has become. First, a Negro has less than half the chance of a white American to go to college. Second, even if he does get a college degree, his opportunities to put it to use are severely restricted.

A determined Congress has given us this great opportunity, Senator Goldwater's "no" vote notwithstanding. It now remains for a determined Executive branch to carry through, and I am sure millions of Americans wonder how much of his heart Mr. Goldwater would put into it.

I wrote at the beginning of this paper that the 1964 election is not so much a test of liberalism versus conservatism as of responsibility versus irresponsibility. In truth, Senator Goldwater is no conservative; he is a radical. True conservatism does not have a national candidate this year. It has defaulted.

This is not to say that President Johnson is therefore less liberal, or will be so during his first full term—or his second, for that matter.

Authentic liberalism inspired President Kennedy; it inspires President Johnson; and it inspires me.

The enduring strength of American liberalism is that it is both warmhearted and tough-minded. It takes a warm and open heart to respond spontaneously to the needs and longings of all people. But it takes hard and searching thought to frame the policies and programs to meet those needs. To act, we must feel deeply. To act effectively, we must think deeply.

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The Embarrassed American

By WILLIAM KOREY

LAST JANUARY an important United Nations organ was the scene of a little-noticed but significant exchange that embarrassingly bared a vital defect in America's aspiration to be a champion of international human rights. The debate in the U.N. Subcommission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities had come to center on the need to establish essential international implementation machinery for reporting upon and eliminating racial and ethnic discrimination. Not uncharacteristically, the Soviet member expressed strong opposition to the establishment of international machinery, while the American member took the lead in urging "forceful measures of implementation."

On the defensive throughout the sharp debate, the Soviet spokesman finally pointed out "that the United States had not ratified the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide or the Convention on Slavery."

The suggestion of brazen hypocrisy was clear to all. With an obvious air of discomfort, the American replied that he could only "regret, of course, that my country has not ratified the Convention on Genocide."

This was not the first time, nor would it be the last, that America's failure to ratify international human rights conventions would be flung in her face. And yet the embarrassment that has plagued American diplomacy in the field of international human rights was by no means historically inevitable; indeed, in the circumstances that prevailed in the early years of the United Nations, it seemed not only logical but indeed inexorable that the United States would assert leadership in creating a global structure of human rights.

THE establishment of the rule of law on an international scale was at the very heart of our postwar political activity and diplomacy. The Nuremberg Tribunal, of which we were a major architect, was dedicated to the thesis that men had an unwritten common set of standards that required obedience, and that central to this standard was the respect for human dignity. Parallel to the trials of those charged with "crimes against humanity" was the vigorous action of the American delegation at the U.N. to elaborate, on the one hand, an "international bill of rights" composed of both a universal declaration and binding covenants on human rights and, on the other, an effective treaty that would brand as an international crime "acts committed with an intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial, or religious group, as such."

On December 9, 1948, the General Assembly voted unanimously to adopt the Genocide Convention, and two days later the United States appended its signature. The United States leadership in drafting the convention was reflected in the text itself, which was formulated in terms of familiar Anglo-American legal theory and couched in language of traditional American common law concepts. Thus the convention preserves the principle of territorial jurisdiction over criminal acts. Furthermore, the crucial Article III of the convention, which specifies the acts that are subject to punishment, draws upon the language of common law crimes long accepted in American law. Most important, it was the United States that insisted that a specific intent to commit genocide must be proved, and Article II explicitly states that the act must be coupled with a clearly indicated intent to destroy a national, ethnic, racial, or religious group before it can be called genocide.

The Genocide Convention constituted a vital cornerstone in the structure of the rule of law. As the Prime Minister of Australia, Herbert V. Evatt, then noted, "In this field relating to the sacred right of existence of human groups, we are proclaiming today the supremacy of international law once and for all." Deterrence of the crime was to be the principal object. Experts writing in the *Yale Law Journal* observed: "The knowledge that constitutionally responsible rulers, public officials, and private individuals are equally susceptible to punishment and that genocide is not to be considered a political crime for purposes of extradition, might well swing the weight needed to deter offenders from their initial step."

For a time, it seemed that U.S. ratification would come swiftly. On June 16, 1949, President Truman transmitted the Genocide Convention to the Senate, asking for its consent. A subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee held public hearings in January and February 1950, during which an Administration spokesman, Deputy Undersecretary of State Dean Rusk, testified that ratification was necessary to "demonstrate to the rest of the world that the United States is determined to maintain its moral leadership in international affairs and to participate in the development of international law on the basis of human justice."

In May 1950 the subcommittee reported favorably on the convention to the full committee, but at the same time, to meet some objections from segments of the legal profession as well as from conservative political forces, the subcommittee recommended that four "understandings" and one "declaration" be embodied in the resolution consenting to ratification. One "understanding" (later termed a "reservation") was designed to clarify the words "in whole or in part" in the key section of the convention defining

"How would you like to make the cover of Time?"

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genocide. Some feared that a single lynching might be sufficient to bring the clauses of the treaty into play. The "understanding" explicitly noted that the genocidal acts must be done "in such manner as to affect a substantial portion of the group concerned." A second "understanding" aimed at meeting criticism of language in Article II, which included in the definition of acts of genocide the "causing [of] serious . . . mental harm to members of the group." The subcommittee proposed that "mental harm" be defined as a "permanent physical injury to mental faculties." The third "understanding" took account of concern registered in some quarters that the phrase "complicity in genocide" (one of the acts to be punished) was too vague. The subcommittee defined it as "participation before and after the facts and aiding and abetting in the commission of the crime of genocide." The final "understanding" was minor.

THE most important clarification was designed to meet objections that the treaty might deleteriously affect federal-state relations by sapping the authority of states on criminal matters. The proposed "declaration" met the constitutional issue by noting that the Senate considers ratification "to be an exercise of the Federal Government to define and punish offenses against the law of nations, expressly conferred by Article I, Section 8, Clause 10, of the United States Constitution. . . ."

But even these clarifications—which many thought unnecessary since they were self-evident—failed to elicit positive action by the full committee. A resurgent nativism, expressed in the McCarthy movement, was already in full swing, developing into a powerful force that in turn provided sustenance and support to those who felt that our sovereignty might be undermined by the United Nations and the legal instruments it was forging.

The newly elected Eisenhower Administration put an end to all further discussion of the Genocide Convention and, indeed, any other human rights convention. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles told the Senate Judiciary Committee in April 1953 that genocide "could better be reconsidered at a later date," arguing that the Soviet Union had not yet ratified the treaty. But even when the USSR did accede to it in 1954, no change in Dulles's policy was forthcoming. The Secretary of State had already told the Senate that, with reference to the protection of global human rights, the Administration favored "methods of persuasion, example, and education rather than formal undertakings," such as U.N. human rights treaties. The Dulles formulation was aimed at depriving the influential supporters of Senator John Bricker of a major argument in their efforts to restrict the treaty-making powers of the President. Bricker's followers had raised an alarum over possible U.S. ratification of the proposed U.N. Covenants on Human Rights.

However, the disintegration of McCarthyism as an effective political force and the collapse of Bricker's efforts did not prompt either the Administration or the Senate to take any step in reasserting American leadership in the human rights field. What has been described as a "lingering Brickeritis" appeared to infect the body politic of American life while our spiritual credo concerning the dignity of man remained scarred.

IN the meantime, the United Nations and its specialized agencies moved ahead, usually by unanimous vote, in drafting conventions on particular rights. Among these were: the status of refugees (1951); the political rights of women (1953); the status of stateless persons (1954); the abolition of slavery, the slave trade, and institutions and practices similar to slavery (this was a supplementary convention adopted in 1956); the abolition of forced labor (adopted by the International Labor Organization in 1957); the nationality of married women (1957); discrimination in employment and occupation (by ILO in 1958); discrimination in education (adopted by UNESCO in 1960); the reduction of statelessness (1961); and consent to marriage and minimum age of marriage (1962).

The failure to ratify any of these conventions has inhibited the United States in contributing to the creation of legal norms in the human rights fields, especially those that would be applicable to the newly established states of Africa. It is well known that these states consciously model their constitutions upon U.N. instruments, and the absence of the U.S. among the ratifiers cannot but affect their attitude to these conventions. Furthermore, the failure to accede to U.N. Conventions has precluded the possibility of our complaining effectively about the implementation of any convention by a ratifying power. Only those who are contracting parties to conventions are in a position, in most instances, to blow the whistle on violators of treaty obligations assumed by an acceding state.

Certainly the American government is becoming more keenly aware of the difficulties confronting it as a world leader by its abstinence in ratifying human rights conventions. Its posture, after all, is determined not only by military might and industrial capacity, but also by its moral pronouncements on freedom and equality. At a time when the growing number of human rights issues are competing for world attention, U.S. leadership is under constant scrutiny by both friend and foe in respect to the sincerity with which it makes commitments and adheres to them on matters involving human rights.

Last year the White House took a major step forward in consonance with the deepening awareness of the interrelationship between our national interest and international conventions on human rights. On July 22 President Kennedy submitted to the Senate three human rights conventions: the political rights of women, already ratified by forty-three countries; the supplementary convention on the abolition of slavery, ratified by fifty-five countries; and the ILO convention on the abolition of forced labor, ratified by sixty-eight countries. The three conventions that were chosen for submission were the least likely to arouse resistance in the Senate on constitutional grounds. None of them pose any problems with respect to the delicate balance of federal-state relations.

Yet it is apparent that neither the present Administration nor its supporters in the Senate are exerting strong pressures in behalf of the three conventions. Fourteen months have elapsed since the conventions were submitted to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and, thus far, the committee has not even bothered to schedule hearings on the subject or to appoint a subcommittee to study them.

AS for the Genocide Convention, which has now been ratified by sixty-seven countries, no progress at all has been evident. Although last year a White House spokesman stated that "we share the views that prompted President Truman to urge consent of the Senate for United States ratification," no Senator could claim that he was being pressed on this issue by the Administration.

Recently courageous voices have been raised urging that we "think about the unthinkable" and that we shunt aside the myths that hinder our grasp of reality and impede the effective articulation of our foreign policy. Is it too much to ask of these voices that they apply the same courage in dealing with the myths surrounding human rights issues?

Next year, 1965, will be celebrated as International Cooperation Year—the twentieth anniversary of the U.N. Charter. One of the best ways of commemorating the year would be the ratification of U.N. human rights treaties, for they testify to the cooperative forward march made by mankind in establishing the rule of law on an international scale. The U.N. Preparatory Committee on ICY has already suggested that member states be asked "to give consideration to the early ratification" of these treaties. Dare we think about the "unthinkable" and move in this direction?

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THE USES OF GUILT

By JOSEPH COLLIGNON

"THE SENSE of guilt," said Sigmund Freud, "is the most important problem of our culture." It is strange that this sweeping generalization of mankind's greatest obstacle should be so little noted. The relatively few books available analyzing man's sense of guilt, even from psychiatrists and theologians, when compared with literally tons of paper lamenting man's loss of freedom, the overpopulation of the world, the evils of a mechanized world, seem strangely out of keeping with the impact Freud has had on the world with his other discoveries of the unconscious mind.

The man who devoted his life to the mind of man can hardly be accused of caprice. In his studies and in the many cases he dealt with personally or in conjunction with his disciples, Freud must have found what he thought to be the link between individual guilt, or sense of guilt, and the problems of the community and the world. What is guilt, or sin, this human feeling of having offended which Freud found so disastrous to psychic well-being yet, paradoxically, so necessary to human progress?

Psychiatrists and theologians have so often been at odds over the subject that the origin and extent of guilt remains, at best, a nebulous area. The theologians have accused the psychiatrists of attempting to remove the sense of guilt from their patients, and the psychiatrists have accused the theologians of overemphasizing morality, thus inducing a disproportionate sense of sin. But both groups do accept the universality of guilt—one describing the phenomenon as the tension between the super-ego and the ego and the other as the result of our fallen natures faced with divine displeasure.

Again, most psychiatrists agree on the origin of guilt. From the earliest years the child is made to feel ashamed of acts that the parents believe are objectionable. The home, the church, the schools all contribute to the child's sense of the mark by which he will be measured, the moral concepts that are to be his guide for adult life. Freud maintained that the anxiety and tension related to guilt are the result of the individual's fear that he will no longer be loved.

In both the history of man and in his myths, the story of guilt has played a major role; but, like so many of the forces that play a part in man's story, it is rarely the direct occasion of conflict. But to consider several cases purely from a hypothetical point of view may be revealing. There is the story from *Genesis* of Cain and Abel, for example. Cain was a farmer, Abel a shepherd. Both offered gifts to God of the fruits of their labors. Cain's gift was rejected. Whatever the reason—Cain's inferior offering, impure motive, God's test, or whim—it was rejected. The author of the text simply does not relate the cause. Here in Cain, then, was the sense of guilt, of failure to comply somehow with the standard imposed by God. Was there immediate remorse? No. Cain killed his brother, a strange reaction to his own guilt—or is it? On a larger scale, the German people after World War I were punished for their misdeed of perpetrating a world war. Was the result of the punishment remorse, a resolve never again to violate world peace? No. The result was—in a very real sense, according to Carl Jung—World War II.

BUT Cain's guilt and the guilt that prompted the atrocities of the German concentration camps are merely illustrative of a more important concept. Throughout recorded history and before, evidence leads scientists to accept the fact that every society has had some form of expiation rite—the scapegoat ritual, atonement rituals, human sacrifice. In some overt way all peoples have felt a need to relieve the fear and anxiety that accompany guilt.

Those societies or religious cults that supplied the greatest number of taboos, surprisingly enough, were those in which guilt was least felt—or most strongly felt. For if one has, let us say, a prescribed diet with a long list of foods that must not be eaten, one can observe the diet laws, thus relieving the anxiety of guilt. But if an individual were unable or disinclined to keep the laws, such as a citizen of the Puritan society of New England in the seventeenth century, he could expect the scorn or wrath of the community. Here we have both the complacency of the righteous and the Hawthorne-haunting sense of sin. For with many laws to observe, the scrupulous individual cannot ever really feel at ease. Good and evil are simplified, perhaps, by objectifying the problem of human guilt, by establishing laws and prescriptions, by objectifying the means of expiating guilt with scapegoats and

—*Culver.*

Oedipus, symbol of guilt—inner tension or divine displeasure?

rituals of spiritual cleansing. But the tension that results from trifling with the trivia of ritualistic observances and conventional behavior seems far out of proportion to the crime.

Christianity was to have changed all that. As St. Paul wrote, "But now we have been set free from the Law, having died to that by which we were held down, so that we may serve in a new spirit and not according to the outworn letter." The apostle goes further in verse seven: "What shall we say then? Is the Law sin? By no means! Yet I did not know sin save through the Law. For I had not known lust unless the Law said, 'Thou shalt not lust.'" This is an astounding confession. The Law is the occasion of sin? One must be told that he is not to lust before he can commit a sin called "lust." What a new freedom, to be rid of the old law, the narrow restriction of diet and custom and ritual!

But of course this is axiomatic. One cannot be guilty unless some rule has been laid down concerning one's behavior. If there are no rules, how is guilt possible? Christianity was to change the form of guilt from outer, objectified guilt to inner guilt—the guilt of one who strays from human perfection.

The apostle Paul must have been greatly relieved to be rid of the old law with its stringent form, its labyrinthine ways. Yes, he was, but he found himself greatly troubled at the new law, the law of the inner self: ". . . for I am delighted with the law of God according to the inner man, but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind and making me prisoner to the law of sin that is in my members." For,

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in fact, Paul had been "reborn" to Christianity—that is, to be plunged into the abyss of seeing evil every time he took a step toward good: "Therefore when I wish to do good I discover this law, namely, that evil is at hand for me." Unhappy man indeed that he was! For the Law simplified good and evil, offered ritual atonement individually or for the whole tribe.

Christian liberty results in an awful anxiety and dread. It is too difficult. It is not surprising, then, to note that the Christian Church created a theology that dichotomized man—the weak, sinful flesh and the soul striving for God—a set of rules and dogma from which its members could not deviate, a ritual for atonement, the projection of guilt to a host of devils and diabolical plots, the acceptance of Christ's messages as allegorical but any mention of Hell as literal.

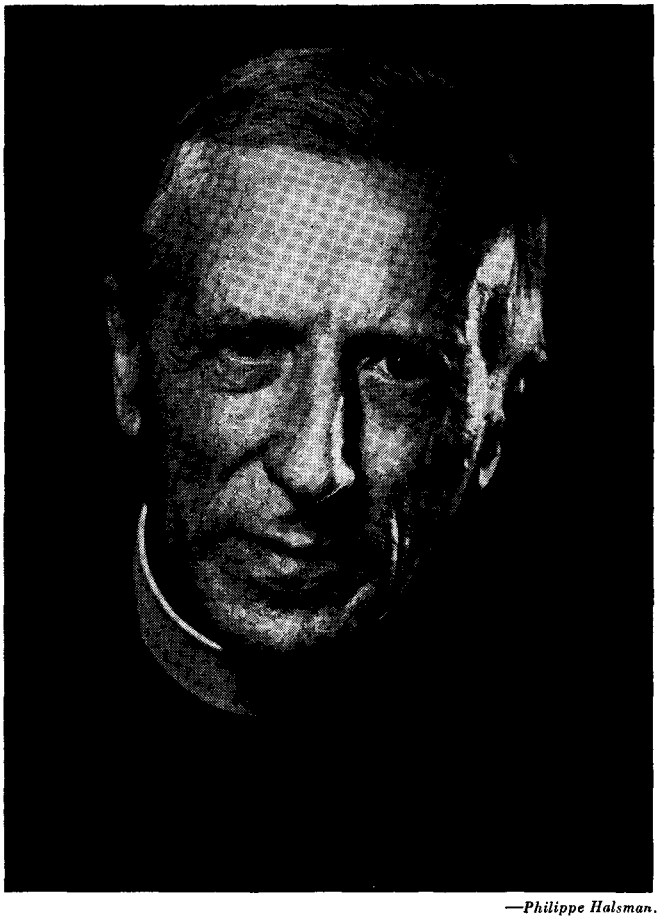
In recent times a man has had the courage to accept Christian liberty. Although a professed atheist, Jean-Paul Sartre has accepted what the apostle Paul found simultaneously liberating and terrifying: Christian freedom. The philosophy of existentialism has been termed "a philosophy of despair," and with good reason. The existentialist, according to Sartre, creates his own human essence through a series of choices, of acts which fashion him. Denying any philosophy that attempts some definition of man, Sartre maintains that man, through his actions, creates his own definition of man, that man's existence, in short, precedes his human essence. Not only does man create his own essential humanity, but he simultaneously creates all human dignity. He can only choose what is good for him, but what is good for him must be good for all men. The reverse of the coin, however, is that man must take the responsibility for every act, not only for himself but for all men. It is not without reason, then, that Sartre finds "anguish, abandonment, and despair" a part of his lot—and the lot of every existentialist. For if no one and no creed can help one in a decision, cosmic in its significance, one can readily imagine the despair implicit in such a philosophy.

Existentialism has a strong appeal for the young. There is a thrill in thinking the world absurd, for it gives them a sense of superiority over the established order, of mastery over themselves. The world for them ceases to have cut-and-dried philosophical unity; there is room for action, in creating, if only for themselves, a human dignity.

But disillusionment is there, too. At the completion of a lecture on existentialism about a year ago, I found many of the students enthusiastically taking the philosophy to heart. The final lecture was interrupted by the crushing news of President Kennedy's death. In the stunned silence that followed, one voice jarred, brash and strident: "It was a perfect existential act." Though he was quieted in no uncertain terms by the class, many of whom had been crying, the thought persisted: Yes, it *was* a perfect existential act. Nothing had to be said; to act individually, freely was wonderful, but who would control the free action of assassinating a young President who had given most of his adult years to devoted service to his country? The act of killing a President may have been a rewarding experience in the free exer-

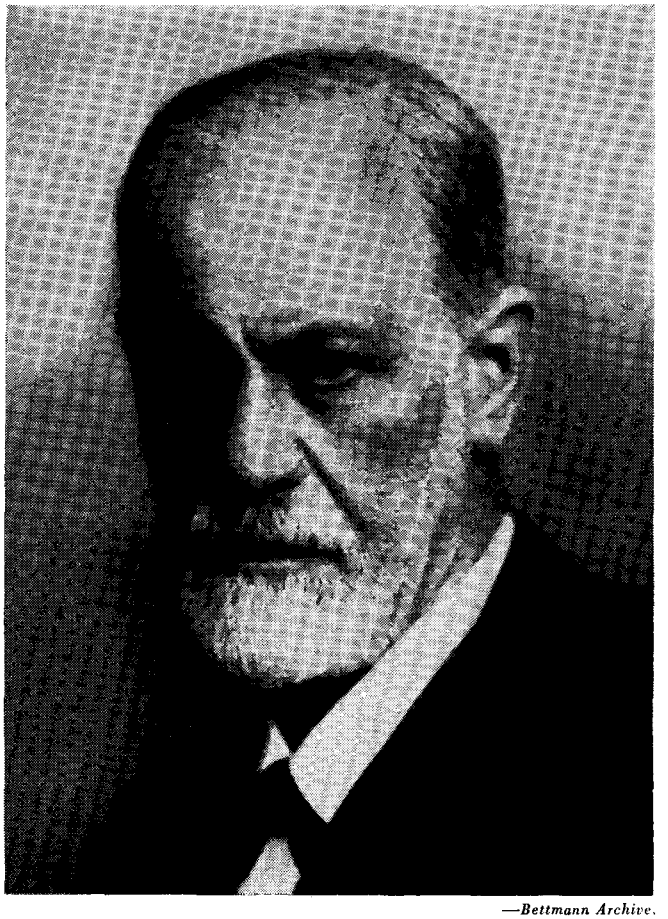
(Continued on page 36)

Pioneers in the Exploration of Guilt



—*Philippe Halsman.*

Theologian Pierre Teilhard de Chardin



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Psychologist Sigmund Freud

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Weighing the Campaign

ANY SOBER analysis of the coming Presidential election must conclude that, while it has its bright side, it also holds much that is regrettable. Let's look at the regrettable parts first.

The election won't tell us, once and for all, whether most Americans prefer liberalism or conservatism. People of both parties have been hoping for that for years. It won't tell us how the voters feel about deficit spending, the income tax, or the role of the federal government. It won't tell us how many Americans want to hold back Negro advances, nor will it tell us how many favor the cause of Negro rights. It will clarify no issues except that the overriding concern of most people is to decide in which candidate they have the most *confidence*. While the effect of the charges against Walter Jenkins and the shift of power in the Soviet Union cannot yet be fully assessed, the early-October polls indicated that about twice as many people equate "responsible" with President Johnson than with Senator Goldwater. But a Democratic victory in November will tell Johnson almost nothing about the course the nation wants him to pursue. The only other cloud in the Democratic sky, as of this moment, is that the Republicans are ringing more doorbells than the Democrats.

Another regrettable thing about the 1964 election is its probable effect on the Republican Party. A bitter San Francisco convention left Republican liberals isolated and at least temporarily demoralized, facing Republican liberal candidates with a particularly poignant choice: They must balance their personal convictions and concepts of Republicanism against the equally legitimate concern of loyalty to their party. Some of them have felt the strongest need of the hour to be a healing of the bitter wounds of July and have given at least lip-service support to the national ticket. Others, like Kenneth Keating and John Lindsay, could not countenance what they think of as a betrayal of the party from within, and have dissociated themselves from the New Wave of Old Guardism. If most of these Republican leaders go down in an avalanche of Johnson votes, we may well be on our way toward the stagnation of a one-party system.

The issue of racism, lurking just below and in some areas well above the surface of the campaign, inevitably degrades the national dialogue. Resistance to racial justice has been made at least semi-respectable, and this backward step should never have been taken. And according to the best available information, this campaign has awakened all the latent European doubts and suspicions about American commitment to its world role.

There is yet another trend in this year's events that may hold serious problems for the political future. This is the increasing tendency for our political conventions to be dominated by one man and his highly organized machine. This trend was apparent in 1960 when the irresistible force of the Kennedy machine overran the Democratic convention. It was clearly visible at the Republican convention this year, as the efficient Goldwater organization swept its candidate to an early victory on a "no compromise" basis. And again this year, one man dominated the Democratic convention, although more through his position and personal persuasive powers than through a political machine. The result was that both conventions had an almost monolithic quality quite alien to the normal boisterous free-for-all of American politics. Clearly, the responsibility for this does not rest with the successful candidates but with the delegates and, ultimately, with the people.

BUT, as I said, there is a bright side, too. Perhaps we will learn a few things. Perhaps Southerners, having once touched the Republican lever for the wrong reasons, will be able to do so another time for a better cause. Perhaps Republican liberals, no longer assured that history is on their side, will learn to match the skill and determination of the Goldwater conservatives, and thereby regain control of their party. Perhaps the voters, faced by the conflicting pulls of this campaign, will learn to split their tickets in greater numbers than ever before and will use this skill to vote more selectively in the future. Perhaps politicians, seeing the decline of democracy in party affairs, will rebel against one-man rule and find their way back to the bargaining and the compromise that have made up the reasonably democratic process by which we select our Presidential candidates. And perhaps the electorate, perceiving what is at stake, will turn out in overwhelming numbers to exercise their most basic democratic privilege, the right to vote.

Perhaps we will learn something about the nature of American democracy. As I have written in these columns before, American politics, like that of all healthy democratic countries, is based on compromise, and the way we work out our compromises is *within* our political parties. Our political parties provide an arena in which representatives of differing regional backgrounds, economic allegiances, and political views can meet and have their say and fight it out. And out of all the front-hall oratory and back-room bargaining comes a *compromise* of views, a coalition of forces, and a candidate. American political parties have always represented such coalitions, and whenever any party has been dominated for long by a single group or a single view, that party has been on its way out. Perhaps this election will teach us that a meaningful choice is not a choice between two extremes, but between two reasonable alternatives.

—ELMO ROPER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Report on Vellore

N.C.'s ARTICLE "Paul Brand and His Mission" [SR, Oct. 3] is extraordinarily well written and hews firmly to an important topic. It is both a disturbing and a distinguished piece of prose. The unflinching exposition of horror and honor made me acutely uneasy as I read but still compelled me to read on. Rarely have I met such truth to detail shown with such complete rhetorical control.

As a teacher of composition, I often tell my classes that their themes need the rigor and scope of a truly American rhetoric, but that such disciplined writing needs first of all an awakened awareness about their own lives, their privileges, and an honest assessment of what they can hope to do with their time. Your essay could not be a more arresting example of what I try to get my students to write. You not only assess your audience; you half create it by the implicit praise and rebuke in your presentation.

American journalism is remarkably lacking in such honest elegance of expression. In many of our most touted journals of opinion, our authors are more anxious to speak loudly than well, and wish to express themselves as often as they care to develop their subjects. Our intellectual writing is heady with the smack of spiritous personalities. I speak with the authority of a teacher who has ransacked contemporary prose in a nearly useless quest for good writing. . . .

JOHN LINDBERG,
Assistant Professor of English,
State College of Iowa.

Cedar Falls, Iowa

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several hundred SR readers have already made contributions to aid the work of Dr. Paul Brand at the Vellore Christian Medical College and Hospital in South India. Further contributions, which are tax-exempt, may be sent to Vellore Medical Fund, care of Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10017.*

Staying Afloat

ALTHOUGH IT IS A point of only personal interest, I hope I may be permitted to amplify Mr. Cowley's recollections of *SR*'s early days [*SR*, Aug. 29]. He writes that the New York *Evening Post* had, in 1920, been "acquired by new owners. . . . Their plan involved a weekly book-review section and they invited . . . Canby to edit it." A bit later in his article Cowley states that after the *Post* was sold some years later and *SR* was cast off and needed help to survive, the early help was supplied by *Time* and then by "a relay team of angels. Thomas W. Lamont . . . was the most helpful of these and kept the paper going through the Depression years."

What Mr. Cowley has forgotten is that the *Post*'s new owner in 1920 was this same T. W. Lamont who enthusiastically approved Edwin F. Gay's idea of a book-review section and who gave the needed financial backing when *SR* had to go it alone. *Time* did indeed help by offering hospitality and publishing facilities. But of course if it had not been for Henry Canby there would have been no *SR* worth saving.

AUSTIN LAMONT, M.D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Well, what do you know! Lady Bird and I wear the same size dress!"

Two for All Seasons

IN HIS ARTICLE "Eleanor Roosevelt: A Lady for All Seasons" [*SR*, Oct. 10] Adlai Stevenson not only reminds us of the greatness that was hers but also of the greatness that is his.

ALBERT P. BLAUSTEIN,
Professor of Law,
Rutgers Law School.

Camden, N.J.

Turning the Tables

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT care to know that after reading "The Birchbark Curtain," by Robert Lewis Shayon [*SR*, Oct. 3], being deeply moved by it, I sent a check to UNICEF *in honor of the Xerox Corporation* for its courage in not yielding to extremist blackmail efforts and for affirming its faith in the magnificent work being done by the United Nations—perhaps our only hope for a world of peace.

I hope other readers will also take a leaf out of the extremist notebook and be moved to flood UNICEF or other worthy causes with "fifty to a hundred thousand letters" of encouragement and checks, so that this act of integrity may shed its light over the American people and over all the peoples of the world, to whose welfare the United Nations is dedicated.

(Rabbi) ALAN W. MILLER.

New York, N.Y.

The Art of Saying No

FOR ALL THOSE IN William Fadiman's predicament [PHOENIX NEST, Sept. 19] I have a suggestion. Some time ago the letters of a deceased friend were readdressed to me. He had once ordered publications in book form from a well-known magazine. Now endless demands for further orders plagued me. I checked the "No" on postcards and printed forms, stuck "No" stamps into the designated places, and wrote "No" letters. The publishers continued to predict that my friend would become an ignoramus, a conversational moron. When their final insult implied that he could not afford the measly amount they demanded, and they offered to defer payment, I mailed this letter to them:

> Gentlemen:
> The man whom you seek to pursue with your ceaseless solicitations has died and presumably gone to heaven. If you knew the address I feel sure you would hound him there as well. Should he, however, have gone to hell, I am convinced he is well supplied with your publications.

With malevolent glee I then submitted the whole episode to their humor department for publication. I never heard from them again.

I am willing to accept a limited number of subscribers on whose behalf I shall send out suitably altered forms of the above letter. Give me your name and address, and twice a year. . .

P. O'DELL.

Anaheim, Calif.

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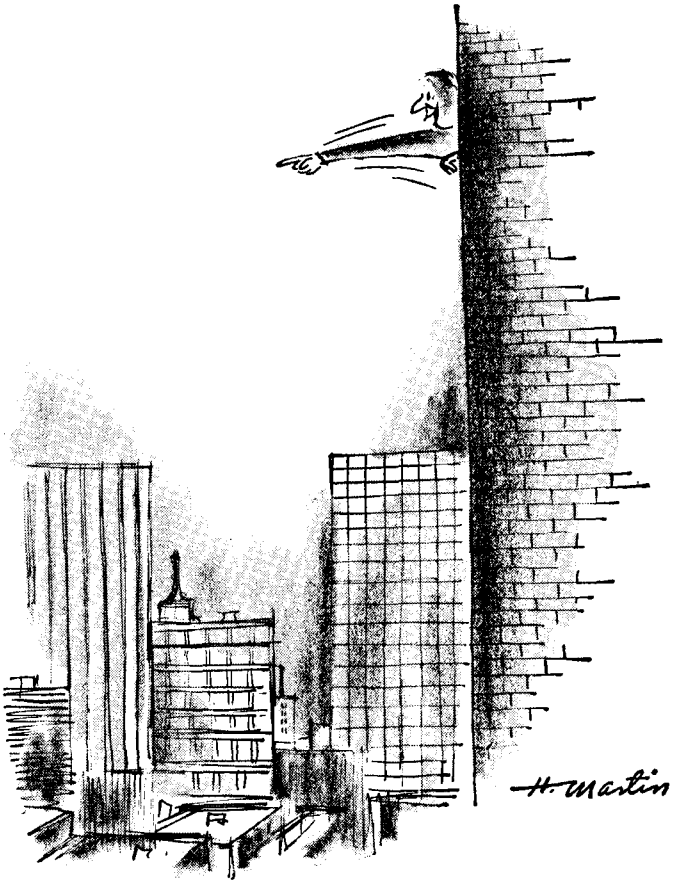
The Deadly Species, East and West

AT THE opening of *Woman in the Dunes*, one of the Japanese entries at the recent New York Film Festival, a botanist is searching for specimens on a lonely stretch of beach. Missing his bus back to town, he is promised accommodations by a passing stranger and finds himself plunged into one of the weirdest adventures ever invented for the screen. The stranger leads the young man to a vast sandpit, its walls as sheer as a well, its base almost filled by a wooden shack in which a woman lives alone. He is lowered into the pit by rope ladder, effusively welcomed by the woman, and made comfortable for the night. But in the morning the ladder is gone. He is her prisoner.

The woman, it soon develops, lives on the bounty of a nearby village, which feeds her and clothes her so long as she keeps shoveling sand. If she stops, the entire community is in danger. Since the job is too much for one woman, the villagers have provided her with a mate. At first the young man rebels. He has his own work to get back to. When he tries to climb out, however, the shifting sand proves too much for him. He refuses to work, but thirst, hunger, and the mounting sand in the cabin force his hand; the villagers provide food only in return for labor performed. As time passes, the man begins to adjust to his new environment. After all, he has everything he needs, including an extraordinarily compliant mate. There is another attempted break-out when the villagers, who insist on watching his love-making in exchange for water, suddenly make him aware of his complete degradation. In the meantime, however, he has hit upon a process for condensing water out of the arid sands. Recaptured, the woman gone, he is resigned to his new way of life. Work is work anywhere, he figures—and besides, he is curious to see if his invention will continue to function. He can always leave later, he tells himself.

Woman in the Dunes is the kind of story—part realism, part allegory—that one might expect from Harold Pinter; and no small part of the fascination of this film is the discovery that the bemused objectivism of our own new generation of playwrights and novelists has penetrated the East as well. What is more important, director Hiroshi Teshigahara has made his picture work on both levels. By filling the screen with explicit details of the grim, gritty life in the shack (including a love scene that leaves little to the imagination), he creates a cosmos that is continually absorbing, a world in which the camera explores not only the tensions between his two principals, Eiji Okada and Kyoko Kishida, but the very texture of skin, sand, and sun-bleached plank of which that world is made up. And hovering over every scene are the challenging, larger questions that motivated the film in the first place: the relation of a man to his work, to his community, to his woman, and to himself.



"Did you hear that, world? Elma Goddard and I are in love!"

No such questions bother the pretty—and empty—head of Joseph E. Levine's latest excursion into the collected works of Harold Robbins, *Where Love Has Gone*. Using the lurid headlines surrounding Lana Turner and her daughter a few years back as the obvious jump-off point, Robbins constructed a tale in which a neurotic, nymphomaniacal artist (*not* actress) drove her husband to drink and her daughter to murder in overcompensation for her own mother's domineering ways. It was at best a squalid and unilluminating novel; but the film that Levine has derived from it, although fitted with fashionable San Francisco mansions and even smarter Edith Head fashions, loses in a tangle of flashbacks the taut, vivid narrative drive that is Robbins' sole virtue. And John Michael Hayes's script somehow manages to make every dramatic line (particularly when uttered by Susan Hayward) sound like the caption to a *New Yorker* cartoon. For badly needed compensation, however, there is Bette Davis, now grayed, matronly, and magnificent, bringing all her old verve and intensity to the role of the domineering dowager.

David Wolper, who alone and unaided by any network developed the field of in-depth documentary for television, uses the same techniques of compilation, dramatic editing, and restrained, intelligent narration to pay moving tribute to John F. Kennedy in *Four Days in November*, a vivid and often harrowing recital of the still-shocking events in Dallas just a year ago. Through carefully selected newsreel clips, TV kinescopes, stills, footage from amateur filmmakers, and some original shooting (a camera exploration of Oswald's home, a re-creation of what could be seen through telescopic sights from Oswald's sixth-floor vantage point), this two-hour film forces one to live again, with full intensity, the darkest tragedy of our time—and to search for a moment in which, somehow, it might all have been averted.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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He Who Laughs First

THE WORLD may cling to its protective delusion that we are living with absolute justice, absolute morality, and absolute love, but it is continually being demonstrated to us that we are not. At those moments when the disparity between what we pretend and what eventuates is revealed, both tragedy and satirical comedy can erupt. In *The Physicists*, Swiss playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt offers us our choice, as he reverses the order of the Greeks (who used to follow tragedy with a satyr play) by beginning funny and ending up grave.

The play commences with a comic portrait of the absurdities involved in the establishment and operation of deluxe mental institutions, where "for terrific fees even the most disastrous past experiences are turned into blissful memories." In a wing inhabited by three insane physicists, a nurse has just been strangled, but the murderer, instead of being punished, is playing a fiddle while the distinguished female psychiatrist who runs the institution indulgently accompanies him on a piano.

The physicists are described as harmless, lovable, and unassuming. One of them has taken on the identity of Sir Isaac Newton, another that of Albert Einstein, and a third, named Mobius, claims to receive visitations from King Solomon. In a scene that is both grotesquely humorous and tinged with pathos, we see Mobius as his ex-wife brings his three sons to him for a final goodbye before they go off to the Mariana Islands. Mobius is deeply moved as he sees the whole farcical yet tragic spectacle of his failure as a father, and to make it easier for the children he launches into a frightening song of Solomon, prophesying the fate of cosmonauts mummified in their space ship. When they have gone, Mobius's nurse comes to him and confesses her love for him and her belief that he is not insane. She tells him that the doctor has given her permission to marry him and take him back to the outside world with her, where they can fight for the recognition of the scientific principles Solomon has revealed to Mobius. Realizing the irony that in his case to fight for these principles would be a crime, he reluctantly kills his would-be benefactress.

In the second act it is revealed that "Newton" and "Einstein" are really scientists from the world's two major powers who have come to this sanitarium to take Mobius and his scientific knowledge back to their respective governments. This gives Mobius the opportunity to explore the reality each of them offers, which adds up to becoming prisoner of power politicians. He, too, has pretended to be mad, because his discoveries would have been turned into catastrophic weapons. Humanity has not developed civilizations capable of using these discoveries constructively, and the scientist must therefore take back his knowledge. He says, "Either we stay in this madhouse or the world becomes one."

Mr. Durrenmatt could have ended his play here, with the three physicists resolving to be mad but wise, prisoners but free, and physicists but innocent. But such an ending would have been optimistic, and so the playwright introduces a final touch. The female psychiatrist, a barren hunchback whose condition foreshadows that which faces the world, has photostated Mobius's discoveries before he destroyed them, and is using them to dominate the world by means of cartels. She points out that it was just a matter of being first, since if Mobius had not discovered these things somebody else would have. The play ends with each of the physicists sadly accepting their adopted identities. As Solomon, Mobius sums up: "My wisdom destroyed the fear of God, and when I no longer feared God my wisdom destroyed my wealth. Now . . . the Kingdom that was given unto my keeping is deserted. . . . And somewhere round a small yellow nameless star there circles pointlessly, everlastingly, the radioactive earth."

Peter Brook, who directed, and John Bury, who designed the Royal Shakespeare Company's London production, have combined to present the play here more ominously and with more deliberate theatricality. This is unfortunate, for it makes the proceedings too much of a game of let's pretend. Robert Shaw is compelling as the intense Mobius, but Hume Cronyn is disturbingly artificial as "Newton" and Jessica Tandy and the other performers seem uncomfortable with their complex of poses. Thus this difficult play acquires a facetiousness that vitiates a masterful penetration of its subject's core.

OFFERING us a more naturalistic exploration of the manifestations of contemporary despair is Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*. Sidney is described as a wounded reformer who has experienced inside him "the death of the exclamation point." His obsession to live with absolute truth and his compulsion forever to improve the world around him are hard to live with, and indeed his wife, Iris, an aspiring, unsuccessful actress, is driven from him because together they constantly make each other aware of their failures.

The play presents an assortment of characters, each of whom comes to terms with his or her capacity to accept relative values and limited satisfactions. Iris tries to satisfy her drive for professional success by doing a spot TV commercial for some dubious hair curlers. Her plain and middle-class sister, Mavis, accepts her husband's double life with another girl as a better cause than having remained an old maid. Her pretty sister, Gloria, has rationalized her life as a commodity for men, since she considers it more honest than the sexual hypocrisies of many wives. And a homosexual playwright understands how to yield to immorality in the exercise of his sexual gratification, at the same time as he practices integrity in his writing. A progressive political candidate has accepted as his slogan of capitulation: "In order to get anything at all done you have to know where the power is and get some of it." A light-skinned Negro's genuine love proves not as strong as his pride about not taking the white man's leavings.

The repartee often crackles, as when the husband of a wife in psychoanalysis hails his wife's attack on him as "another step toward mental health." Miss Hansberry is also able to invade the perilous area of discriminatory remarks about minorities with high humor. And she can be most eloquent in a simple speech in which a wife implores her husband, "Something's gone out of our fighting that makes me less anxious to make up a couple of hours later . . . . Let's fight for it."

There are many effective and disciplined performances, with Alice Ghostley's Mavis, the sister whose every attempt to correct her deplorable social attitudes only makes them look worse, the most memorable. But perhaps because there are so many more fascinating characters, the dextrous Gabriel Dell and the vital and attractive Rita Moreno do not make us care deeply enough about the salvation of the play's protagonist couple. And their conclusion that self-disillusionment and desperation can have benefits is not strongly demonstrated in this too excursive drama.

While we cannot help wishing that Miss Hansberry had concentrated more on one play rather than offering us at least half a dozen, her honesty, her accuracy of observation, and her superior dialogue triumph to a considerable extent over her failure to fulfil an ambitious design. —HENRY HEWES.

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ALBERT GLEIZES: UNDERRATED CUBIST

FOR some time now we have been blandly classifying certain French painters as minor cubists. Albert Gleizes is commonly included in the group, yet his retrospective show at the Guggenheim punches holes in this convenient label. The evidence on the museum's spiraling walls indicates he was neither a minor cubist nor a minor artist. Indeed, I came away from two visits to the exhibition with nothing but respect for this French painter's unwavering integrity, controlled craftsmanship, and patient powers of exploration. No heedless line, no accidental brushstroke suggests a hint of self-indulgence, for Gleizes was an artist dedicated to intellectual discipline. And still his tendency to rationalize tenuous generalities, to seek absolute truths, often resulted in an unorthodox kind of cross-breeding, at least for a cubist. His many *Paintings for Meditation and Contemplation*, along with his conception of light as identical with space and time, demonstrate how speculative his thinking was. "The problem of light," he wrote, "is a problem of faith. For light is not concrete, it is perfectly metaphysical. . . ."

I had expected to find much of his work dated, but even his rarefied late paintings are far more than archaic decorations, a criticism popularly leveled at them. To be sure, these compositions of the Thirties and Forties may seem overintellectual, even academic at times, for today, when spontaneity is at a premium, Gleizes's formal search for final answers can be disconcerting. Like Kandinsky, Gleizes during his late years relied on color of the coolest purity to produce baffling distillations that are hard to decipher but worth the effort.

There is no denying that his earlier work gives more immediate pleasure, partly because of its richer pigment, partly because it closely follows familiar cubist traditions that we now accept as the present century's outstanding contribution to art. Yet it is deceptive to use the word "follow," for the dates of Gleizes's paintings indicate that he is erroneously considered a satellite. History has already confirmed him a leader in the cubist movement, despite a reputation currently overshadowed by such giants as Picasso, Braque, Gris, and Léger. Certain of his early paintings, notably the 1913 *Portrait of the Publisher Figuière* with its syncopated dislocations and the even earlier *Football Players* of 1912-13, can hold their own with anything produced during those two heroic years. The contemporary theme and dynamic thrusts of the *Football Players* identify more readily with futurism than cubism. During Gleizes's entire development his preoccupation with motion, primarily rotation, remained undiminished. Numerous compositions are built around strongly centrifugal vortexes, suggesting the indomitable forces that control heavenly bodies. As the years passed, Gleizes's subject matter became less recognizable, his methods more impersonal.

One of the largest known cubist canvases, *Harvest Threshing* of 1912, celebrates Gleizes's interest in the idealistic union of man and nature, an interest that reasserted itself periodically during his life. Along with numerous other stellar works in the exhibition, this masterpiece belongs to the Guggenheim. One can only applaud the vision that insisted on such first-rate though often unfashionable acquisitions during the museum's early years, for even today Gleizes remains underrated and minus the halo he merits. As one reads about him in the excellent catalogue written by Daniel Robbins, who also selected the show, the artist emerges as a saintlike figure completely devoid

—*Private Collection, New York.*

"Football Players," by Robert Gleizes, 1912-13.

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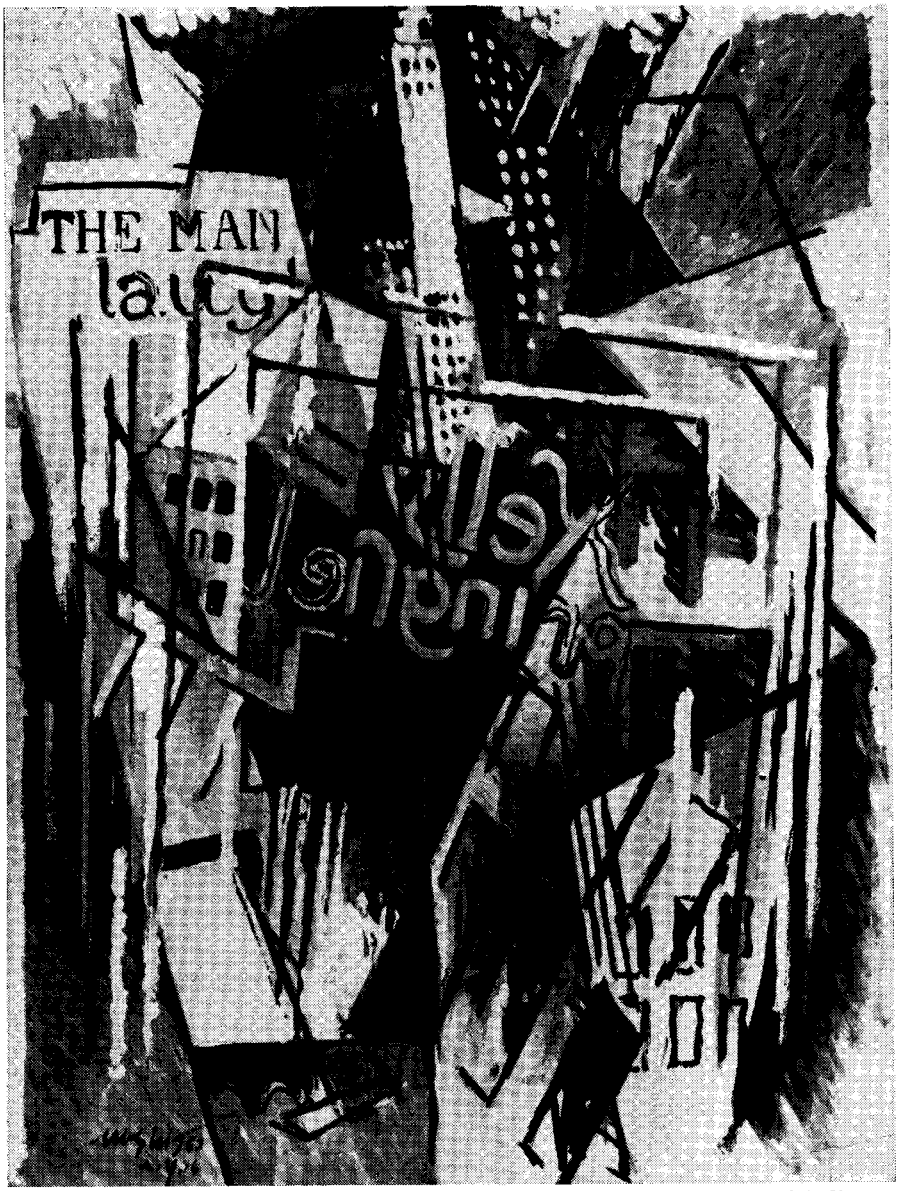

—*The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.*

"Kelly Springfield," by Robert Gleizes, 1915.

of competitive ego, a fact that may explain the comparative neglect Gleizes has suffered until now. Incidentally, he is remembered not only as a painter but also as a writer. Together with his colleague, Jean Metzinger, he produced the first book ever written on cubism, a volume that today is required reading for students of twentieth-century painting.

If one questions Gleizes's position as an authentic innovator, a glance at certain key works painted during 1915 when the artist was visiting New York should dispel these doubts. Take, for example, the Brooklyn Bridge series that antedated Stella's better-known variations on the same subject, to say nothing of innumerable later interpretations by Americans who also seized upon this landmark as a romantic symbol of industrialization. So far as I know, Gleizes was the first to turn the Brooklyn Bridge into a dynamic kaleidoscope of vaulting, interlacing architectural forms. He, a visitor from France, recognized the inherent beauty in America's mechanized landscape, thereby setting the pace for a large band of followers.

There are further clues to the future in this exhibition—a gouache of 1915 called *Kelly Springfield* that compresses a vast metropolis into a composition of multiple superimposed city elements, all of them leaning, careening, and towering in conflicting directions. How much Léger, Marin, and other modern painters borrowed from these experiments is a matter worth serious research. Moreover, the so-called father of pop art, Jasper Johns, must have recognized a much earlier father in Gleizes, who nearly a half-century ago produced a painting based entirely on the American flag. Titled *The Astor Cup Race* or *The Flags,* it features snatches of stars and stripes in a whirling composition in which Old Glory is frankly headlined less as a symbol than as an authentic object in its own right.

Because Gleizes was associated with the origins of cubism and knew intimately other leaders of the movement, his work is sometimes closely identified with theirs. One thinks especially of Juan Gris, Delaunay, and the early Léger. Like Léger, Gleizes was fascinated by smoke and clouds, ephemeral substances that both men translated into free forms suspended in space. During the Twenties, he not unexpectedly showed the impact of collage, producing flat, angular paintings with crisply defined intersections.

The exhibition, astutely selected to trace the artist's chronological development, juxtaposes sketches with final works, thus allowing the visitor to study preliminary and intermediate steps in the evolution of a finished canvas. As usual, original small studies are frequently freer, more exciting, and more intense than later prototypes, which, though carried further, are sometimes frozen by overplanning. Initial impulses remained undiluted; it was only the struggle to communicate these elliptical theories that caused diffusion. But Gleizes's failures were not without grandeur.

The exhibition is due to close shortly at the Guggenheim, then to be seen in Paris and Germany. A second show, equally large but, from evidence in the catalogue, not quite of the same top quality, is currently on view at the San Francisco Museum of Art. This version is scheduled to travel in the United States and Canada.

I find the Gleizes show has whetted my appetite for further surveys of lesser-exhibited cubists—such men as Marcoussis, Metzinger, Herbin, and, above all, Picabia. From re-evaluations of these figures, a wider focus on cubism is bound to result.

—KATHARINE KUH.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1108

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1108 will be found in the next issue.

UZ NGB PH BHKMZ GNFD UVFYHAF OAMVBE ZGOFY GBP DZG.

GOVDFHFMZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1107

The virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel. —GOLDSMITH.

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How Not to Make a Decision

IN THE spring of 1963 Jackie Cooper, an actor, proposed to James T. Aubrey, Jr., of CBS Television, that he play the part of a Peace Corps volunteer in a new television series. Merle Miller and Evan Rhodes describe the scene in their new and nervously hilarious book, *Only You, Dick Daring! or How to Write One Television Script and make $50,000,000* (William Sloane Associates). "He [Aubrey] said, 'I don't like snoopers,'. . . Then he leaned back in his chair. . . . 'I see a man in a dusty pickup in the Southwest . . . wearing a Stetson and khaki pants. I don't know exactly what he is, but he's not a cop; he doesn't carry a gun. I don't want him to be a policeman or a law enforcement officer.' "

It was an expensive vision. Seven months later it had cost $346,000, written off in some financial report as "corporate development" for a fifty-two-minute pilot program on film at $7,000 per minute. "After the conference . . . Cooper went to Washington to find out what kind of a guy wore a Stetson, khaki pants, and drove a dusty pickup. Somebody told him about county agents." Merle Miller (collaborating later with Evan Rhodes) was called in and invited to write the pilot of *Calhoun*, a television series based on the life of a county agent. CBS Television offered no objection, and Miller and Rhodes commenced a saga of television pilot writing that lasted five months and eight days. "The script for *Calhoun*," writes Miller, "was totally rewritten at least nineteen times by me; it was partially rewritten by me and Evan 782,946.17 times. It was tampered with unnumbered times by people I have never seen and by people I have seen."

A film was finally shot from the endlessly tortured script, but it failed to find a place in the CBS Television schedule. "Later, James T. Aubrey, Jr. —'I see a man in a dusty pickup in the Southwest'—said that he had never liked the county agent idea much anyway." Of the final product Miller and Rhodes say: "There was not . . . any indication of who a county agent was or what he did. . . . There was also nothing to move, enlighten, arouse, enlarge or entertain anyone."

Why an experienced television executive should have believed that a series about a county agent could be sold for prime-time TV is a mystery. Typically, the real county agent is an amiable agronomist whose daily activities offer small prospect of violence, sex, melodrama, or physical action. "In the first thirty seconds a pilot should go like this," lectures another program executive in the book. "Fifty thousand murderous Berbers are headed toward Cairo, and only you, Dick Daring, can stop them. . . . You have to keep everything moving at all times, moving, moving, moving. Fast, fast. Action. No studying of the navel, no introspection." Mr. Miller naïvely made the intellectual's mistake of challenging television's Berber mystique by doing intensive research among live county agents, reading books, compiling cartons of notes, and hoping eventually to do a story about "a dedicated man who believes that the human being comes first."

OUT of the incredible fantasy of his experience (to which he clung for economic and psychological reasons, not to mention the obvious chance for a writer's-revenge book after it was all over), the authors have fashioned a "fast, fast" exposé of decision-making in television, a record with flashes of the navel and some introspection. Other writers in the industry have lived through similar macabre jests but have kept their lips sealed, preferring to hold onto their employment opportunities. Mr. Miller, who has written seven novels and two nonfiction books, has not feared to burn his bridges. Executives, agents, producers, directors, writers are all revealed in the full scale of their professional value systems. The authors are gentle with their cast, describing them as "picaresque—lovable rogues and vagabonds." The implications, nevertheless, are oppressive. Not all pilots are failures. Those that succeed rarely face demands of the no-navel school of television programs.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Rhodes have rendered the public a genuine service with their chronicle of the times in television. It is easy to split one's sides over the absurd antics and egocentric posturings of the prime pillar of our popular culture. But underneath the laughter is the tragic waste of human potential. The authors underscore the point that one of the principals in the story is a product of Phillips Exeter Academy and a graduate of Princeton, cum laude. His associates generally are talented, intelligent men. Someday someone may write a book, illuminating the mystery of how the best education our society can give comes out looking like fifty thousand murderous Berbers.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

NOW IS THE TIME

Whether you are DEM or REP or still undecided, Frances Marean of Alexandria, Virginia, suggests that you can benefit from filling in the blanks in the words below to conform with the meanings alongside. Final results on page 56.

1.	___DEM_	society of learned men
2.	___REP_____	boldness
3.	__DEM____	compensation
4.	_REP___	ready
5.	__DEM_____	deliverance from evil
6.	__REP_____	blameless
7.	___DEM	symbol of dignity
8.	_REP_____	twilight
9.	DEM____	hero
10.	REP_____	treasury
11.	DEM_____	destruction
12.	_REP_____	fear
13.	___DEM_____	censure
14.	____REP____	unruly
15.	DEM_____	factious
16.	___REP__	worn out
17.	___DEM____	wild tumult
18.	___REP_____	stealthy
19.	DEM_____	corrupt
20.	REP_____	blameworthy

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Schwarzkopf's Marschallin, Gorr's Dalila

TWO new productions are more than an expectable dividend for an opening week of a Metropolitan Opera season, but it was what might be called an older reproduction that provided its greatest artistic profit. New York may be the last great opera center of the world where Elisabeth Schwarzkopf has sung the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*, but the pleasure long deferred was a pleasure doubly enjoyed —on both sides of the footlights.

She comes to the Metropolitan at the crest of a long and distinguished career which has given her a hard-won command of every nuance of the actress's trade to go with the vocal finesse that has made her a great lieder and concert singer. Some vocal quality was, perhaps, sacrificed to volume on this occasion, but there was ample to match every gesture with a sound worthy of it. There are those who would rather die than switch their allegiance from the cherished memory of Lotte Lehmann, but, in Mme. Schwarzkopf they have an opportunity for a gay form of *Liebestod*, in the lilting three-four of the Ochs waltz rather than the measured four-four of Wagner.

As the Marschallin appears in two acts, each of a different character, there are at least that many ways of playing the part. With Mme. Lehmann, there was always the tear trembling on the crinkle of the smile. With Mme. Schwarzkopf, one is readily certain that, in the end, the tear will be most likely from a displaced eyelash and that the smile will not come off. Already, one suspects, she is thinking of another Octavian by a different name, while regretting that she has lost this one so soon after teaching him not to leave a sword lying around a lady's boudoir. Hers is the Marschallin of the waltz rather than the dirge, well versed in *c'est la vie, toujours l'amour*, and all that.

The gravitation to the French in a consideration of Mme. Schwarzkopf's Marschallin is more compulsive than voluntary, a tribute to the lightly brittle way in which she sips her bitter cup (champagne sec rather than tea). Nor is this inconsistent with the Viennese background of the story. After all, even Ochs makes a point of his social French, and if the country cousin, why not the city cousin? Others have sought to pursue this thread in Strauss's writing of the part, but it has remained for Mme. Schwarzkopf to weave it into an international texture.

The telling factor, beyond her shrewd mind and responsive voice, is the aura of physical beauty she brings to the part. Front face as well as profile, she presents a cameo of chiseled features and aristocratic poise which, however they may sag in the mirror she holds up to herself, still will age enticingly, Dietrich-ly. Thus, when she comes to the moment of renunciation in Act III, it is still at the height of her mature appeal and with the worldly wisdom that, as there are other Octavians, so there are other hairdressers than the inept Hippolyte of Act I who made her, for a fleeting instant, look like "ein altes Weib."

NO such mastery is won without a price, and Mme. Schwarzkopf has paid her dues, in a vocal production that has its worn patches and rough spots. But these were of indifferent consequence at most, and of no consequence whatsoever in any important passage. In these, the preparation was always so thorough, the awareness of the difficulty to come so profound, that the precise tracery of sound—whether for a tender delivery of the silver rose to Mohamet in Act I, or the curt dismissal of Ochs in Act III—were always available. From coiffeur to finger paint, and filmy negligee of Act I to the huge tent of a ball gown she wore in Act III, every detail of the physical image was in complete keeping with a penetrating inner vision of the effect she ought to achieve. Operatic artistry can hardly be more encompassing.

Thanks to a revival of Otto Edelmann's vocal strength and a far more refined study of Baron Ochs than he has ever offered here before, and the mostly good conducting of Thomas Schippers in his first Met venture with the score, this was an evening of almost constant pleasure. Least to the point of a well-balanced ensemble was the Octavian of Lisa Della Casa, often good to hear but rarely in keeping with the visual image that was wanted. A pouty, unmasculine, and rather insignificant figure in the part—her Octavian would scarcely have intimidated even the most craven Ochs—Miss Della Casa seemed unaware that she was, after all, playing the work's title role. Anneliese Rothenberger was a steady Sophie, Norman Mittelmann a promising Faninal, and Mignon Dunn (Annina) and Andrea Velis (Valzacchi) refreshingly resourceful as the social eavesdroppers. Sándor Kónya gave name value to the role of the Singer in place of the indisposed Barry Morrel.

Had Dino Yannopoulos contented himself with the best of his improvisations (such as the comedy doctor who examined Ochs in Act II), his staging would have commended itself as an improvement on its predecessor. However, he brought on a second serving maid to confront the disguised Octavian in Act I for the sake of a momentary snicker, and otherwise showed a weakness for compounding the obvious. In all, for artistic effort on the level of this *Rosenkavalier*, reservations may be restricted to those left at the box office.

HIGH hopes for the future of the French repertory at the Metropolitan were prompted by the debut of the estimable George Prêtre as conductor of a new production of *Samson et Dalila*, the first hearing of Saint-Saëns's cultivated score here in seven years. What this fortyish Frenchman has suggested at his concert performances in New York was affirmed in the more demanding conditions of the theater—that he is a conductor with not only the mind and the heart but also the ear to restore the glow to a repertory tarnished by disuse, not to say abuse. It was comforting to hear the high spots of the score so well projected, but it was an absolute delight to experience the duet "Pres de moi" of Act II shaped with such certainty, flow, and sensitivity. In a purely physical sense, Prêtre is the kind of conductor with the power to "move" an orchestra, and this one, to its credit, responded, individually as well as collectively, to his urging.

In this duet as well as elsewhere, most of what was Prêtre-worthy on the stage came from Rita Gorr, who poured out a stream of well-modulated sound as Dalila, and from Gabriel Bacquier, who made himself welcome as the High Priest. Gorr has never sounded so good nor acted so effectively in prior roles (mostly Italian) as she did in this exacting French one. Visually as well as aurally she commands the voluptuous means to make Dalila a figure of some grandeur, while skirting altogether the possibilities of travesty the role contains. Oddly, her familiar specialty ("Mon coeur") was pushed slightly sharp, the result, probably, of trying too hard, but "Printemps qui commence" and "Amour, viens aider" had the grand line and assurance that have been lacking in such music hereabouts for years. Such singing, when combined with the leadership of Prêtre, subdues complaints that *Samson* is static or nontheatrical.

A little more of the same from Jess Thomas would have muted them altogether. He has both the range and the physique for a convincing Samson, but

(*Continued on page* 76)

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The Uses of Guilt

Continued from page 27

cise of will for Lee Oswald, but for the rest of the country and the world . . . .

But even in the existential action the possibility of guilt persists in what Dr. Sarano *(La culpabilité)* called "the guilt of non-liberty," the inner enemy that humiliates our defeats. The pertinent links between the facts of Oswald's life and the inner world of his diary and the inner life of Dostoevski's young guilt-ridden student Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment* are fantastically similar. And though Sartre would be loath to admit it, the hero of his existential drama *The Flies* could just as easily be driven guiltily to king-killing as to being, as depicted by Sartre, the only free agent in a guilt-ridden city.

The guilt of non-liberty, which may be the driving force of free actions, can result in good or evil. Young people can never really understand the profound despair of choices made without aid of counsel or creed, especially with the understanding that the choice is made for all mankind, nor can they make these choices in a world that is meaningless. These things are too much for the individual to bear.

Is there, then, a possibility of Christian liberty, and is there some possible meaning to the guilt that Freud found so destructive to man's purposes?

There is a possibility for both. Both are implicitly a part of two books by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin: *The Phenomenon of Man* and *The Divine Milieu.*

In the first, *The Phenomenon of Man,* Teilhard described the evolution of the world, the evolution of the plants and animals, the evolution of man. With man, the ultimate product of the evolutionary drive came consciousness, man's ability to reflect. Consciousness itself has evolved even in the relatively short time of recorded history. After a lifetime of work in archeology and paleontology, Teilhard de Chardin found the unity in the world, a unity that he based on scientific observation:

> Christ, principle of universal vitality because sprung up as man among men, put himself in the position (maintained ever since) to subdue under himself, to purify, to direct and superanimate the general ascent of consciousnesses into which he inserted himself. By a perennial act of communion and sublimation, he aggregates to himself the total psychism of the earth. And when he has gathered everything together and transformed everything, he will close in upon himself and his conquests, thereby rejoining, in a final gesture, the divine focus he has never left. Then, as St. Paul tells us, *God shall be all in all* . . . the expectation of perfect unity.

The scientific aspects of Teilhard's work has yet to be corroborated, but the evolution of man and thought was to him incontrovertible. The world was anything but absurd to Teilhard.

If the meaning of the world can be established both scientifically and theologically, if there is a rise of consciousness toward what Teilhard labeled "the Omega Point," what possible relevance can guilt have in this ascent?

When the pre-human first crossed the threshold of consciousness, he must have known guilt. If that first human being was aware that he could understand why he acted, he must have been aware that he failed to conform or succeeded in conforming to that which was expected of him. Once he was conscious of his actions, these actions ceased to be the simple actions of an animal. However simple—even brutal—that first consciousness must have been, it must have precipitated in that first act an awareness of need, of approbation or scorn by the immediate members of his tribe, of loss of love, of satisfaction. To know guilt is to know man, for part and parcel of the evolution of consciousness is its by-product, guilt.

TEILHARD does not speak directly of guilt, but there is much in *The Phenomenon of Man* and *The Divine Milieu* that indirectly puts the focus on guilt. In *The Divine Milieu,* for example, Teilhard speaks reluctantly of hell:

> Of all the mysteries which we have to believe, O Lord, there is none, without a doubt, which so affronts our human views as that of damnation. . . . We could perhaps understand falling back into inexistence . . . but what are we to make of eternal uselessness and eternal suffering?

Hoping to find some loophole, however tenuous, Teilhard grasps at any straw:

> You have told me, O God, to believe in hell. But You have forbidden me to hold with absolute certainty that a single man has been damned.

For Teilhard's vision of unity does include every human being. The evolution of man toward the Omega Point is for every man in conjunction with every other man.

By inference Teilhard rejects the age-old concept of sin, guilt, and atonement. He has rejected, as Christ rejected, the "do this, do that, or you face this" concept that has proved so destructive in human affairs. To accept Christianity, according to Teilhard, is to accept Christian freedom—the greatest force in the ascent toward consciousness. That is not to say that Chardin dismissed the possibility of sin or evil in the universe, but he rejected the taboos, the Old Law with its prescriptions and ritualistic atonement.

Evil, according to Teilhard, is that which inhibits the rise of consciousness or discourages and causes anxiety as the ascent proceeds. The first of these evils is that of disorder and failure. ("How many failures have there been for one success?"). The second is the evil of decomposition (". . . death is the regular, indispensable condition of the replacement of one individual by another along a phyletic stem"). The third is the evil of solitude and anxiety, the "great anxiety (peculiar to man) of a consciousness wakening up to reflection in a dark universe in which light takes centuries and centuries to reach it—a universe we have not yet succeeded in understanding either in itself, or in its demands on us." And the last is the evil of growth (the least tragic, according to Teilhard, because it exalts us), which makes all progress in the direction of increased unity express itself in terms of work and effort.

There can be no allaying of anxiety and guilt as consciousness ascends. Every time a man rejects a fallacy or an illusion, a penalty is exacted in the sorrow of loss or the guilt of revolt. But growth, though evil, is inevitable; and progress, according to Freud, is paid for by forfeiting happiness through the heightening of guilt. But if this increase in consciousness loses its edge in cynicism and despair in an absurd world, there will be little gained.

What is needed is the independent strength of the existentialist, a commitment to the ascent of consciousness, to one's particular role in the development of the noosphere, as Chardin labeled it—the world of thought. The strength of Christians is not in the churches, as John F. Kennedy pointed out in a controversial address given at the Columbian Fathers Seminary in September of 1957. The churches will find accommodation with existing political orders. What the Communists fear, said Kennedy, is individual commitment to a spiritual life as well as a material life. And the spiritual life for man is the world of consciousness with its concomitant tension, anxiety, and guilt.

Guilt will continue to play a decisive role in man's future, but it can be the guilt of failure to use every means to strengthen the life of spirit or thought. The individual can fashion man in fashioning himself, can accept the responsibility for his action. But he must accept the world as meaningful, as moving toward a higher and higher consciousness in spite of the many setbacks. Freud was entirely correct when he spoke of the destructive power of guilt, but he was referring to infantile guilt. Growth is not only possible; given a commitment to the ascent of consciousness, it is inevitable.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Conversations with Contemporaries

IN THE past two years Roy Newquist, who has done many reviews both for newspapers and radio, has been interviewing writers of various kinds in this country and in England. Now he has brought together sixty-three of his interviews in a volume called *Counterpoint* (Rand McNally, $6.95). I have no idea how the persons to be interviewed were selected, but the table of contents suggests that sometimes Newquist was willing to settle for anyone who had ever written a book and happened to be handy.

Newquist states in the introduction: "My interviews haven't the depth, nor the prolonged analysis, that goes into the superb pieces on writers done by the *Paris Review*." This is certainly true, but there are extenuating circumstances: Newquist is just one man, whereas the *Paris Review* has used a number of two-man teams; Newquist was pressed for time, and the *Paris Review* people weren't. Moreover, *Paris Review* has pretty well limited itself to highbrow writers and addressed itself to highbrow readers. Newquist has been running all over the literary field and writing for a middlebrow audience.

Newquist worked out a formula for his interviews, and, though he did not always adhere to it, he has used it so often that it becomes tiresome. He begins with a brief but usually fulsome introduction of the author to be interviewed. Then, as a rule, he asks for a brief autobiography, and goes on to the literary career. He then asks a series of questions that go something like this: What advice would you give a young person who wants to become a writer? Do you feel responsible to the materials of your book, to the public, to yourself? What do you think readers a hundred years from now will make of your work?

As I have suggested, some of Newquist's interviewees are rather surprising. Although I work hard to keep up with contemporary writing, there are writers here—I say this apologetically—of whom I have never heard: for instance, a humorist named William Peter Blatty and a pair of mystery writers, Mildred and Gordon Gordon. We also find a couple of publishers, a theater director, an author of controversial political books, an anthologist, and so on. On the other hand, a good many writers are omitted who seem to me to have an important place in contemporary literature: Saul Bellow, Wright Morris, Bernard Malamud, Flannery O'Connor, John Hawke, and several others. But we do have Truman Capote, Herbert Gold, Diana Trilling, Dwight MacDonald, and a few others who have to be taken seriously as literary persons.

Newquist is not altogether to be blamed if some of the interviews don't get anywhere. Even if he were as skillful as Mark Van Doren, in a foreword, says he is, he could not have expected to be 100 per cent successful. There are interesting bits in most of the pieces. It is astonishing to have James Jones say, "I still think *Some Came Running* is the best book I've written." (I think it is very nearly the worst book ever written by anybody.) John Fowles discusses his novel, *The Collector*, as an expression of Existentialism, and Doris Lessing talks well about politics in England, the United States, and Russia. John Crosby takes off on Marilyn Monroe. Truman Capote tells about the nonfiction book—an account of a Kansas murder—that he has been working on for some time. (Bennett Cerf, the book's publisher, says that "it may turn out to be one of the most important books ever published in America," and Harper Lee says, "There's probably no better writer in this country today than Truman Capote. He is growing all the time.")

Gabriel Fielding, author of *The Birthday King*, talks with fine frankness about his religious views and his theories of fiction. ("I think that the writer who is most worthy to be published and read is the writer absolutely and totally obsessed with what he has to say.")

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Howard Fast remarks in passing that more than twenty-five million copies of his *Freedom Road* have been sold throughout the world. Doris Lessing says, "The American writers I like, for different reasons, are Malamud and Norman Mailer—even when he's right off center he lights rockets. And Algren. And that man who wrote *Catch-22*. And of course Carson McCullers." (Maurice Dolbier agrees about Heller, but William Cole dissents.)

On certain topics there is considerable agreement. Many speak scornfully of creative writing courses. Many speak sadly of the shortcomings of practically all book reviewers. More surprisingly, there is a kind of consensus on the subject of sex and the four-letter words in contemporary fiction. The late Ian Fleming, whose James Bond stories are not exactly prudish, observes: "I'm even old-fashioned enough to disagree with the findings of the *Lady Chatterley* case. I think it would have been better not to push that work out into the world, though I dare say the world will digest it and get used to it as it's absorbed Miller's erotic excursions to the tropics. We'll take any four-letter word without a flinch, and I suppose those words will ultimately lose their shock, then their meaning. I think that they rather strike an attitude on the page, however, and I refuse to use them."

Ben Hecht, once a crusader against censorship, finds himself in a dilemma: "Sex is something everybody knows—there's no reason to draw a blueprint every time it comes up. On the other hand, I feel that it's wrong to oppose these writers because they are the result of the victory that we fought to win." Helen MacInnes protests: "This extreme use of words, of obscene words and obscene acts, the preoccupation with sex, has reached a point where it makes us look like Peeping Toms. I don't like to be made to feel like a Peeping Tom when I'm reading a book. I'm not a psychiatrist's couch—I am a reader."

The majority of the interviewees seem to be on what is generally regarded as the conservative side. They don't like novels that are outspoken about sex, or that go deeply into psychological questions, or that experiment with form. They like, many of them, a novel that tells a story, and they are opposed to the new novel and the anti-novel. "Oh, dear," cries Pamela Frankau, "I *do* like a story that has a beginning, a middle, and an end." Well, so do lots of others; but, as E. M. Forster said forty years ago, the story may be necessary but it isn't really important. There is a story in Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, but what matters is the power and subtlety and richness with which that story is told.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

A Saintly Man of the World

***Markings**, by Dag Hammarskjöld, translated by Leif Sjöberg and W. H. Auden (Knopf. 221 pp. $4.95), is "a spiritual irritant, provoking us . . . to rededicate ourselves to man." Emile Capouya's articles and reviews are a regular feature of SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

SAINTS are understandable, after a fashion. Their motives and conduct are simply 180 degrees from our own. That is true even of some kinds of secular saint. But nature's great mystery is the secular saint who is also a man of the world.

Imagine a being concerned with political, financial, industrial, or commercial questions, expert in those matters, and expert too at giving orders, persuading or coercing his fellow men. Imagine that, immersed as he is in worldly preoccupations, he yet looks upon them with the eye of a morally superior being, at every moment judging himself as one who spends his own light, in Paul Goodman's phrase, "attending to these things of little worth." His judgment must not impair his capacity for taking these things seriously, nor may his appetite for power and influence corrupt his judgment. Such a creature is a monster—the more disquieting because, taken as a whole, the tendency of his thought and actions represents what we like to think of as our best self.

On the testimony of this posthumous book—consisting of prayers and invocations in verse and prose, gnomic meditations, parables, aphorisms, and private jottings—the late Dag Hammarskjöld was such a wonder. He was wealthy, successful, respected, dedicated to good works; and also lonely, unsatisfied, and tormented by a vision of perfection that impugned all worldly concerns. It would be better to have no talent for glory and no hunger for it, or else to have no vocation for Heaven. Dag Hammarskjöld had both, in such measure that he got to be Secretary-General of the United Nations Organization while keeping a conscience that scourged his minutest personal failings. He could be charitable, it almost seems, to everyone but himself. He was not the man to hold sacred the mysteries of the ego, or what W. H. Auden, his present translator, has called the body's grave evening demand

(*Continued on page* 51)

—*Pictorial Parade.*

Dag Hammarskjöld—"He could be charitable . . . to everyone but himself."

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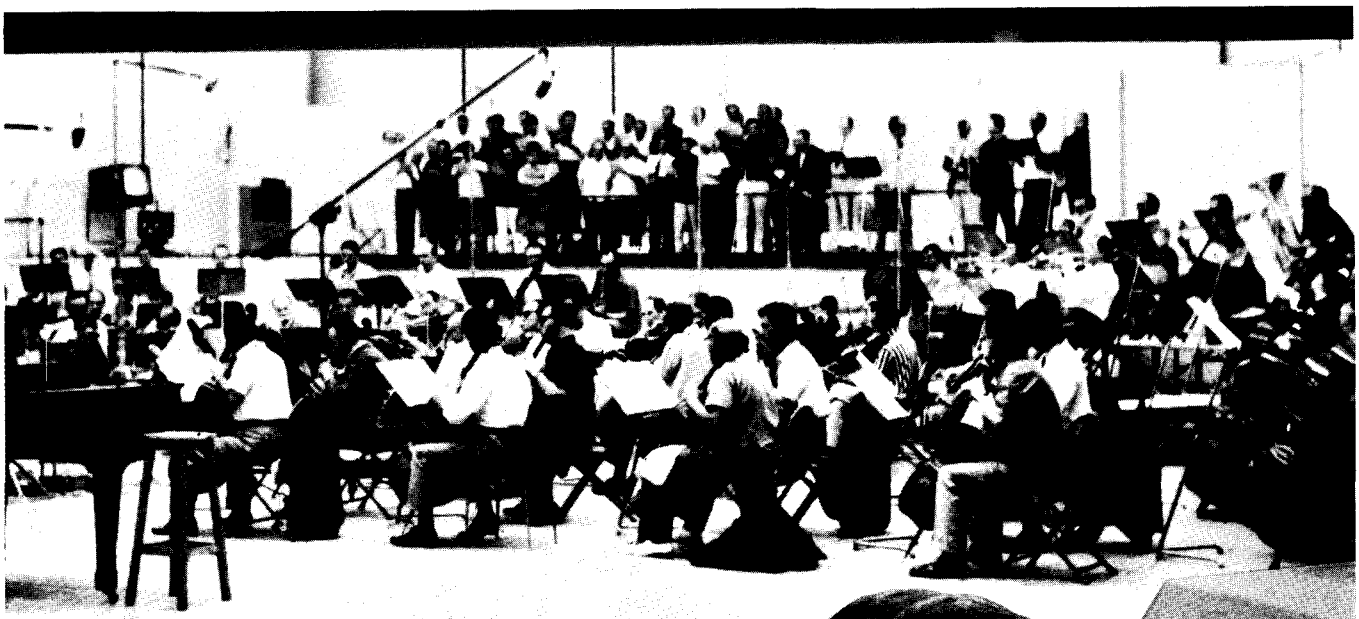
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In this splendid performance, the orchestra under von Karajan realizes musical subtleties rarely if ever heard before and, in fact, becomes an integral part of the dramatic action onstage.

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Price: "every musical requisite"

von Karajan, Price: "a miraculous union"

Corelli, Price: chez Lillas Pastia

Merrill, Price, Freni: faithful to Bizet

von Karajan: "every note in place"

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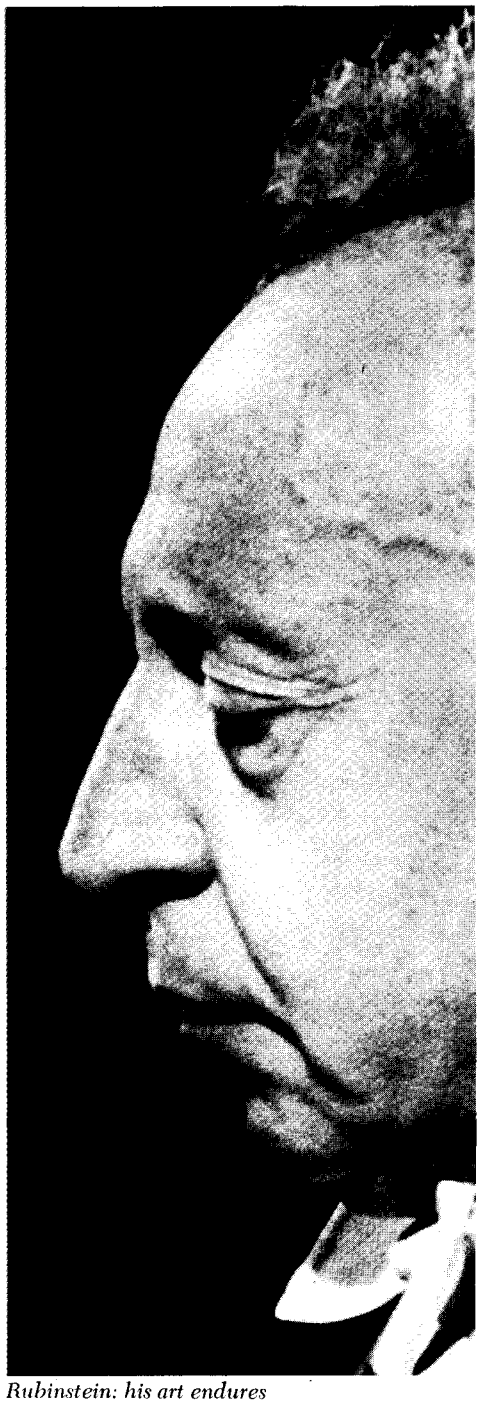
Chopin's Waltzes

by his greatest living exponent

THE fourteen Chopin Waltzes played by Artur Rubinstein in this new album were recorded by him once before—exactly ten years ago. He has been performing them in concerts for more than fifty years. What then—aside from modern recording techniques – could be so "new" as to make this album important?

The answer lies in Rubinstein's eternally fresh and exuberant attitude toward his work. As he says, "A new recording opens up a new world to me because the music speaks to me in a different language." His art is constantly renewing itself. Here he takes a loving new look at works with which he is intimately familiar and discovers within them new values, new meanings, new magic and new wonder. One-record boxed set, recorded in *Dynagroove* sound, has text piece by Herbert Weinstock quoting Rubinstein's own comments on Chopin and his music.



Rubinstein: his art endures

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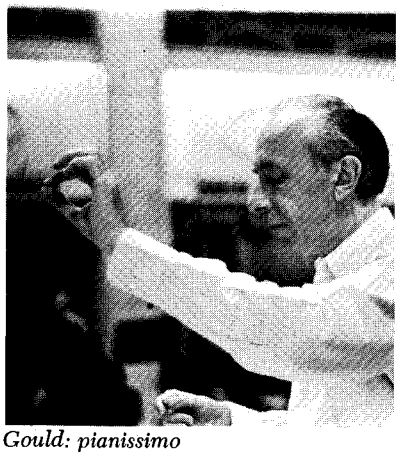
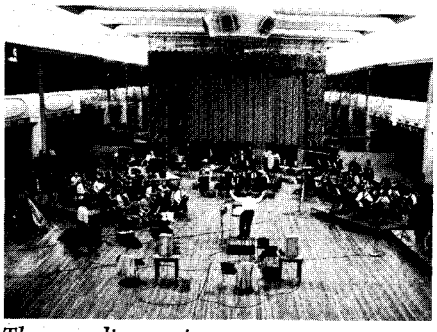
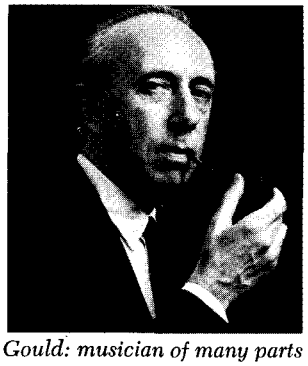


Gould: pianissimo

The recording session

Gould, Red Seal Director Roger Hall

Gould: "Sheer, unadulterated fun"

Gould: "glissando here"



Gould: musician of many parts

"More Jungle Drums"

Fresh New Arrangements in the exciting Melodic Percussion style of Morton Gould

Sheer unadulterated fun! Morton Gould speaking in the Latin idiom – exotic tropical rhythms – twelve brand-new and joyous arrangements done in his unique *melodic percussion* style. He creates a south-of-the-border sound that is both primitive and civilized – both easy to listen to and sophisticated. (In *Dynagroove*, of course.) One side of the album serves as a tribute to the late Ernesto Lecuona and includes such pieces as his "Afro-Cuban Dances" and "Guadalquivir." On the reverse, the orchestra is featured in new virtuoso arrangements of pieces with which Gould has long been associated – *Brazil, The Peanut Vendor, Ay Ay Ay* – plus a bright new Gould original called *Calypso Souvenir*. Sheer unadulterated fun!

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The Orchestra and Chorus: "a reaffirmation of faith"

"O Come, let us sing unto the Lord:" Psalm 95

THE ROBERT SHAW CHORALE

"Songs of Faith & Inspiration"

A magnificent new album filled with the sound and the glory of great religious music of all faiths.

Few musical emissaries of the State Department have met with such all-out enthusiasm as have Robert Shaw and the Chorale. On recent tours of Europe, Russia and South America, audience response made it clear that music is indeed a universal language. Shaw and his artists were particularly impressed by the reaction to their performances of religious music. This was obviously the kind of music listeners wanted most to hear. This new album reflects this preference, and what one writer calls "the world's need for a reaffirmation of faith."

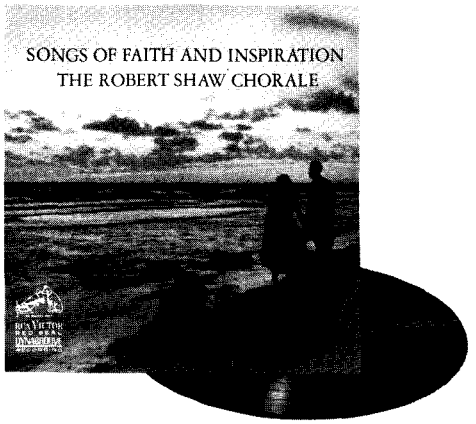
In this new *Dynagroove* recording, Shaw conducts the orchestra and chorus in a program of hymns and sacred music of universal appeal—enduring music of all faiths.

Shaw: "religious expression on a noble plane"

Included are *Ave Maria (Schubert), Nearer My God to Thee, Kol Nidrei, The Lost Chord, Sleepers, Wake!* and an *a capella* spiritual, *Were You There?* In an album outstanding for its sound quality, this Shaw performance of *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* is especially notable for its cathedral-like grandeur.

A masterful union of orchestra and voices is achieved here by Shaw and his artists, and by the superlative arrangements of Robert Russell Bennett.

Here is music that expresses strength as well as sentiment, music for meditation as well as for exultation. It is a most moving listening experience.



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Cliburn with the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf in a Notable First Collaboration

Brahms Concerto No. 1

Leinsdorf, Cliburn, Concertmaster Silverstein: "intense, intelligent"

When artists of the stature of Cliburn and Leinsdorf address themselves to the recording of such a noble work, it is an event of major significance. Moreover, the collaboration here is one that is especially appropriate, as both are masters of the Romantic repertoire and style. Brahms' First Concerto is a "big" concerto, originally conceived as a symphony, that imposes heavy demands on both soloist and orchestra. Cliburn, Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony meet this challenge in a recording that captures all the essential passion and intensity of Brahms' score.

This first collaboration between Cliburn, Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony is also a "first" in two other respects: it is the first recording of this work by Cliburn, and the first recording of this important work in *Dynagroove* sound. Liner notes by Pulitzer Prize winner James A. Michener.

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"out of the opera house and back to the operetta stage"

Die Fledermaus

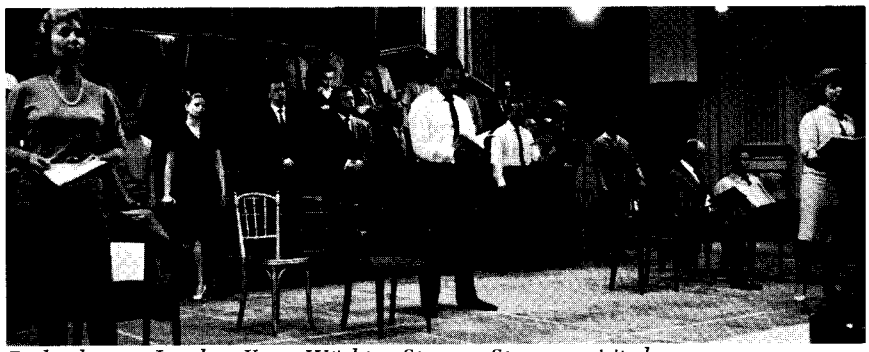
Let's put the champagne back into this most bubbling of all operettas! Over the years it has become too much "grand opera" and much of the lilt and laughter has somehow been lost. This recording restores that happy quality – restores it in a production staged specially for recording. Even the dialogue was adapted for records – and performed in Vienna from a first edition of the original score.

Eberhard Wächter, Eisenstein, has sung the role many times, and you will find him irresistible as the fatuous seducer of his own wife . . . *Anneliese Rothenberger* is Adele, the maid who sings coloratura . . . *George London*, Falke, takes time off from Wotan to play the perfidious friend . . . *Risë Stevens* plays the oh-so-bored *Orlofsky* . . . *Sándor Kónya*, a young tenor from the Met, sings the role of a young tenor decidedly *not* from the Met... *Erich Kunz* brings to Frank true Viennese wit. The recording introduces *Adele Leigh* as Rosalinde. How dashingly she sings her Waltz!

It has been said that the true *Schwung* (pulse) of Viennese music can be found only in Vienna. We believe this album proves it. Complete operetta on 2 L.P.'s, recorded in Dynagroove sound. Textpiece by George R. Marek.

Stevens, Rothenberger: superbly cast

Wächter, Leigh: "the true pulse..."



Rothenberger, London, Kunz, Wächter, Stevens: Strauss revisited

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Only the notes that Verdi wrote—but all of them

Rigoletto

A new recording complete on two L.P.'s

ROBERT MERRILL as Rigoletto . . . ANNA MOFFO as Gilda . . . ALFREDO KRAUS as the Duke of Mantua . . . ROSALIND ELIAS as Maddalena . . . EZIO FLAGELLO as Sparafucile . . . GEORG SOLTI, Conductor

Recorded in RCA Victor's Rome Studios, this new performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto* presents the opera as the composer conceived it — complete, and devoid of the latter-day florid cadenzas and other embellishments which merely vulgarize the music.
Here the listener can enjoy the original beauty of such familiar melodies as "E il sol dell'anima," "Parmi veder le lagrime" and "Caro nome" in the freshness of their creation. Even the famous "Quartet" ends with restraint, as Verdi intended, rather than with the four participants trying to outsing one another.
Robert Merrill: "one of the great baritones" *(New York Times)* heard here in the most important baritone role in Italian opera.
Anna Moffo: lyric-coloratura of international fame whose youth, beauty and voice quality make her completely believable as Gilda.
Alfredo Kraus: a fast-rising tenor star of the European operatic stage, whose vitality and *bel canto* style make him an excellent choice for his role as the Duke.
Georg Solti: musical director of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and renowned conductor of Verdi whose galvanic direction extracts a high degree of drama and excitement from the score.
RCA Victor invites you to rediscover Verdi's dramatic masterpiece in what is believed to be the shape he envisioned. A *Dynagroove* album which includes notes by Ernest Newman and libretto.

Moffo, Merrill: a declaration of love

The Rome Studios during the recording session

Solti: conductor with conviction

Moffo, Kraus: "...as Verdi intended"

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Hirt, Fiedler and the Pops: "made for each other"

"Wow! What a kick to play with 93 men behind you!"

AL HIRT

"Pops" Goes The Trumpet

Hirt: big man on the jazz scene

Fiedler: "vitality and verve"

Al Hirt, Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops in an Exuberant New Album That Runs the Gamut from 18th-Century Haydn (Trumpet Concerto) to 20th-Century Hirt (Java)

When they first met it was "Mr. Hirt" and "Maestro." Then—before you could say "'Pops' Goes the Trumpet"—it was "Al" and "Arthur." Two of today's most exciting musicians had become fast friends. This lively and very listenable new album reflects the spirit as well as the musicianship of both Hirt and Fiedler, two artists who seem musically "made for each other." Hirt, the top trumpeter on the jazz scene, was initially trained in the classical tradition, while Fiedler, a classical musician, has repeatedly performed modern symphonic arrangements of pop trends – including his recent recording of the Beatles' *I Want to Hold Your Hand.*

Here—in *Dynagroove*—is a *fun* album that catches the verve and versatility of Hirt, Fiedler and the Pops. Selections range from *The Lost Chord* to *Eili, Eili*...from *La Virgen de la Macarena* ("The Brave Bulls" theme) to the quietly swinging *Pavanne*...from *Trumpeter's Lullaby* to *Carnival of Venice.* And of course there's the Pops' special arrangement of Hirt's recent hit, *Java,* which prompted the aforementioned quote from Al.

In performance, the music represented here brought wild cheers from enthusiastic Boston Pops concertgoers. We believe you'll give it "bravos," too.

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The Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf

In Virtuoso Performances of Two 20th-Century Musical Milestones.

The coupling of Mahler and Berg on this new Dynagroove album is an especially appropriate one, as Mahler's music marked the end of the Romantic period, while Berg's represents the emergence of the modern school in Vienna. The two composers are thus linked in time and place and tradition, Berg being a direct musical descendant of Mahler.

Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony have already shown their affinity for Mahler in concert and in their RCA Victor recording of the composer's First Symphony — an album that enjoyed wide critical acclaim. Here is a further exploration of the Mahler repertoire in a beautiful reading of his "Giant" symphony.

Wozzeck is not pretty music. But it is a work of such searing tragic intensity, such deep fascination that it has come to be acknowledged as a twentieth-century masterpiece. The excerpts here performed with Phyllis Curtin as Marie include the scene where Marie watches a parade led by the Drum Major . . . where she rocks her child to sleep . . . and where she reads from the Bible. Handsome two-record boxed set includes notes by Neville Cardus of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Mahler: Fifth Symphony
Berg: Excerpts from "Wozzeck"

with Phyllis Curtin, Soprano

Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony: à special affinity

Phyllis Curtin: moving as Marie

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Olivier: "a very great actor, indeed"

". . . larger than life, bloodier than death, more piteous than pity. He is stupendous." — London Daily Mail

Laurence Olivier in Othello

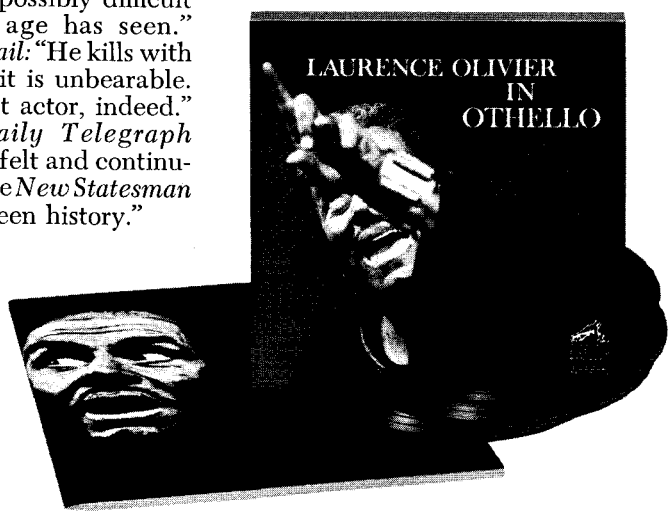
Here — in a new album — is the awesome dramatic power of a performance that London's *Sunday Times* says ". . . will be spoken of with wonder for a long time to come." It was recorded in London, in a performance staged especially for this album with the original cast from the National Theatre. Here, on records, is the theatrical force (as well as the subtleties) of an historic performance that has been fervently acclaimed by critics on both sides of the Atlantic.

Said *Time Magazine:* ". . . a performance of Othello that was a greater gift to the poet than all the monuments that could be raised in a memorial year." The London *Sunday Times* calls it ". . . the only completely successful performance of that almost impossibly difficult part which this age has seen." From the *Daily Mail:* "He kills with such sorrow that it is unbearable. He is a very great actor, indeed." The *London Daily Telegraph* wrote: ". . . deeply felt and continuously exciting." The *New Statesman* said ". . . we had seen history."

The distinguished cast includes *Frank Finlay* as Iago, *Maggie Smith* as Desdemona, *Joyce Redman* as Emilia and *Derek Jacobi* as Cassio, directed by *John Dexter*.

Of all Shakespeare's major plays, Othello is quite possibly the one that offers the richest rewards to the listener as well as the theatergoer. It makes its clear and noble effect even when it is not seen, when one sits at home and listens. As performed by Sir Laurence and the cast in this new Dynagroove album, Othello belongs in every library of fine recordings.

Handsomely packaged 4-record album contains text piece by George R. Marek, photographs by Roddy McDowall and the full text of the play.



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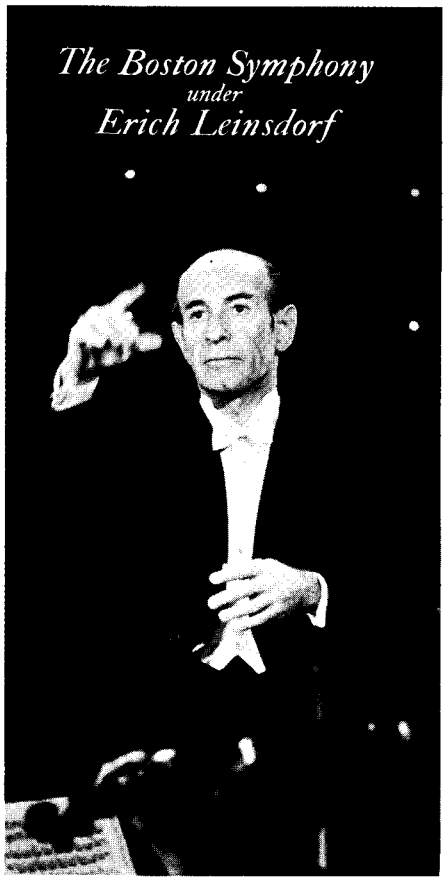
First Time on One Record! The Boston Symphony & The Boston Pops

The World's Greatest Marches

*A Sound Spectacular with a Spectacular Guarantee**



Leinsdorf: "from Wagner to Sousa"

Are marches "good" music? The Boston Symphony and The Boston Pops answer with a stirring "yes" in this new recording which marks the first time these two great orchestras have appeared together on one record.

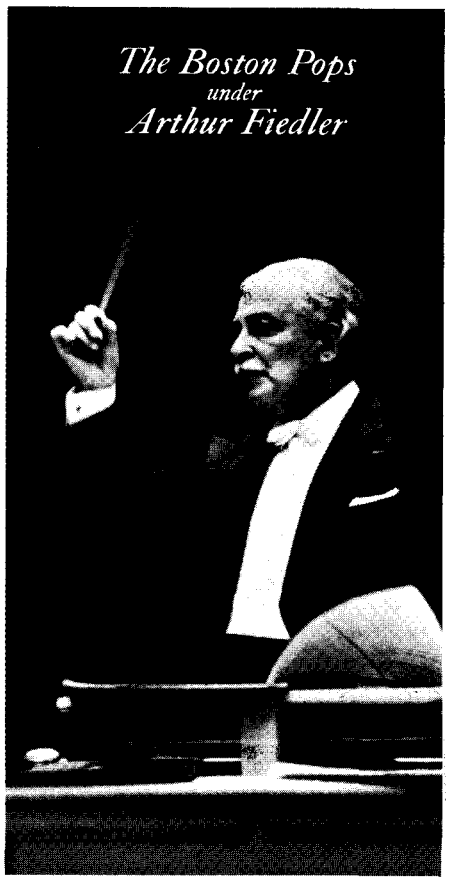
Here the Symphony and the Pops explore the entire range of the march repertoire, operatic as well as military, from Wagner to Sousa. Leinsdorf conducts the March from *Tannhäuser* (with the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society combined), *Rakóczy March, Marche Slave,* and *Stars and Stripes Forever.*

Arthur Fiedler is heard in performances of *Radetzky March, Pomp and Circumstance, French Military March, Procession of the Nobles, Valdres March,* and *National Emblem March.*

If "everybody loves a parade," then it follows that "everybody" loves marches, especially as played here by the Boston Symphony and the Boston Pops in this new *Dynagroove* recording.

RCA Victor

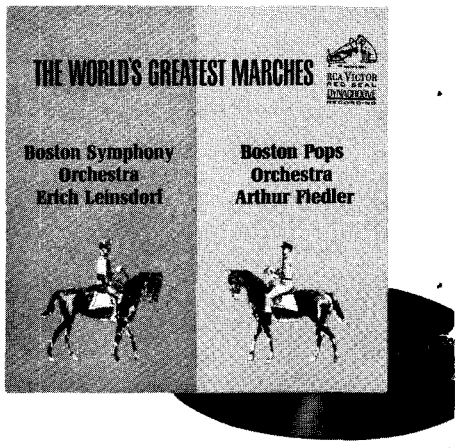
RCA The most trusted name in sound



Fiedler: "everybody loves a parade"

***An Extraordinary Album with an Extraordinary Guarantee! HEAR IT AT OUR RISK!**

Because words alone cannot possibly describe the very special qualities of this album, you may listen to it with this guarantee: If you do not agree that it is a most exciting record, return it and the dealer's sales slip to the RCA Victor Record Div., Rockaway, N. J., and your full purchase price will be refunded on LM/LSC-2757.



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Hammarskjöld

Continued from page 38

for love. Mr. Auden speaks of Hammarskjöld in his foreword as a great, good, and lovable man. One trusts that he was all those things; and yet there is, in the self-contemning spirit of his book, an implicit defection from the life celebrated—ironically but seriously—by Mr. Auden's poetry, the life of modest achievement, decent failure, honorable refusal to despise the gifts of the gods.

Apparently, the book posed special problems of translation, as the unidiomatic title itself suggests. Leif Sjöberg is reported to have prepared a literal English version which Mr. Auden used as the basis of his own text, reworked and polished in consultation with his Swedish collaborator. I do not find the resulting translation attractive, but that is probably because I feel a kind of respectful hostility toward this literary enterprise as a whole.

There is a certain indelicacy about these cryptic utterances—indelicacy, at least, in publishing them, for it suggests the author's faith that his most fragmentary or private speech must be momentous for us; on the other hand, in my judgment, the book does not have the self-transcending quality of a finished work of art, which would make any such objection irrelevant.

Moreover, I distrust the religious resignation that springs mostly from a fastidiousness before the things of this world, a shrinking and distaste that is, in Hamlet's words, ever three parts coward. Now, Hammarskjöld's life and even these posthumous writings scarcely suggest that he was any such thing. But I know little of Hammarskjöld and, for good reason, much about *l'homme moyen sensuel.*

So, for my purposes, I conceive the virtue of this book to lie chiefly in its being a spiritual irritant, provoking us by its other-worldly animus to rededicate ourselves to man.

In Praise of All People

***A Nation of Immigrants,** by John F. Kennedy (Harper & Row. 111 pp. $2.95), urges the American people to recognize that newcomers are essential to our growth. James MacCracken is on the board of directors of the U.S. Committee for Refugees and other similar organizations.*

By JAMES MacCRACKEN

JOHN F. KENNEDY was completing major revisions of *A Nation of Immigrants* when tragedy struck. The book, with an introduction by Robert F. Kennedy, is a simple testament of faith to a growing America enriched by a continuing flow of immigrants.

Repeatedly throughout his public career President Kennedy gave special attention to the need for reforms in the immigration laws. "Our investment in new citizens has always been a valuable source of our strength," was the concluding sentence in his special message to Congress on July 23, 1963. His personal interest in this subject marked his six years as congressman and his two terms as United States Senator. Working in close harmony with Senate colleagues, including Senator John O. Pastore of Rhode Island, Mr. Kennedy secured major legislative action to admit refugees and to reunite families separated by legal technicalities.

In 1958 Mr. Kennedy took time to draw up the first edition of *A Nation of Immigrants.* This interpretive study, published as a pamphlet in the One Nation Library by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, summarized briefly the history of immigration and challenged the American people to seek adoption of an enlightened policy consonant with our country's absorption capacity and national interest. Attractively printed and effectively illustrated, the pamphlet presented Mr. Kennedy's views, consonant with his senatorial responsibilities.

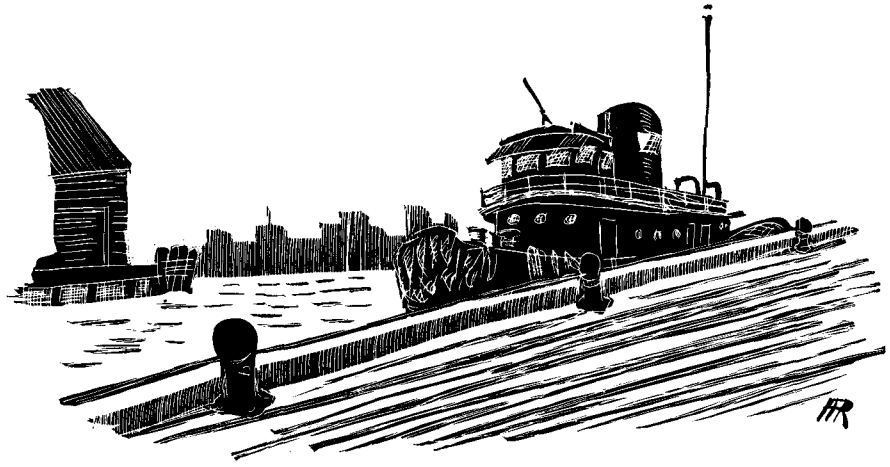
The present revised edition is much more than a mere updating of his philosophy. The text, illustrations, and specific recommendations are filled out and enlarged commensurately with Mr. Kennedy's greater responsibilities as Chief Executive. Thus, as it stands today, President Kennedy's last book is a personal charge to the American people to value immigration as integral to continuing national growth.

A Nation of Immigrants is written for popular understanding, using historic data supplemented by concise commentary. During the nineteenth century, President Kennedy notes, one in ten of the new immigrants failed to survive the unpampered crossing from Europe to America. They came in search of freedom of worship, to escape political oppression, or for complex economic reasons. And if New York's streets were not paved with gold, at least the famine and hardship at home made the brash new country a worthy goal. Even if the new immigrant failed to realize his dream for himself, he could still retain it for his children.

President Kennedy, in calling for major revision of the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 (the McCarran-Walter Act), points out that 3,500 special immigration bills were introduced in the 87th Congress alone to overcome impossible rigidities in our basic immigration statutes. Indeed, he states, private immigration bills make up half our modern legislation. His detailed recommendations to Congress are contained in his message of July 23, 1963, reprinted here, calling for reunion of families, changes in preference standards, updating of medical criteria, and pooling of unused quotas. He flatly asks for abolition of the Asia-Pacific Triangle restrictive clause, which has drawn the severest criticism since its enactment.

President Kennedy took time from the world's most demanding duties to prepare this document as a cogent message to the American people. It has validity today, with Congress stalemated on immigration reform despite President Johnson's special message last January.

However, as the final literary work of a beloved public figure, this book has even greater appeal than the specialized subject it covers so well. It is a poem of praise to a growing America that would have pleased Walt Whitman.



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Adam and Evil in the Garden

***The Interrogation,** by J. M. G. Le Clézio, translated from the French by Daphne Woodward (Atheneum. 243 pp. $4.50), a first novel, exemplifies the contemporary search for a secular mysticism. Henri Peyre is professor of French literature at Yale.*

By HENRI PEYRE

LITERARY prizes are so numerous in France and their winners have lately so often been traditional novelists of scant originality that the acclaim of the critics, if not that of the gregarious readers, goes preferably to those writers who just miss winning them. Such was the case last December with the Goncourt award. Armand Lanoux, who was selected after much debate and a tie vote when the President of the Ten threw in his ballot for him, is an honorable, solid story-teller in the tradition of Zola. His book portrayed the return of a Canadian soldier to the Normandy beaches, where he had landed in 1944, with the melancholy reflections of a disillusioned veteran.

J. M. G. Le Clézio, who was Lanoux's rival for the prize, showed far more technical skill, a youthful and impetuous vigor, and a mastery of style truly astounding in a first novel. He is only twenty-four. Without a moment's hesitation the journalists who wait for the announcement of the Goncourt award at the famous restaurant where the deliberations occur gave Le Clézio their own prize, named after Théophraste Renaudot, the founder of the first European newspaper over three centuries ago. A halo of publicity at once surrounded the rising star just discovered. The jacket of this American edition quotes a few of the eulogies poured over the book. Much harm has lately been done to new talents through such high-powered promotion, and a debunking of the "new novel" of five years ago is already taking place in the fickle literary world of Paris.

Le Clézio does not follow the devices or the portentously inflated philosophy of Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, or Claude Simon. The short and disarming foreword seems to point to a good and solid head and to a modest reticence toward the claims of literary advertisers. A very small volume with a long title, *Le jour où Beaumont fit connaissance avec sa douleur,* which appeared six months after this novel, and depicted a man suffering from a violent toothache and crying for help, or for a remedy against the metaphysical, Kafkaesque anguish set in motion by the physical pain, demonstrates that the psychological and stylistic mastery of the young author is remarkable. If he is not spoiled by success, Le Clézio should prove to be one of the genuine talents among the writers born during World War II.

His literary lineage, like that of many young French writers, does not derive from American novelists (although Le Clézio, who comes from Southern France and is half English, has read some of them and admires Salinger in particular). It can be traced at once to Kafka and Beckett, and to the two most influential novels of the mid-twentieth century in France, Sartre's *Nausea* and Camus's *The Stranger.* There is no plot in *The Interrogation,* and events hardly count or mean anything. There is no character study of anyone but the protagonist, who speaks of himself alternately as "I" and as "he." Fragments of a factual diary, devoid of introspection; bits of letters, equally unliterary and crude, written to a girl with whom he copulates occasionally on the floor or on a billiard table, and jerky dialogues break into the long monologue of the one personage in the novel, Adam.

Adam Pollo is a man of culture, who has perhaps read the mystics and certainly a few philosophers, and been seduced by the ideas of Antoine Roquentin of *Nausea.* He is twenty-seven, has served in the army, and may have spent time in a mental hospital. He wanders around the parks, the cafés, and the beaches of Nice. He does not declaim against society or take pride in his alienation from his fellow beings, like a Byronic hero or the ambitious upstarts of Balzac's and Stendhal's fiction. Without any display of words, he feels totally indifferent to the mediocre life around him. As his first name hints, he wants to begin all over again in an earthly paradise.

He settles in a house by the sea which is temporarily inhabited. He rapes a half-willing girl named Michèle in the rain. Later, she wearies of his cynicism and his constant need for money (naturally he does not work) and denounces him to the police. In a weird scene, the most haunting in the book, he sadistically murders a white rat with billiard balls and at the same time is fascinated by his victim. Earlier, he followed a dog in a similar mood of curiosity and envy. The concern of this novelist is that of other men of the younger generation: to protest against all the lies of mass media, of publicity, of government through suggestion with words and on the screen; to revolt silently against the sham of the adults who have too easily compromised with a world of greed. These younger writers are bent upon exploring how much of the innocence of animals can be recaptured, and whether the rejection of all links with society, of a past, of any projection into a future, can gain these ascetic rebels the peace of mystics without faith.

Adam, however, once he has attempted to merge his being into that of animals, plants, or pebbles, emerges from his solitude and, like a prophet leaving his desert to indoctrinate men, delivers long speeches to a listless crowd in the city. He is picked up by the police and sent to a psychiatric ward. There, in a brilliantly satiric scene, the doctor, his medical students, and his aides question Adam clumsily. They are baffled by the strange and brutal man's quest for a state of secular mysticism.

The translation of a story alternately realistic and philosophical, coarse and pretentious, was not easy to accomplish. Daphne Woodward has met the challenge with courage and surprising talent. Why, however, translate the French title, *Le Procès-Verbal,* as if it meant another interrogation by a tribunal of the kind the cinema and literature have made sickeningly commonplace, when it actually points to the objective tone of an unsentimental record by a solitary and innocent Adam of his spiritual adventure?

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Amazon in Search of Money and Men

Courage, the Adventuress, and The False Messiah, *by Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen, translated by Hans Speier (Princeton University Press. 292 pp. $6), contains a sampler of works by the chronicler of the seventeenth-century underworld who inspired Bertolt Brecht. Richard Plant teaches Germanic literature at CCNY.*

By RICHARD PLANT

THE PATTERN of the picaresque novel came to Germany via Spain, France, and England. Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen brought the *genre* to its most beautiful, or, one should rather say, devastating flowering in his famous *Adventurous Simplicissimus* (1669). Grimmelshausen, who published under seven pseudonyms and wrote laudatory comments on his own aliases, has never had a public in America—perhaps because he is both too complex and too scatological, or perhaps simply because he is not easy to translate. Now Hans Speier, a specialist on baroque literature, has put together a sampler of Grimmelshausen's works and added an excellent introduction, and one can only regret that he hasn't given us a larger slice of both.

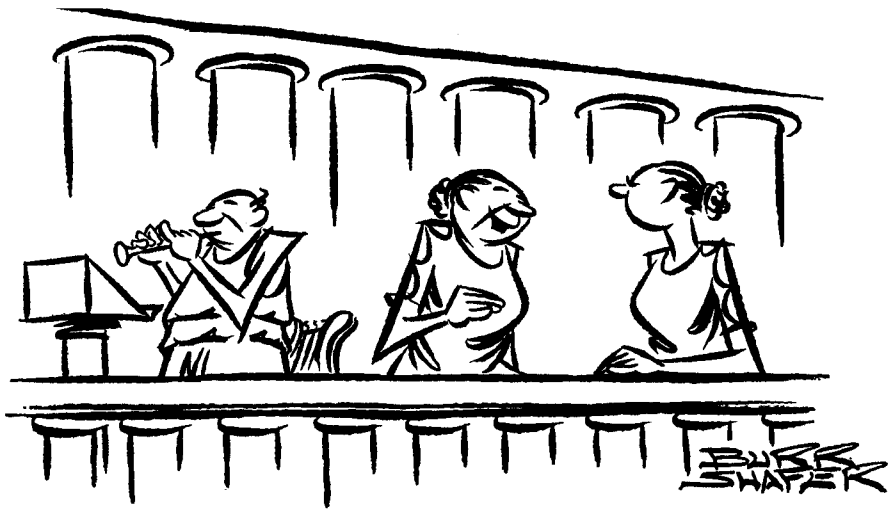
The main part, taken from *Courage, the Adventuress,* written in 1670, chronicles episodes from the life of a handsome, shrewd, aggressive woman who is plagued by a huge appetite for money and men. Though she exploits and fools many most of the time, she loses out in the end against those invincible enemies, time and war. Fighting ferociously to the finish, she skips through the disorder of a world hopelessly out of focus and peopled by knaves, fools, robbers, highwaymen, gamblers, cheats, satyrs, and killers. Courage is no better—as a matter of fact, she is an insatiable brawler and thief, even taking clothes and goods from corpses on the battlefields. She reincarnates that ancient archetype the fighting Amazon, the virago who amazes the professionals by being braver than most men. But she is also given to lovemaking on such a gigantic scale that she neglects her traveling secondhand shop. Her name, by the way, has nothing to do with any lack of fear—in a particularly risqué scene, Grimmelshausen reports how she acquired her nickname and lost one of her most valued possessions at a remarkably early age.

As we follow incident after incident, as Courage acquires lovers and goods only to lose them just as fast, we realize that Grimmelshausen has composed a scathing satire on seventeenth-century existence, and that it is as one-sided as all satires. He knows only "low life." These mercenaries, whores, rapists, and scavengers never exhibit more than one or two traits; hardly anyone ever rises above thirst for money and sex. Through this accumulation of elementary appetites and actions, the universe appears lawless, filthy, and drained of meaning. Grimmelshausen never mentions a cloud, a tree, or the weather; he introduces no houses, no churches, no lakes. The monsters of Hieronymus Bosch at least are set before some recognizable if enigmatic landscape; but Courage moves through a strangely abstract world.

She possesses one quality lacking in the orthodox *picaro*: she undergoes a transformation. At the end of her life, she shows regrets and a trace of melancholy. Nevertheless, the canvas unfolded by Grimmelshausen is reminiscent of one of those crowded battle paintings depicting scenes of violence against a backdrop without perspective. And, odd as it sounds, this makes the story more acceptable to us. Courage is forever indulging in acts of revenge. These, it is true, are only executed after she has been hurt, but they do not induce empathy in today's reader. Furthermore, our set of taboos has changed: while we have become used to normal, deviant, or violent sex, to episodes in which erotic activities are recorded with medical minuteness, the area of scatology still carries for many the big sign "Out of Bounds," and here *Courage, the Adventuress* is so adventurous she might have stunned top sergeants from a James Jones novel. Chapter 17 would probably shock Jean Genet and Henry Miller; but even the older Courage would have been flabbergasted by the glorification of pimps and hermaphroditical murderers practiced by Genet.

Part II, *The False Messiah,* a selection from *The Enchanted Bird's-Nest,* paints an equally grotesque picture of the world. The shock this time originates in the theme itself: how an unscrupulous thief, endowed with the gift of invisibility and devoured by a passion for the daughter of the richest Portuguese Jewish merchant in Amsterdam, plays on the superstitions of the community to present himself as the Prophet Elijah; how he seduces the girl, loots her father, and then converts the girl to Christianity. The chronicle is rich in folklore, eschatology, and witchcraft, and it would be highly offensive to true believers of all denominations if it were to be taken seriously. But these episodes are really *aventures*; the implausibilities are those of a Satanic Disneyland. The tone of pious remorse that is sounded occasionally at the edges of the story seems patently false—it is hard to comprehend how the Victorians could have made a religious author out of Grimmelshausen.

Why this ragged cosmos, and particularly the figure of Courage, appealed to Bertolt Brecht is clear; it is less clear why he changed her so radically that she turned into a character defying precisely the theories Brecht was attempting to demonstrate by her fate. But this is another problem and should not affect the enjoyment of those readers who want to discover for themselves the underworld of the baroque.



"Well, I'd rather have him play the flute than the lyre. When he's playing the flute he can't sing."

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A Dangerous Spark of Life

***The Burnt Ones,** by Patrick White Viking. 308 pp. $4.95), contains eleven stories about men and women who have been scorched by their lives. Robert L. Stilwell teaches English and comparative literature at Ohio State University.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

IT MAY seem perverse to suggest that the Australian Patrick White is among the more difficult practitioners of fiction now living and working. At first glance—and often at twentieth glance—his pages are likely to look shallow, ungainly, homemade, even simple-minded. You might suspect that, far from being masterful exploitations of language and experience, they were scribbled on rough-grained boards by a novice writer wielding a carpenter's pencil. Yet much of White's difficulty arises precisely from this unpromising "surface." For before you can decide whether really profound matters are going forward within his work, you need a constantly reasserted act of faith to believe that such writing could be worth bothering with at all.

Once you achieve this act of faith, what then? Does Patrick White deserve, and repay, a reading in depth? I think he may, at least partially. There can be little doubt that far too many critics and reviewers have overpraised his gifts, his accomplishments. At the same time, however, there can be little doubt that his voice is incomparably the most commanding yet raised within the dialogue of Australian literature. Until recently a sort of prophet without honor in his own country, he has devoted himself, across the past fifteen years or so, to shaping a distinctive tone, an inner vision, a rugged moral fervor. His novels *The Tree of Man* (1955), *Voss* (1957), and *Riders in the Chariot* (1961) were ponderous, earnest creations, preoccupied with the largest issues of good and evil and with the sheer burden of existence. And for those who itch to rank writers there is perhaps nothing wrong with placing White beside the good lesser-lights—the Alan Patons and Brian Moores, for instance—of our day.

The present volume rakes together eleven stories, two of which grope toward novella length, completed since 1961; and many admirers of White's big novels will probably obtain from it their initial acquaintance with what he can do in shorter forms. (Although most of the pieces in *The Burnt Ones*—not "some of them," as the dustjacket equivocates—have been given to Australian and English magazines, none has hitherto seen publication in the United States). The book's title represents a literal translation of the phrase *hoi kaumenoi,* which the Greeks euphemized to "the poor unfortunates" but which originally meant something like "those who are burned." It makes an apt title, too; for the people in each of White's stories, as in his novels, are men and women who somehow have gotten scorched or charred by their lives, like brambles left in a blackened field.

Several of the stories are set against the backdrop of White's native Australia; others take place in Athens and the Near East, both of which he came to know as an RAF intelligence officer during World War II. What concerns him most, however, is not so much landscape as the soulscape of his characters; and at his best he can illuminate that soulscape in a particularly merciless way. To read the slighter pieces here—such as "The Evening at Sissy Kamara's," "The Letters," or the contrived "Willy-wagtails by Moonlight"—is rather like sipping tepid water from a broken pop bottle. The stronger stories, though, generate a kind of cumulative and hard-to-deny power. "A Cheery Soul" grotesquely inverts Flaubert's "A Simple Heart." "Clay" presses the terrifying whole of a psychotic lifetime into twenty pages, and "Dead Roses" provides a slow, careful study of a woman's withdrawal from reality. "A Glass of Tea" explores sexuality and disaster, as do "Miss Slattery and Her Demon Lover" and "Being Kind to Titina" (both replete with footnotes). And I thought "Down at the Dump" a competent seriocomic story, despite the triteness of its title and despite a sugared, ain't-everybody-wonderful ending that might cause even William Saroyan to blush.

LET me mention one aspect of White's style that distracted my respect for *The Tree of Man, Voss,* and *Riders in the Chariot* and that I found nearly intolerable throughout the present gathering of stories. It would seem immutable fact that the sovereign writers, to paraphrase Goethe, are those with whom no grammar text can possibly keep pace. Nevertheless, I don't for the life of me understand White's compulsion to litter his exposition with ugly fragments of sentences. Lumpy bits of sentences. Just chunks. Exactly similar to these. Hundreds of them. If this pidgin syntax possessed some rationale of art and truth, if it helped to hone the sledgehammer gracelessness of its author's prose, it could of course be perfectly justified. As things stand, however, I can't agree that it does. Instead, it rather reminds me of a Remedial Composition theme.

In the Shadow of a Madhouse: An insane asylum rears up ominously in the background of Marie Bardos's *Night Light* (Doubleday, $4.95), a novel out of the Deep South. Miss Clossie, Earl, Frank, Sheriff Sigur, the boy Alo, Miss Adele are so fitful, strained, and troubled they might have just stepped out from behind its barred windows, or they might belong in it right now. Instead, they wander freely but compulsively through these pages, and despite themselves connive to bring their story to a powerful climax—never far from that asylum.

At the start Miss Clossie sprawls on a bench, her dress hiked up and her painted toenails digging slyly into timid, lecherous Alo; Earl with his dreadfully strong hands calls on Miss Adele; Frank plots with the sheriff; gas pumps sickeningly into the lone woman's kitchen, and all the strings fall unwanted into the hands of Alo, who alone knows the nub of the mystery, and knows too that knowledge is evil and can cost him his life.

This is a sinister land; even the willows droop not poetically but threateningly, and the great swamp looks deadly black. Miss Adele, who is rich, wants to divorce Frank, who needs her money. Her cousin Oswald, her lawyer, can't catch her sober long enough to discuss her case, though she is sober enough to realize that not her hand but some enemy's turned on the gas that nearly killed her. She sets herself up in a sort of fort or redoubt, hemmed in by charged screens intended to be the death of the intruder she fears but cannot name.

Danger is coiled under foot and lies in wait at the opening of every fresh, challenging chapter—one even feels that the author, who wrote this first novel on the first Doubleday-Columbia University literary fellowship, herself must shiver apprehensively at the suspense she builds up.

The mystery will keep you reading, and the writing will keep you from forgetting the excellencies of this novel: the implacably outlined characters, the timing adjusted with the utmost nicety, the flashes of intuition and imagination, and the unremittingly portentious mood.

—W. G. ROGERS.

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The Great Cities Under Siege

Russia at War 1941-1945, *by Alexander Werth (Dutton. 1,100 pp. $10), documents an important chapter of history that has been obscured by the tensions of the aftermath. Harry Schwartz is author of "Tsars, Mandarins and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

IN HIS American University speech of June 1963, the late President Kennedy reminded his fellow citizens of some facts that had become obscured by almost two decades of the Cold War. He declared then that: "No nation in the history of battle ever suffered more than the Soviet Union in the Second World War. At least 20,000,000 lost their lives. Countless millions of homes and families were burned or sacked. A third of the nation's territory, including two-thirds of its industrial base, were turned into a wasteland—a loss equivalent to the destruction of this country east of Chicago."

In this monumental and absorbing work, the veteran British correspondent Alexander Werth has told the story of a great nation's incredible ordeal and of its even more incredible comeback to achieve victory after staggering setbacks in the first stages of this titanic conflict. He has combined two major contributions in this work. One is the industrious research of the historian, taking advantage of the tremendous documentation, autobiographical material, and the like that has become available since the war's end, and particularly since 1956. The second is his own personal observations during the war, when he was in Moscow for long periods and visited major sections of the front at times of key developments. The combination of research and eyewitness reporting produces in this case an epic work that will fascinate the ordinary reader and be of more than a little value to the future historian.

The initial Soviet setbacks, Werth makes plain, were the result of irresponsible optimism encouraged by the leadership, of deficiencies in Soviet military equipment, which initially was no match in quality to the German tanks and planes, and of the weaknesses in the Soviet armed forces caused by the purges of the late 1930s. Stalin was the victim of his own delusions, and his people had been victimized by Stalin's propaganda, faults for which Russia paid heavily indeed. The low point was probably reached in October 1941 when panic swept Moscow, setting off a disorderly flight of many in high and low positions, and testifying to a crisis of morale that could have resulted in disaster. But the fright was stemmed by the news that Stalin was in Moscow, and, though severe military tests and even major defeats came later, no such depths of fear were plumbed again. Stalin skillfully used Russian nationalism to rally his people to defend their land as their ancestors had done before, and though this displeased the ideologists its enormous effectiveness was evident in the people's willingness to undergo the most terrible sacrifices without flinching until victory had been achieved.

In such a huge work full of so many riches, it is difficult to pick out the outstanding sections. But surely one is the moving and perceptive description of Leningrad's ordeal during long months of siege, hunger, and death. And another is the account of that great turning point, Stalingrad, where Werth effectively uses the words of General Chuikov to convey the horror, bravery, and bitterness of that bloody struggle.

For all its many virtues, Werth's book is not without some defects. Curiously, he does not deal at all adequately with Khrushchev's description of Stalin's panic, impotence, and depression in the opening period of the war.

Werth's account of the origins of the Cold War in 1945 implies more blame for the United States and less for Stalin than the full historical record would seem to justify. His discussion of Stalin's reaction when informed by President Truman at Potsdam of the new American super bomb—*i.e.*, the atomic bomb—ignores entirely what we know of the effective Soviet penetration of the Manhattan Project, and of the fact that before the end of World War II the Russians had already renewed their own research into nuclear fission. The endpaper map curiously omits China, North Korea, North Vietnam, and Yugoslavia from its list of "postwar Communist states."

But these and other blemishes are not central. Mr. Werth has written a most important book on a major chapter in history that is still of utmost importance today, but which all too few Americans remember with anything like desirable clarity. It deserves wide readership.

"Valerie, I've just lost my shirt!"

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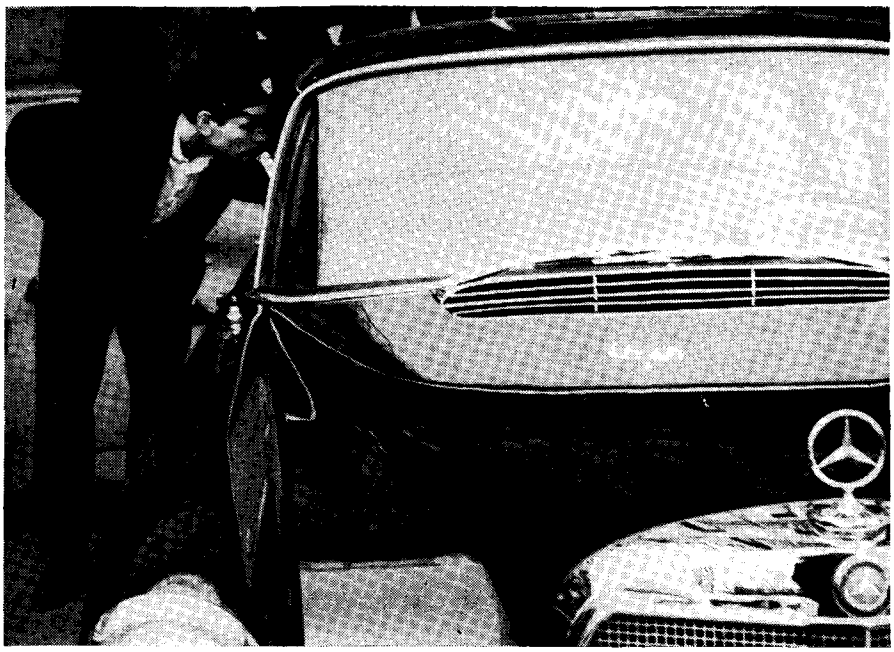

—*N. C.*

Moscow, 1963—a blend of old and new.

A New Kind of Soviet Revolution

Russia in the Thaw, *by Alberto Ronchey (Norton. 249 pp. $5), points up the problems currently preoccupying Soviet leaders. Harrison Salisbury of the New York Times has spent a number of years as foreign correspondent in Moscow.*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

ILYA EHRENBURG's apt image of the "thaw" that broke the leaden freeze of Stalinist Russia seems destined to endure long after the Cold War ice has vanished.

Alberto Ronchey, a lively, observant Italian journalist, calls his close-up of today's Russia a view of "the thaw." But it is post-thaw Russia that he is writing about—a Russia where young people wrangle endlessly about anti-antisemitic poems; where government officials worry anxiously about sales figures and the styling of new winter coats; where a gentleman in dress suit and white vest organizes wedding banquets attended by members of the Young Communist League.

This is the Russia deeply preoccupied with problems—but not necessarily those many Americans imagine are pre-empting the thought of the Kremlin's leaders. It is not revolution in the United States that the Soviet regime is worrying about, but how to get their farmers to produce more food without completely abandoning Communist theory. It is not the overthrow of the capitalist West that concerns them nearly so much as the growing restlessness of their own technological élite. Mr. Khrushchev spent a good deal more time trying to strike a balance between the Party's old-fashioned taste and the incessant demands of his own intellectuals for the cultural attractions of the West than in concocting ringing new revolutionary slogans.

Signor Ronchey's book points up the existence of these sharp contradictions within Soviet life with a hundred illustrations drawn from his travels in Russia as a correspondent for *La Stampa* and his study of the Soviet press.

Post-thaw Russia still has a long way to go before becoming a paradise for tourists. Signor Ronchey describes a remarkable trip down the Volga River, from the Khimki River station in Moscow to Stalingrad—a journey of more than seven days. He paints a vivid scene of the traditional Russian landscapes and the easy-going Russian travelers. But he was forbidden to set foot in great Volga cities like Gorky and Kuibyshev because of security regulations. And two plain-clothesmen from the State Security Committee accompanied him every inch of the way.

Despite these handicaps he is able to present an unforgettable picture of the blend of old Russia with new Russia—the traditions embodied in the Volga boatman's plaintive song giving way to the latest in modern technology.

An indefatigable traveler, Signor Ronchey journeyed on the famous Trans-Siberian Railroad as far east as Khabarovsk on the Amur, on the border between China and Soviet Russia. He was not allowed to visit many cities along the railroad, but he was permitted to detrain at Khabarovsk, where he found that the number one political fact in the minds of officials he talked with was the vast disparity in population between these eastern Soviet lands and teeming China just to the south. On China's side of the river live more than 700 million people. By 1970 or 1975 the total will be one billion. In the whole of the Soviet Far East there are only five million Russians.

In response to government appeals, tens of thousands of Russians come annually to settle in the Soviet Far East. But the rate of increase is far slower than in the adjacent Chinese Manchurian areas, already inhabited by 100 million people.

As Signor Ronchey observes: "These regions look like a no-man's-land; the borderline that should distinguish the two countries is wholly theoretical."

Small wonder that the China question towers over all others in the Kremlin's deliberations.

Kneeling By The Window

By Jeannette Nichols

DARK the color of forgotten
money rusts in my purse.

Who comes to spend shall leave receipts.

And pale light
the color of milk
pours from the silk pockets
of my dressing gown.

Having recently risen
sleep still sounds in my ears
like cups of bees.

Who comes to buy brings awkward
money.

Here, kneeling by the window
shadows of birds hurt in my palms.

Having earned these shadows
I give them away

to whoever passes
dark in his pockets,
rust in his mouth.

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

CIVIL LIBERTIES AND THE ARTS: Selections from *Twice a Year*, 1938-1948. Edited by William Wasserstrom. Syracuse Univ. Press. $8.50.

H. G. WELLS: JOURNALISM AND PROPHECY, 1893-1946. Edited by W. Warren Wagar. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

OPINIONS AND PERSPECTIVES FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW. Edited by Francis Brown. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF VALERY. New Directions. Paperback, $1.65.

Art, Architecture

AUDUBON'S WILDLIFE. By Edwin Way Teale. Viking. $15.

ELEMENTS OF THE ART OF ARCHITECTURE. By William Muschenheim. Viking. $6.50.

GREAT HOUSES OF EUROPE. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Putnam. $22.50.

GREAT PALACES OF EUROPE. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Putnam. $19.95.

REMBRANDT: LIFE AND WORK. By Jakob Rosenberg. New York Graphic Society. $8.50.

WILLIAM BLAKE: POET, PRINTER, PROPHET. Text by Sir Geoffrey Keynes. Orion. $15.

Business, Economics

AN ANTITRUST PRIMER. by Earl W. Kintner. Macmillan. $7.95.

THE MANAGING OF ORGANIZATIONS: THE ADMINISTRATIVE STRUGGLE. By Bertram M. Gross. Free Press. $19.95 to Dec. 31; $25 thereafter.

Current Affairs

THE GOLDEN ROT: A Somewhat Opinionated View of America. By Edwin P. Hoyt. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

THE HOSPITAL. By Jan de Hartog. Atheneum. $5.95.

OUR FACES—OUR WORDS. By Lillian Smith. Norton. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.50.

RACE RIOTS NEW YORK 1964. By Fred C. Shapiro and James W. Sullivan. Crowell. $4.50.

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE SOUTH? By James McBride Dabbs. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.

Fiction

ACTS OF DARKNESS. By J. A. Cuddon. McKay. $4.95.

ALL THE REST HAVE DIED. By Bill Gunn. Delacorte. $3.95.

THE HANDS OF CANTU. By Tom Lea. Little, Brown. $6.75.

JEALOUSY AND MEDICINE. By Michal Choromanski. New Directions. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.70.

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. By Hubert Selby, Jr. Grove. $5.

THE SUN OF DEATH. By Pandelis Prevelakis. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

THE UNFINISHED FUNERAL. By Niccolò Tucci. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE WAYS OF LOVE: Eleven Romances of Medieval France. Translated by Norma Lorre Goodrich. Beacon. $7.95 to Dec. 25; $10 thereafter.

History

THE AMERICAN ENLIGHTENMENT: The Shaping of the American Experiment and a Free Society. By Adrienne Koch. Braziller. $8.50.

BLOOD ON THE MIDNIGHT SUN. By Hans Christian Adamson and Per Klem. Norton. $4.95.

THE BRITISH ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT. By Reginald Coupland. Barnes & Noble. $5.50.

THE CRISIS OF GERMAN IDEOLOGY: Intellectual Origins of the Third Reich. By George L. Mosse. Grosset & Dunlap. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.65.

THE FINAL CHALLENGE. By Dale Van Every. Morrow. $6.

RASPUTIN AND THE FALL OF THE ROMANOVS. By Colin Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.50.

Literary Criticism

THE GUNS OF ELSINORE: A New Approach to Hamlet. By Martin Holmes. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY PLAYS. By E. M. W. Tillyard. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

SHAKESPEARE'S LAST PLAYS. By E. M. W. Tillyard. Barnes & Noble. $2.

SOVIET RUSSIAN LITERATURE: Writers and Problems. By Marc Slonim. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

LA BONNE TABLE. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

CYCLES IN YOUR LIFE. By Darrell Huff. Norton. $3.50.

THE GOOD BEASTS. By John T. Rowland. Norton. $4.95.

IN CRUSADER GREECE. By Eric Forbes-Boyd. Norton. $5.50.

PORNOGRAPHY AND THE LAW. (Revised edition.) By Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen. Ballantine. Paperback, 95¢.

THE SPLENDORS OF ITALY. By the editors of *Realités*. Putnam. $20.

THE WONDERS OF EUROPE. By the editors of *Realités*. Putnam. $20.

Personal History

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE. By Harold Kurtz. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

FAREWELL TO FOGGY BOTTOM. By Ellis Briggs. McKay. $4.95.

A FURROW DEEP AND TRUE. By Ethel Sabin Smith. Norton. $3.95.

GENERALS IN BLUE: Lives of the Union Commanders. By Ezra J. Warner. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $12.50.

THE HUNDRED DAYS. By Edith Saunders. Norton. $6.

THE JOURNAL OF JULES RENARD. Braziller. $6.

THE LIFE OF JOHN CLARE. By Frederick Martin. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

A MINER'S LIFE: An Autobiography. By John Brophy. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $7.50.

MY SHADOW RAN FAST. By Bill Sands. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

THE TRUE PATRIOT AND THE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. By Henry Fielding. Edited by Miriam Locke. Univ. of Alabama Press. $12.50.

YESTERDAY WAS TUESDAY, ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT. By May V. Seagoe. Little, Brown. $5.

THE ZIEGFELDS' GIRL. By Patricia Ziegfeld. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Poetry

COUNTRY WITHOUT MAPS. By Jean Garrigue. Macmillan. $3.95.

Psychology

THE FUSION OF PSYCHIATRY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE. By Harry Stack Sullivan. Norton. $7.50.

THE THINKING ANIMAL. By Morton N. Hunt. Little, Brown. $6.50.

Religion

THE MIND AND HEART OF JOHN XXIII. By Loris Capovilla. Hawthorn. $5.95.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DE FOUCAULD. Kenedy. $4.95.

Sociology

STREETCORNER RESEARCH: An Experimental Approach to the Juvenile Delinquent. By Ralph Schwitzgebel. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. academy. 2. intrepidity. 3. indemnity. 4. prepared. 5. redemption. 6. irreproachable. 7. diadem. 8. crepuscule. 9. demigod. 10. repertory. 11. demolition. 12. trepidation. 13. condemnation. 14. obstreperous. 15. demagogic. 16. decrepit. 17. pandemonium. 18. surreptitious. 19. demoralize. 20. reprehensible.

"A marvellous book about an instructive episode in American history . . . Mrs. Rose . . . has made her tragi-comic narrative . . . as immediate as fiction . . . " *(The New Yorker)*. "How the Federal Government first dealt with the problems of reconstruction on a South Carolina sea island before the end of the Civil War—informed by scholarship and style." *(N.Y. Times Book Review)*

Rehearsal for Reconstruction

The Port Royal Experiment

by WILLIE LEE ROSE

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at all bookstores $6.50

BOBBS-MERRILL

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This is Humphrey
BY MICHAEL AMRINE
FOREWORD BY LYNDON B. JOHNSON
3 by FLANNERY O'CONNOR
WISE BLOOD
A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND
THE VIOLENT BEAR IT AWAY
THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT ON THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY
REPORT OF THE WARREN COMMISSION ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY
The New York Times
MUNICH
PROLOGUE TO TRAGEDY
J.W. Wheeler-Bennett
BARRY GOLDWATER
EXTREMIST OF THE RIGHT
BY FRED J. COOK
Days of Wrath
a novel by
André Malraux

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

It now looks as if the best-selling paperback of the year is going to be the Report of the Warren Commission. Two publishing houses, Bantam and Popular Library, are in swinging competition, each with its own edition. The facts: Bantam's first printing was 1,350,000 copies; it contained a sober introduction by Harrison Salisbury,and cost $1 for 800 pages. Comparatively speaking, Popular Library's edition is pocket-sized: half a million in print, Robert J. ("PT-109") Donovan's introduction, 640 pages, and a tab of 75¢. What both have in common are punch-happy editors who have been working round the clock to get to the newsstands if not with the most, at least with the first. Bantam's Fred Klein can now relax and make jubilant mathematical predictions, such as that 250 copies a minute are being ground from the press while the books are being sold at 1,000 copies a minute in New York. As a book publisher constantly being beaten out by newspapers, Popular's Frank Lualdi takes special glee in the fact that his volumes were on sale in New York City and Washington, D.C. one minute past deadline and some 5½ hours before *The New York Times*'s comprehensive edition appeared. And just to make sure that everybody played it nice and fair, and didn't jump the release time, a Federal agent stood in the bookstore with, we can only assume, a stopwatch in his hand.

Among the more promising new series is Prentice-Hall's "The Modern Nations in Historical Perspective," which hopes to produce nearly fifty books in the next two years. Dr. Robin Winks, editor of the series, stopped by for a literary chat at the Hotel Algonquin in New York on his way to Gambia, which, he explained, was the last British colony in West Africa. "I'm being sent as sort of an observer during this transitional period before independence," said Dr. Winks, who, with horn-rimmed glasses, striped tie, and honest academic air, looked like the Yale professor he is. "Now I teach British Commonwealth history, but I used to teach a course for engineering students. I found out then how badly we need books not just for the history majors but for the informed layman." The Prentice-Hall series, which has started off with books on Ceylon, China, Argentina, Venezuela, and Colombia, will offer interpretive studies of most of the countries in the world, written by scholars on the particular locale.

Even before Jessica Mitford became famous as the author of that witty exposé of funeral practices *The American Way of Death* (Crest, 75¢), she had written *Daughters and Rebels* (Avon, 75¢), a thoroughly charming account of growing up in a highly U (for Uncommon) household among the startling Mitford sisters and their parents, called fondly if condescendingly "Muv" and "Farve." Miss Mitford, who has left all that behind her, is now a Californian, though recently she made a visit to England to address the Annual Convention of the British Cremation Society. "When they asked me I first refused, but then they wrote again, this time enclosing a 'skeleton map' of Bournemouth where the convention was to be held, so I could hardly resist going," she said. "It was a lovely occasion all around, and one of the leading undertakers turned out to be a classmate of Dylan Thomas. So unlike the U.S. ones." Part of Miss Mitford's homecoming was a sentimental journey to Scotland, where she was trying to sell the family island of Inch Kennth, of which Boswell said, "It is the greenest isle in Scotland." Miss Mitford's enthusiasm for Inch Kennth includes, of course, its cemeteries. "It has a private burial ground with crusaders' tombs and the ruins of the oldest chapel in Scotland. If all else fails it could be converted into an extremely chic cemetery. The theme song could be 'Gin a body meet a body.' " But there's nothing macabre about Miss Mitford, a trim and twinkling woman who is already at work on a sequel to *Daughters and Rebels*.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Among the customary classics that we properly welcome, this month offers an especially lively assortment of contemporary novels. Admirers of Vladimir Nabokov will be glad to find *The Gift* (Popular, 95¢), a bittersweet story about Russian intellectuals adrift in exile in alien Germany, as well as *Nabokov's Dozen* (Popular, 50¢), tales marked by prose satiric, nostalgic, and altogether crystalline. Equally Continental in flavor but far more decadent is the world of *The Countess* (Signet, 75¢), Hungarian novelist Hans Habe's book about skulduggery in turn-of-the-century Rome. From Germany there's Hans Hellmut Kirst's *The Return of Gunnar Asch* (Pyramid, 60¢), translated by Robert Kee, which records the death-rattle of Hitler's home town, and André Malraux's 1936 novel, *Days of Wrath* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), translated by Haakon Chevalier, about life and mostly death in a Nazi concentration camp, François Mauriac's *Woman of the Pharisees* (Noonday, $2.25), translated by Gerard Hopkins, presents one of the least attractive females in modern literature, described to the last tooth-rattling detail in faultless if somewhat oldfashioned prose.

There are plenty of good American novels around in paperback, too, such as Gordon Parks's *The Learning Tree* (Crest 60¢), a funny and incomparably real tale of a twelve-year-old Negro boy growing up in Kansas; Terry Southern's abrasive *The Magic Christian* (Bantam, 60¢), about a Mr. Moneybags who sets out to buy up all the good and evil in the world; *Three by Flannery O'Connor* (Signet, 95¢), which includes *Wise Blood, A Good Man is Hard to Find,* and *The Violent Bear It Away,* by the Georgia writer who died recently at the age of thirty-nine.

Theology

Among the greatest of contemporary theologians is Paul Tillich, whose view of religion is nothing if not all-encom-

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passing, touching upon art and education, politics and social welfare, each of which Dr. Tillich ponders in *Theology of Culture* (Galaxy, $1.45). Yet another aspect of his universal scope appears in *Christianity and the Encounter of World Religions* (Columbia University Press, $1.25).

Karl Barth once called theology "the most beautiful of all the sciences." In his philosophical biography, *Portrait of Karl Barth* (Anchor, 95¢), Georges Casalis surveys Barth's austere doctrines of man and God and the universe.

In *The Idea of Revelation of Recent Thought* (Columbia University Press, $1.45), John Baillie examines that ageless theological question of to what degree God reveals himself to mortal man. Equally serious in intent, though he would disclaim it, is C. S. Lewis's *Reflections on the Psalms* (Harvest, $1.45), a searching inquiry into the meaning of some of the world's loveliest poetry.

Though Albert Schweitzer wrote his theological texts back at the turn of the century, his method of viewing Jesus as part of his own times led the way in modern Biblical scholarship. *The Mystery of the Kingdom of God,* translated by Walter Lowrie, sheds light upon the significance of the messiahship, while *Paul and His Interpreters* (Schocken, $1.95 each), depicts the Apostle as closer to Jewish than Hellenistic tradition.

Huston Smith's *The Religions of Man* (Harper Colophon, $1.95) provides a cogent survey of major faiths from Islam to Hinduism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. *The Story of Judaism* (Schocken, $2.45), by Bernard Bamberger, is a record of the interior progress of Jewish religion rather than a historical survey, passing through the centuries from the Biblical wanderings to the founding of the state of Israel, and including some grim reflections on the welfare of Jews within present-day Russia.

Germany

Yet another book that tries to interpret the events leading to World War II, this one by a British political historian, is J. H. Wheeler-Bennett's *Munich: Prologue to Tragedy* (Compass, $2.25), which relies upon certain key Czechoslovak documents and the Nuremberg papers. Andrew Tully's *Berlin: Story of a Battle* (Macfadden, 75¢) reports in chilling detail on the ruthless last weeks in April and May 1945 when Germany burned while Hitler raved, "Total victory is only days away. Berlin will never fall."

But from that death agony Germany has arisen more virile than before, brimming with industrial if not intellectual energy. *The Federal Republic of Germany: A Concise History* (Praeger, $1.75), by the French historian Alfred Grosser, translated by Nelson Aldrich, recounts the methods of survival and revival, including such sidelights on contemporary German life as the difficulty the schoolteachers face in handling recent history. Surely one of those nearly current events is the extermination of the Jews, which Norbert Muhlen comments upon in *The Survivors* (Apollo, $1.50), a report on the 40,000 Jews who today remain in Germany. What's incredible is not that there are so few, but rather, considering the efficiency of the Hitlerian extermination scheme, that any Jews remain at all.

A more esthetic view of what's going on *Unter der Linden* is offered in *Contemporary German Poetry* (New Directions, $2.75), a bilingual anthology, edited and translated by Gertrude C. Schwebell. The poems range from Bertolt Brecht's brooding "To Posterity": "You, who will emerge from the flood/In which we perished,/Consider/When you speak of our iniquities,/Consider the dark days/That you escaped" to Gunter Grass's modern musings in "The Egg": "What if our horizon is only the horizon/of our scribbling, and will always remain so?"

Politics

In *Where I Stand* (McGraw-Hill, 75¢), Senator Barry Goldwater juggles such familiar topics as the United Nations ("It can compel no loyalties, can affirm no values—except those that we and our allies, by our example and our advocacy, instill in its member nations"), missiles ("fine weapons—when and if they work!"), Social Security ("We will not preserve the Social Security system if we saddle it with unnecessary new burdens, such as Medicare."). Then there's Fred J. Cook's pugnacious *Barry Goldwater: Extremist of the Right* (Evergreen, 75¢), a hardfisted account of the Republican nominee's rise to power. Many Lyndon Johnson books are also at the bookstores. *This is Humphrey* (Popular, 75¢), is by Michael Amrine, who wrote *This Awesome Challenge: The Hundred Days of Lyndon Johnson.* Most journalists who have been following the Humphrey campaign trail are frankly overwhelmed, beguiled, or fascinated by him, and Amrine, a Washington correspondent, is no exception. He glows: "None of the other major candidates in the 1964 election has behind him such a record of liberalism, such a reputation for knowledge of foreign affairs, such an ability to charm an audience with his eloquence, nor such a well-deserved reputation for scholarship and intellectual activity."

A noteworthy contribution to contemporary political literature is Charles L. Clapp's *The Congressman: His Work as He Sees It* (Anchor, $1.95), recorded from interviews and round-table discussions conducted by the nonpartisan Brookings Institution. Among our representatives' joys and woes reviewed here are the difficulties of adjusting to the Washington pace, to new colleagues, to the floodtide of administrative work that often outweighs the legislative role.

Religion and Politics in America (Harbinger, $2.95), by Murray S. Stedman, Jr., explores the interrelationship between church and state and the degree to which special-interest groups make their weight felt in the nation's capital. Especially timely is the section dealing with actual effects of religious, as distinct from social, orientation during elections.

Though the *Yellow Book* blossomed for only three years (1894-1897), its issues sparkled with some of the brightest prose of *fin de siècle* London. Henry James, George Gissing, Max Beerbohm were among its illustrious contributors, while promising young writers like W. B. Yeats and H. G. Wells also appeared in its pages. Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations set the tone pictorially. *The Yellow Book: Quintessence of the Nineties* (Anchor original, $1.45), edited by Stanley Weintraub, offers essays, stories, and art work that distill the mood of the era. "This periodical," Mr. Weintraub writes, "was a rallying cry, a term of opprobrium, a ventilator of the stuffy nineteenth-century literary air, and —briefly—an institution."

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The President's Dilemma

The Free Enterprisers: Kennedy, Johnson and the Business Establishment, *by Hobart Rowen (Putnam. 319 pp. $5.95), offers some valuable lessons about the relationship between politics and economics. Edward C. Bursk is editor of Harvard Business Review and professor of business administration at Harvard Graduate School.*

By EDWARD C. BURSK

HERE is an exciting and important book—exciting to all Americans, because it recounts the story of one of their heroes in a desperate struggle; important particularly for businessmen, because it should teach them some lessons about the relationship between politics and economics, and the grave danger of misjudgment and miscalculated action on their part.

The central figure is, despite the title, wholly John F. Kennedy. Lyndon B. Johnson's role is minor; and this is proper, since in real life, too, he came into the story late and by accident—tragic accident. But Mr. Johnson does add drama, since apparently, without trying half so hard and in almost no time at all, he has succeeded in winning the confidence of a considerable number of top businessmen—the very goal that Mr. Kennedy worked for so hard and so unsuccessfully.

Indeed, one of the purposes of Hobart Rowen, knowledgeable Business Trends editor of *Newsweek*, in writing the book was to "bring into focus . . . this dilemma of Mr. Kennedy's . . . in a way that would encourage a bolder attack by the President."

The keynote of the whole book is expressed in the preface:

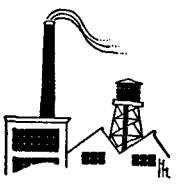
> Mr. Kennedy was continuously intrigued by the persistent business criticism of his Administration. It was one of the important factors accounting for the discrepancy between his accomplishments and his more lofty goals. President Kennedy was acutely aware of the strain in relationships between him and most businessmen, and almost desperately wanted to improve them. He was especially sensitive to the prospect that attacking some of the more notable fixations of the American consciousness — like balanced budgets — would drive even more deeply the wedge between business and the Administration. Yet he hungered for the abandonment of the old clichés and the incantations.

Thereafter Rowen provides a blow-by-blow description of Mr. Kennedy's travails with the business community, particularly the Business Advisory Council and the business press. He divides his discussion into two main sections, "Crisis and Retreat," wherein Mr. Kennedy withstands labor and yields to business, and "Groping for Full Employment," wherein Mr. Kennedy alternates between liberalism and conservatism in his drive to raise the productivity of the economy.

But the real excitement comes not from the underlying theme but from the well-documented incidents with which the book is crammed, and from the perceptive and, on the whole, objective interpretations of the author. Many people, including Mr. Kennedy, gain human dignity; some, especially in business management, lose a little.

As for the importance of the book, that lies not in the past as a piece of history, but in what that history suggests for the future: the need for better two-way communication, and two-way understanding, between whoever happens to be President and our business leaders. Just as Mr. Kennedy turned out to be far more conservative than anyone expected, so the great bulk of today's professional managers, no matter what happened as late as three or four years ago, are developing a different and more sensitive grasp of their social responsibilities. The trouble is that, on the business side, the needed communication and understanding must be pervasive and widespread, for business leadership is pervasive and widespread, not concentrated in one man or a small number of men (as it can be in government).

I hope that all businessmen will have an opportunity to read this book before voting in November. I don't know which man they will vote for as a result, but I am sure their choice will be more intelligent.



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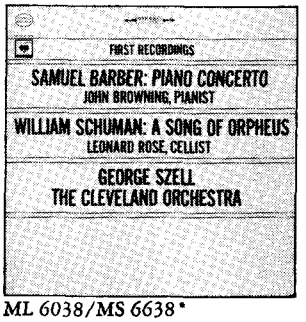

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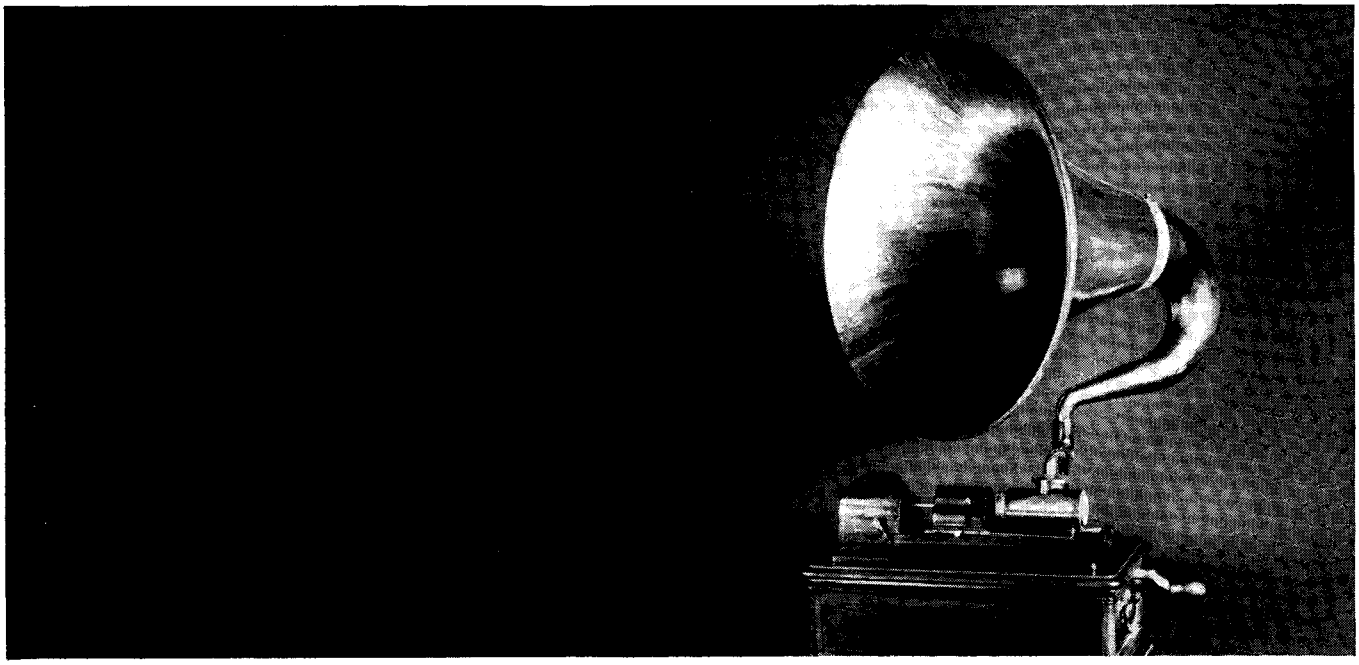

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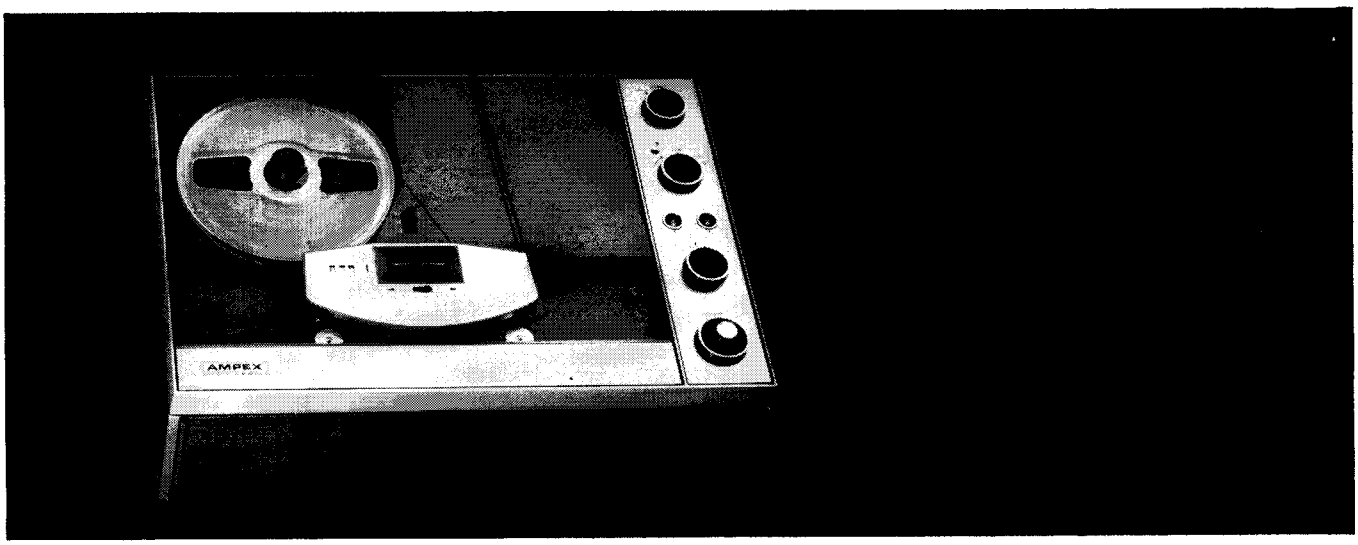

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—*Marco Emili.*

The Swiss family Scherchen at home. To the conductor's left is his wife, Pia. The youngest in this group is aged four. His oldest son, aged fifty, teaches at Cambridge.

The Musical Past and the Electronic Future

At seventy-three, Hermann Scherchen enjoys a world-wide reputation as a conductor of almost all kinds of music, old and new. On the occasion of his first appearances in United States in October and November, SR is privileged to present his thoughts on fifty years' participation in the changing world of musical creation.

SR/RECORDINGS

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By HERMANN SCHERCHEN

ON SEPTEMBER 27, 1964, I conducted the following program as the last concert of the Berlin Festival:

Xenakis: *Metastasis* (1954)
Schönberg: Five Orchestral Pieces (1912)
Chavez: Toccata for Percussion Instruments (1942)
Milhaud: *Le boeuf sur le toit* (1920)
Hindemith: *Kammermusik* No. 1 (1922)
Brubeck: *Elementals* (1963)

I had been asked if I would be willing to perform Brubeck's *Elementals* together with Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces on the same program. What determined my acceptance was the antithesis of contemporary *concert* music and *functional* music ("Gebrauchsmusik")—the hidden challenge of the invitation. While Schönberg and Xenakis both compose within the relatively abstract realm of musical thinking and creation, the four other composers rely on concrete musical reality: Milhaud's *Le boeuf sur le toit* as an enthusiastic affirmation of South American dance and song styles, Hindemith's *Kammermusik* No. 1 as a dialectical, strong-willed confrontation with North America's Ragtime, Chavez's Toccata for Percussion Instruments as an aristocratic transformation of pure folklore into concert music. The program, as I developed it, seemed to offer a unique opportunity to demonstrate within a single concert the dramatic aspect of all music of the past fifty years.

The general validity of the old forms of composition came to an end with the atonality of Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces; thereafter, every creator had to

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assume responsibility for what he would accept as a valid tonal framework, as a binding melodic concept, and as a tangible formal structure. Without basic principles, music and language cannot convey understandable sounds or intelligible syntax to anyone. This explains Schönberg's grandiose attempt to formulate a final, always valid concept of music through the invention of his twelve-tone row technique. Used for the first time in his Serenade of 1923, the technique remained largely unknown until young musicians in many lands embraced it enthusiastically at the end of the Second World War.

As early as 1942, Olivier Messiaen indicated to his students Nigg, Boulez, and Martinet that Schönberg's new technique of tone-row composition could affect not only melody but other musical elements as well. In 1949 Messiaen published his *Mode de valeurs et d'intensités,* to which Boulez and Stockhausen added extended adaptations of the twelve-tone technique and its musical implications.

At practically the same time, Pierre Schaeffer made his ingenious discovery of "*concrete* sound elements," and with this he created the basis of electronic tone formation as well as that of the later experimental music that leads to the computer compositions being created by Stockhausen today. Boulez and Stockhausen, as well as Messiaen himself, all took great interest in Pierre Schaeffer's discovery. In his studio at the RTF in Paris, they conducted their own experiments with electronic music. It soon became apparent, however, that the same end results were being achieved by concrete sounds as had been the case with Schönberg's constructive row technique: the world of sound was regulated through analysis and synthesis of its components.

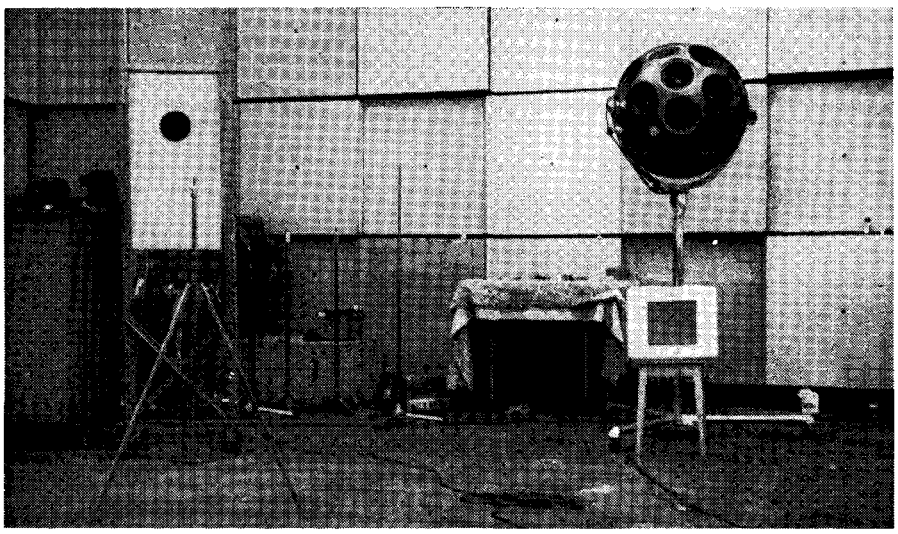
Electronic music today makes use of the same painstaking and time-consuming methods of tape manipulation that were instituted in 1949; *i.e.,* the cutting, splicing, and rearranging of tape pieces. This involves the following: separation of diverse tonal components, transposition of their various elements, and, eventually, juxtaposition of these elements in a new order or in new combinations. In 1956 a single new possibility was added to the foregoing: the adaptation of ring-modulators as developed by Dr. Heck of the Südwestfunk in Baden-Baden. Up to the moment, however, no one has made creative use of this possibility (see Volume 1956, Number 4, of the *Gravesaner Blätter* for an article with recorded illustrations by Dr. Heck).

The medieval clumsiness of this method of working discouraged me from permitting my experimental studio in Gravesano to become a center of electronic music. Never before has an artist been required to indulge in such unimaginative handicraft, using foreign working matter in order to come up with his own creation; to make matters worse, the foreign working matter offers no stimulation to the intellect. It entails only tests of patience—work with scissors, pasting things together, and matching diverse parts. Neither imagination nor brains are required here. Everything is reduced to mechanical accuracy. Therefore, electronic composers remain nothing but tape-recorder dilettantes who usually rely upon the aid of professional technicians to carry through their work; and the technicians are, of necessity, total outsiders.

The second reason for my refusal to place Gravesano beside the electronic studios of Paris, Cologne, and Milan was this: because of the primitive manipulation methods and the narrow variety of results necessitated by the Magnetophon and similar instruments, electronic music remains so primitive and monotonous that it cannot do justice in any way to the biological nature of modern man or to the constructive power of his intelligence. Take, for example, one work I know, for which the most modern methods were available and composition for which was heralded with special réclame (because, we were told, wholly new effects for sound production were being used, such as reduction of the tone into a spiral and the reproduction of compositional fragments through overlapping, moving loudspeakers). It began as a low, "foreign" tone slid slowly up to medium frequency without the slightest variation; as the ear lost interest after the shortest possible time lapse, nothing was left but the most insignificant "sensation." All this took thirty seconds, which I counted three times, for I listened to the work three times in a row. The "swelling of sensations" for such an unchanging acoustical appeal was exhausted by the time five seconds had passed. Therefore my ear reacted in a more offended and rejecting manner each of the three times it was subjected to a half-minute of the same increasingly uninteresting impression. Tape-recorder dilettantism, which became particularly apparent at this demonstration, was made even more obvious by the fact that the audience had been seated in a circle right in front of an acoustical "idiot box," so that each listener perceived the tone as being in front of him. No attempt was made to arrange matters so that the effect of the receding spiral of sound waves could be really appreciated; that is, to have it projected *around* the circle of listeners.

A grand total of three electronic works was created at the electro-acoustic experimental studio at Gravesano. One was a study that took Professor Ussachevsky and Doctor Moles almost two months to complete; another was an electronic analogue construction by Xenakis, and the third was a tape of a composition by Ferrari that was to be projected throughout a hall over four loudspeakers. The tremendous amount of time and work lavished on all three works only served to reinforce my current position regarding electronic music.

In earlier times, a composer required many years of study in order to become a master of his art. The same should be required of an electronic composer. Specialized electronic technicians and specialized composers should devote many years of mutual study in order to understand all the possibilities of the new instruments at their disposal. Instead, they willingly submit to the technological limitations currently before them. Actually, it is high time that electronic composition rose above its own peculiar limits. For instance, it is conceivable that sound could be freed from the bonds of specific pitch and temperament. Imaginative composers have



—*Hi Fi/Stereo Review.*

Interior of the Experimental Studio at Gravesano designed and fitted out by Scherchen. The globe at the right is a "zero-order radiator."

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often attempted to do this, only to end up by dividing the conventional whole- and half-steps further—into quarter-, third-, and even eighth-tones. By the same token, it is worth noting that the idea of making a reality of our seven-octave sound scale has never been exhausted; at the moment such sound distances are only a vague eternity in our tonal fantasies, and up to this time the problem has been approached only with tiny helpless gestures. A white, psychological rumbling, projected with equal intensity in all frequencies, might provide the first impression of a demoniacal new world of sound. It seems, however, that our composers lack any desire or need to explore such a possibility, which still lies at present only in our imaginations. In order to realize such an end, we would need to wield total control over the electronic technology at hand. And with this control, we would have to be able to develop new techniques plus a new type of musician who would have nothing to do with the historical epoch of art now at an end.

One can only guess what the electronic formation of sound might be like then. Only one thing is sure: it would not resemble in any way the music of the epoch past (be it classical, romantic, impressionistic, expressionistic, baroque, or atonal). In this era of technology, art cannot function as in the past. Today man must make realities, not dreams; he must end things, not plan things. I expect *everything* from the electronic sound of the future, but nothing from the electronic music of today.

(*Continued on page* 80)

The Latest from Scherchen

(All on the Westminster label. Mono numbers given first, stereo in italics.)

BACH: Cantatas Nos. 35* ("Geist und Seele wird verwirret") and 42 ("Am Abend aber desselbigen Sabbats") *With Stich-Randall, Forrester, Young, Boyden, Vienna Academy Choir and Vienna Radio Orchestra.* XWN-19080, *WST-17080.*

BERG: Concertino for Violin, Piano and Winds.†

SCHOENBERG: Chamber Symphony, Opus 9. *With Robert Gerle, violin, and Norman Shetler, piano, in the Berg, and a chamber orchestra.* XWN-19086, *WST-17086.*

HINDEMITH: Kammermusik No. 4 (Violin Concerto), Opus 36, No. 3.

WEILL: Concerto for Violin and Winds, Opus 12. *With Gerle, and a chamber orchestra.* XWN-19087, *WST-17087.*

* Included in Philharmonic Hall program of Sunday, November 8.

† Included in Philharmonic Hall program of Wednesday, November 18.

Scherchen on Discs

By RICHARD FREED

HERMANN SCHERCHEN's microgroove debut was not on the Westminster label, as might be assumed, but in a three-disc London album of the Roger Vuataz edition of Bach's *Kunst der Fuge,* with the orchestra of Radio Beromunster. But Westminster, whose announced purpose in 1950 was to give attention to neglected titles, soon found its high (fidelity) prophet in Hermann Scherchen. To be sure, other conductors who have yet to visit this country have made names for themselves via records, but none so seriously influenced the musical thought of so many listeners who have never seen him.

Although invariably, and justly, identified in biographical sources as a champion of contemporary music, Scherchen is devoting only one of his six New York programs to recent music (Strauss, Berg, Stravinsky), the others ranging from Purcell to Mahler, including one all-Bach evening and one all-Mozart. So, too, his most celebrated and abundant recordings are of baroque and classical works. Of the sixty-odd composers represented in his discography, those who command the most space are Bach, Beethoven, Handel, and Haydn. Even his three records with his own "Ars Viva" Orchestra of Gravesano on the Amadeo label are made up entirely of eighteenth-century material. However, of his three latest Westminster releases, two are devoted to works of Berg, Schoenberg, Hindemith, and Weill, the Berg being the Concerto featured in the Philharmonic Hall concert of November 18, with the same soloists.

If that early *Kunst der Fuge* on London was largely overlooked, Scherchen's first Westminster release, the Bach Mass in B minor, was anything but. It elicited virtually universal praise for both its scholarship and its fervor, and won *a Grand Prix du Disque* awards. Significantly, too, it called attention to Scherchen as an outstanding choral conductor, an impression more than sustained by his subsequent recordings of several Bach cantatas, the St. John and St. Matthew passions, and a remake of the Mass, as well as choral works of Vivaldi, Berlioz, Beethoven, Handel, and Haydn.

Perhaps the most striking demonstration of that particular talent is in the famous 1953 recording of Handel's *Messiah,* with the London Philharmonic Choir and the London Symphony Orchestra. This was the first attempt at recreating the original Dublin performance of 1742 on records, and has been the preferred version ever since its release a decade ago, its choral sections invariably singled out for special enthusiasm. Conveniently, the choral highlights are collected on a single Westminster disc (XWN-18099), on which even the brilliant "Hallelujah" is surpassed by the excitingly paced "For unto us a child is born."

Only a month or two after that first B minor Mass was issued, Scherchen's remarkable series of Haydn symphonies for Westminster began with his celebrated recording of the *Military,* then coupled with No. 95 in C minor. His were the first recordings of the "London" series that had the benefit of Robbins Landon's research on their sources. The *Military* itself, of course, with its all-out percussion display, was one of the most popular demonstration items of its day in hi-fi salons. The record was followed in short order by still-incomparable versions of the *Drum Roll* (No. 103 in E flat) and No. 80 in D minor, then by fifteen more Haydn symphonies, among them the two included in the conductor's Philharmonic Hall appearances this season.

Scherchen also has the distinction of having recorded more Mahler symphonies than any other conductor, including Bruno Walter. His versions of Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, and a movement from the unfinished No. 10 are available on Westminster, and his premiere recording of the *Symphony of a Thousand* (No. 8) was available here in a Columbia set during the early Fifties. Noting the conductor's skill with such complex scores, one is surprised to find no Wagner represented in his discography. There was one Wagner item on HMV 78s more than fifteen years ago, played by the Winterthur orchestra; it was not any of the expected heavyweight selections, but the *Siegfried Idyll.* Richard Strauss has yet to enter this list, too (though he is represented in the concert of November 18), but Johann Strauss has not been entirely overlooked: there was a Scherchen *Kaiserwalzer* on 78.

The latest additions to the Scherchen list are noted herewith. None of these works had been recorded by Scherchen before, though all represent repertory with which he is particularly associated.

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The Furtwängler File

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

A FINE commemorative album has just been issued by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft (KL. 27/31, $29.90) in honor of the late Wilhelm Furtwängler, containing many of the noted conductor's performances of German symphonic music with the Berlin Philharmonic. It covers a period of nine years, from 1944 to 1953, in both live and recorded performance. The sound, though adequate, lacks the planning and brilliance now a basic part of disc technique. No stereo has been employed. The album, in short, comes off as a documentary rather than a tonal tour de force, but the interpretations in general retain such strength, convey so high a degree of exaltation that electronic drawbacks are a secondary matter. The performance is the payoff, and in most of the works chosen for inclusion, Dr. Furtwängler triumphs.

There would be little point, where music criticism alone is called for, in re-examining the conductor's personal stand during the Hitler years—a still unclarified issue which, on the rebound, was later to keep him from filling an important post in this country. Plenty of other musicians from the same era, compared to whose outlook that of Dr. Furtwängler was one of naïve detachment, are now flying around the United States to the clang of fame and fortune. Put down vacillation, rather than villainy, as the V in his life and lament the isolation that resulted, for here was an international conductor of top ability.

In our time, much of the German symphonic repertoire has taken on a small-scale primness that would pass for authentic. We are asked to accept as the real thing a provincial dotting of *i*'s and crossing of *t*'s which, a generation ago, flourished in the Central European hinterland but had nothing to do with the work of such performing personalities as Kleiber, Klemperer, Mengelberg, Busch, or Furtwängler. These men were no mathematicians, but artists. Musicological detail interested but did not intimidate them. They had the big style.

In listening to the new commemorative albums—especially in its exploration of music by Beethoven, Schubert, and Bruckner—one recaptures this feeling of grandeur. The over-all selection of repertoire is limited, even monolithic; but we are here concerned with evaluating what has been played rather than what is missing. On that basis, the set does honor to its conductor.

Furtwängler's approach was largely intuitive. In this lay his strength and his weakness. When the dedicated, mystical qualities of his nature were sparked by the work at hand, the result could be overwhelming. Thus, in the album just released, the Adagio of the Bruckner Symphony No. 9 will long haunt those who hear it. Such vaulting phrases are rare, even among the great conductors. On the other hand, the Mozart E-flat major Symphony (No. 39) comes off as ponderous, lacking in charm and buoyancy. Memories of Furtwängler's conducting in the theater (a pre-war *Ring* at Bayreuth) and of opera on records (the more recent *Tristan und Isolde* with Flagstad) reinforce this feeling of the arbitrary in his makeup to the point, at times, of his going *against* the flow of the music, but this defect is less evident in the Furtwängler symphonic approach. Mozart suffers, it is true; and the exuberance of the Schumann Symphony No. 4 seems dampened by tempi that are inordinately slow, but all else comes off with distinction and sometimes with splendor.

THE recordings, as such, offer little in the way of tonal finesse, with only an approximation of the sonorities that the Berlin Philharmonic, under Furtwängler's guidance, must have achieved. Yet there is a freshness of spirit dominating the performances of even such traditional works as the Bach D major Suite (No. 3) and the Haydn G major Symphony (No. 88), neither of which one might ordinarily associate with this conductor's range of sympathies. The Bach is noble in quality, unaffected in rhythm—a well-knit reading, not so brilliant in sound as other recorded versions of the suite, but with a fine sobriety of its own. The Haydn, well played, is full of warmth, with an especially courtly performance of the minuet.

It is in the music of Beethoven, however, that Furtwängler finds more surely his ideational world, in this case the D-major violin concerto, with Wolfgang Schneiderhan as soloist; the writer has never heard so glowing and wonderfully molded an opening tutti. Through the force of some personal magic, the Furtwängler performance not only convinces but illuminates. It is impregnated with a poetry that sings and soars yet always adjusts to the concept of the soloist: a collaboration in the best sense, at which Schneiderhan also excels.

The twin peaks of the album, however, are reached with the Schubert C major Symphony and the great D minor of Anton Bruckner. Always unpredictable, Furtwängler does not stretch his tempi in the Schubert, which would have been fatal for so lengthy a work, but achieves—from the opening measures—a flow that seems right and inevitable. The sound of the motto theme is human, it touches the heart, and still it remains mysterious, evolving—through the set's finest individual moment—into a frenzied, Dionysiac rhythm that the writer has never heard equaled for intensity. This is only a single phase of the performance. The symphony as a whole unfolds constantly, miraculously, storing up power from one movement to the next. Furtwängler's basic tempo for the *Andante con moto*—often taken much too fast—is wonderfully valid, and an occasional trend toward a rhetorical slowing-down does little to break the line. The scherzo is done in traditional style, adding to its own impact the cumulative force carried over from the first two movements and when the finale is reached the effect is relentless, superb. This is truly the Schubert of long vistas, vaulting arches, with an added dimension of the cosmic.

What Furtwängler has accomplished in the C major by way of dealing with a huge architectural form and sustaining the interest so that no measure seems repetitious or superfluous, he has duplicated or perhaps surpassed in his performance of the Bruckner Ninth. The composer's original score has been followed, free of editorial changes, and the performance is sumptuous. One actually welcomes the length because of the amplitude and grandeur of the music. Caught up in that strange, sonorous world of Bruckner, the listener is swept along from one great climax to the next, never heeding the slack that sometimes comes between. Furtwängler's reading of the Misterioso, with which the work begins, represents the summit of "free" style in conducting; the scherzo, eeriest of all that Bruckner cast in this form, comes off marvelously, but the crown of the performance is reserved for the slow movement, rendered with a spirit that sheds new light.

Throughout this album, the playing by the Berlin Philharmonic is exemplary. Occasionally, as in the placing of certain solo instruments (many of the performances were live, with no thought given to future recording), the musicians' best efforts are defeated by problems of balance; but such moments are not frequent. In general the sound is good, and within the compass of Dr. Furtwängler's approach and sympathies, the conducting is memorable.

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Rigolettos Nos. 14 and 15

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

ALTHOUGH we still await good, full-length recordings of *Ernani, Nabucco*, and most of the "lesser" Verdi output, for that matter, at least fifteen different *Rigolettos* have popped in and out of the catalogue during the LP era. The current *Schwann* even includes a version from the Patagonia Festival, whatever that may be, plus brand-new entries from RCA (LM 7027, $9.98; stereo LSC 7027, $11.98) and Deutsche Grammophon (18931/33, $17.94; stereo 138931/33, $17.94).

As befits *Rigoletti* Nos. 14 and 15, each of the latest versions pretends to have qualities unique on LP. RCA's advertising blurb makes much of a debatable claim of completeness and fidelity to Verdi's wishes. DGG makes its bid with a remarkable example of anti-type casting: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the title role. Nevertheless, when all the pluses and minuses have been calculated, we simply come up with two more average *Rigolettos*.

Even though *Rigoletto* is relatively easy to cast, there is a limit to the number of internationally established singers available for the five leading roles. It is not surprising, therefore, that the new sets require five principals to duplicate impersonations they have already committed to microgroove, and only one of them seems to have made a measurable step forward the second time around. Robert Merrill's one-dimensional Rigoletto is much today as it was on RCA's previous recording. The husband-wife team of Ivo Vinco and Fiorenza Cossotto seems no more exceptional as the brother-sister team of Sparafucile and Maddalena on DGG than it did on Mercury. Renata Scotto's Gilda, which had been uneven but promising on Mercury, is still uneven (but no longer quite so promising) on RCA. This leaves only Alfredo Kraus's RCA Duke as an improvement over its Mercury self—a transformation explained partly by his own increased experience and partly by the added advantage of Georg Solti's spirited leadership.

Kraus benefits further from the completeness of the RCA version. Here he is given the opportunity to sing all of the Duke's only bona-fide showpiece: the cabaletta after "Parmi veder le lagrime," which is usually omitted. On the Mercury set he had been allowed only one verse, and Gavazzeni's slow tempo robbed even that of its inherent vitality. On RCA he sings the cabaletta—and practically everything else – with tremendous taste and elegance. One only wishes he had resisted the temptation to interpolate a high D at the end; the score does not call for it, and Kraus is not terribly adept at vocal acrobatics.

That high D also calls attention to the deception of RCA's advertising slogan: "Only the notes that Verdi wrote, but *all* of them." It is true that Solti has opened all the cuts imposed by "tradition." But this is not as unusual as RCA would have us think. London had done virtually the same thing twice before, and the new DGG *Rigoletto* has only one tiny cut: a couple of measures in the cadenza of the love duet. Also, the new RCA effort *does* include lots of notes that Verdi did not write, and the RCA cast is permitted to hold lots of other notes longer than Verdi intended. Merrill retains most of the interpolated high G's one has grown to expect, Anna Moffo sings a stratospheric cadenza to "Caro nome" that can be found nowhere in the score, and the high ending to "La donna è mobile" is still there.

ON the other hand, there is the soft, lower ending to the quartet, as advertised; Moffo finishes "Caro nome" on a low trill; and the original duet cadenzas are included, even though they are more complex than the versions we usually hear today. In general, there seems to be no logical policy as to when Verdi's wishes should be respected and when ignored. To claim, as RCA does, that this is "the opera as the composer conceived it" is hardly more than wishful thinking. For an idea of that kind of a *Rigoletto*, one still must turn to the Toscanini recording of the last act.

Ironically, DGG's protagonist pays closer attention to Verdi's instructions than does RCA's. Fischer-Dieskau, who heads the "La Scala cast" even though he has never sung the role there, follows the composer's dynamic markings and expression instructions with the precision of a conscientious schoolteacher. Certainly, of all the fifteen LP Rigolettos, none has sung so many passages softly or pointed the words so artistically. It is doubly unfortunate, therefore, that Fischer-Dieskau's intellectualism should turn out to be no more effective in the long run than Merrill's lack of it. After all, a successful Rigoletto must bring a certain degree of spontaneity to his characterization; if it is too studied, as Fischer-Dieskau's is, one cannot believe in Rigoletto's pathos or his tragic impulsiveness. And if, on the other hand, the interpreter relies on stock rhetorical gestures and the impact of a beautiful voice alone, as Merrill does, one cannot believe that the character involved is a real character at all.

The ideal Rigoletto—rare as he must be—lies somewhere between the Germanic Fischer-Dieskau and the pseudo-Italianate Merrill. He must have the former's brains and sensitivity, but a darker, richer, and warmer voice; or he must have the latter's vocal resources, complemented with the ability to really act with the voice. He must be neither precious nor bluff, as the Messrs. Fischer-Dieskau and Merrill inadvertently demonstrate.

Aside from Carlo Bergonzi's outstanding Duke on DGG, which is sung with almost as much refinement as Kraus's but with even more brio and color, the remaining principals on both sets are competent, no more, no less. Moffo's Gilda is pale, accurate, girlish, and a bit mannered; Scotto's, more deftly characterized but less reliably vocalized. All the secondary singers are excellent, though RCA definitely has the edge with its Monterone, David Ward. His dramatic utterance of the curse in Act I almost makes the ill-fated Count a major figure. DGG's Lorenzo Testi sounds unusually mild by comparison.

The conductor's role in *Rigoletto* is particularly difficult. If he approaches the opera as an outgrowth of the bel-canto era, he simply accompanies the singers and reduces the orchestral contribution to a series of oom-pah-pahs. If, on the other hand, he approaches it with the knowledge of what Verdi was to achieve decades later in *Otello*, he artificially inflates a fragile score to symphonic proportions. Neither Solti (RCA) nor Rafael Kubelik (DGG) make such a mistake, but neither finds a convincing middle ground either.

Solti's tempi are invariably fast, often too fast. One is at a loss to know whether he intended to vitalize the work at all costs, or whether he simply *had* to confine the performance to four LP sides. Kubelik's tempi, by comparison, are slow and erratic. The individual set pieces make good sense on their own terms, but the bridges between them often seem shaky. One misses the natural flow of musical ideas that a conductor with more experience in this genre might bring out as a matter of course. Both conductors elicit superlative playing from their respective orchestras, and both seem unusually sensitive to hidden nuances of phrasing and shading. Yet, judging by the evidence at hand, neither seems to be an authoritative spokesman for early Verdi.

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Billie Holiday: Triumphant Decline

—*Burt Goldblatt.*

Billie Holiday—"stark emotional world."

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

A NEW release on a new label presents *A Rare Live Recording of Billie Holiday* on RIC (Recording Industries Corporation). It is one of three posthumously issued LPs by the great jazz singer which were originally taped at public performances in her later years. (The others are *The Essential Billie Holiday,* recorded at Carnegie Hall, and *Lady Love,* recorded during a 1953 concert in Europe.) It may be the most valuable of all. The others catch her projecting her songs to relatively large audiences in large halls. On the new one, she is singing for Boston nightclub audiences, and the abiding, perceptive concern which she had for the human condition, even in her own suffering, is captured as I have never heard it on records before.

There is one point of view which holds that feeling was all she had in her latter days—that her voice and her musicianship were gone and that one heard only a woman with a stark and compelling talent for dramatic recitative. There is another point of view which holds that Billie Holiday did not really exist in her later years, that after, say, 1950, there was only the husk of a reputation, that the real Billie Holiday was the spirited young jazz singer of the Thirties and the nightclub success of the Forties.

I am not so sure, for it seems to me that the Billie Holiday of the 1950s was not only a great dramatic performer but also an even greater jazz singer because she was a greater musician.

During the late Forties Billie Holiday briefly acquired a following among the sort of well-heeled night club patrons who had attended Helen Morgan or Libby Holman and who a few years later were to make Edith Piaf an American success. But Billie Holiday had a musicianship quite beyond that required of a popular cabaret singer, and she had a perspective on her material that could make the torch singers' weepy laments sound like self-indulgent delusion.

Oddly, her musicianship had little to do with her vocal equipment, and her voice and her range were small from the beginning. But the extremely personal quality of her sound, so arresting and even shocking the first time one hears it, was absolutely appropriate to every other aspect of her art. That was true in the beginning and it remained true even as her voice thickened and deteriorated, as untrained voices (and some trained ones) are apt to do.

Her musicianship had to do partly with her sense of time and rhythm, which could be perfect in the most adverse circumstances and with floundering inept accompaniment. It had to do with her superb ability to sustain a song at any tempo that seemed to her appropriate and in any mood that she chose. One might suspect that her musicianship also had to do with her restrained use of her vocal techniques, but her sense of pace is perhaps a natural result of the fact of her limited range—of her very lack of technical equipment. On the other hand, many a capable pop singer can boast of comparable equipment in rhythmic sureness and technical discipline. Billie Holiday's essential musicianship lay where it should lie for a great jazz artist, in her ability to make variations. An excellent example is the one that André Hodeir has cited, her 1952 version of "These Foolish Things." She retains the original song's best melodic phrases, but instinctively rejects its inferior ones, filling in with new melodic lines of her own that are more interesting and more appropriate. In her earlier version of "These Foolish Things" she had similarly spotted its inferior moments but she was still a bit intimidated by them, and rather than come up with new melodic phrases of her own she had used simple blues devices to avoid them. Thus, whatever happened to her voice over the years, her jazz musicianship increased.

Her musical instincts were so true that she would alter only slightly when slight alteration was all that was called for. In her opening to "The Man I Love" she raises one note, adds an accent, delays a phrase, and recomposes the original into something of her own.

On her very earliest records, made in 1933 with a studio orchestra led by Benny Goodman, she still used a few of the growly tricks of the "hot" singer of the late Twenties, of the young Ethel Waters for example. But by 1936, when she was recording on her own and also with Teddy Wilson's little studio-assembled groups, it had become perfectly clear who were her stylistic masters. She was frank about it herself: she said she liked Bessie Smith's power and Louis Armstrong's style. On "A Fine Romance" from 1936 she is clearly Armstrong's pupil, a fact even more in evidence on songs that they both recorded like "Pennies from Heaven," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," or "When You're Smiling."

It is a patent contradiction that the warm geniality of Louis Armstrong's vocal choruses could be appropriate in the stark emotional world of Billie Holiday, but it was not only his vocal choruses that had attracted her. She learned

(*Continued on page* 83)

Discography

The new RIC release, *A Rare Live Recording of Billie Holiday,* is numbered M2001. It was recorded about 1951 and includes versions of "Lover Man," "Them There Eyes," "My Man," "All of Me," "I Cover the Waterfront," "You're Drivin' Me Crazy," and seven other pieces.

Verve's Carnegie Hall concert LP is V8410; the European concert recordings are on United Artists 14014.

Columbia's three-LP set, *Billie Holiday: The Golden Years,* includes the early version of "These Foolish Things," "The Man I Love," "A Fine Romance," "Pennies from Heaven," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "When You're Smiling," "Without Your Love," "Getting Some Fun Out of Life," and "If Dreams Come True." Another Columbia compilation, *Lady Day* (CL 637), includes the Holiday-Lester Young collaborations on "Me, Myself and I" and "A Sailboat in the Moonlight."

Mainstream 6000 has the first "Yesterdays" and "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues."

"Lover Man" is a part of Decca's *The Billie Holiday Story* (DXB-161).

The second and classic version of "These Foolish Things" is on the Verve album, *The Unforgettable Lady Day* (MGV-8338-2). The set also preserves a 1946 concert, plus a good cross-section of her 1952-57 studio recordings.

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RUBINSTEIN'S "DEMON"

WHEN AN opera begins by winning widespread popularity and then disappears from the active repertoire, we can be certain that good reasons lay behind both its popularity and its decline. And when Anton Rubinstein, aged forty-five, conducted the premiere of his fourth opera, *The Demon*, at the Maryinsky theater, St. Petersburg, on January 25, 1875, he was presiding over the first of 100 performances that it would have there during the next nine years. *The Demon* was also to be staged often throughout all of operatic Europe except Italy. On June 21, 1881, it became a notable entry in the annals of Covent Garden, London: Rubinstein himself conducted, and the excelling cast was headed by Emma Albani, Ignazio Marini, Jean Lassalle, and Edouard de Reszke. *The Demon* reached New York, in Russian, on May 13, 1922, but never has been staged at the Metropolitan. Until recently at least, it was still performed in the Soviet Union, but it seems not to have been heard in the United States since a Philadelphia singing in Russian in 1928.

One remembered Chaliapin's recording of "On the airy ocean" and recordings by Chaliapin, Giuseppe DeLuca, Titta Ruffo, George London, and others of "Do not weep, my child." But what, one always wondered, was *The Demon* as a whole really like? An answer now has been vouchsafed: Ultraphone has issued here a substantially complete recording of it (ULP 114/117, $19.95) by the Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi conducted by the late Alexander Melik-Pashaiev and with a cast headed by Alexei Ivanov (The Demon), T. Talakhadze (Tamara), S. Krasovsky (Gudal), and Ivan Kozlovsky (Sinodal). It is a big three-act opera to Pavel Alexandrovich Viskovatov's revision of a libretto that Apollon Nikolayevich Maikov had derived from Lermontov's long poem *The Demon*. It deals with a princess pursued by a demon who, seeking redemption in her arms, causes her lover's death and finally hers. The libretto suggests, first, that of Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer* (with the Demon as the Dutchman), and then, at various junctures, the texts of Gounod's *Faust*, Boito's *Mefistofele*, and Prokofiev's *Angel of Fire*. Rubinstein's wildly uneven, overchromatic, intermittenly banal, and occasionally very forceful pre-Wagnerian romantic music rises, at its best, to a dramatic strength worthy of *Boris Godunov*. The reasons for both its popularity and its desuetude lie in the mixture and uncertainty of styles that weaken both libretto and score.

Labeled "Historical Recording" and seeming to be the one from which excerpts were issued here some time ago as Colosseum 138, this version is remote from current high standards of fidelity. But it is always clearly audible and, as sound, is pleasant throughout. Following it with a piano score, one discovers that it omits a brief scene between Tamara and her old nurse and the brief (but essential) finale to Act II. One finds that Talakadzhe omits the trills Rubinstein gave Tamara—and that Melik-Pashaiev doggedly takes almost all the repeats in the extended, tambourine-infested pseudo-Oriental ballet music. Finally, one finds something extra not indicated on the package or in the accompanying booklet (synopsis of plot, English text only): a noisy performance of the Introduction to and first scene of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sadko*, apparently abstracted from the complete recording with Nikolai Golovanov conducting the Bolshoi forces, once issued here as Concert Hall Society 1307.

The Bolshoi musicians happily accept Rubinstein's score at face value, playing and singing it for all it is worth. The First act is as empty as the Caucasian mountains in which it begins, and certainly is not helped by the peculiar performance by Kozlovsky as Prince Sinodal in its final scene. But it is sufficient to establish the unvarying excellence of Ivanov as a Demon who is truly a fallen angel. Act II is much better except for the protracted ballet music, which might make the fortune of another *Kismet*, with Rubinstein substituted for Borodin. And the first two scenes of Act III, played in Tamara's convent cell, are magnificent music-drama. As they unfold, one forgets that this is a superannuated opera by an extraordinarily uncertain composer. One is completely taken over by the subtly, vigorously presented struggle of the Demon to alter his inner nature and offer the wavering Tamara a purely human love. For Tamara's struggle to repress both the Demon and herself and the hair-raising moments when she finally kisses him and dies are transformed into completely convincing music. The final scene, an apotheosis during which Tamara is borne to Heaven by a chorus of angels as the Demon descends brimstoneishly to everlasting Hell, is no better and no worse than the parallel scene in *Faust*.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

"And now, for the special benefit of ye who have ears but hear not . . . ."

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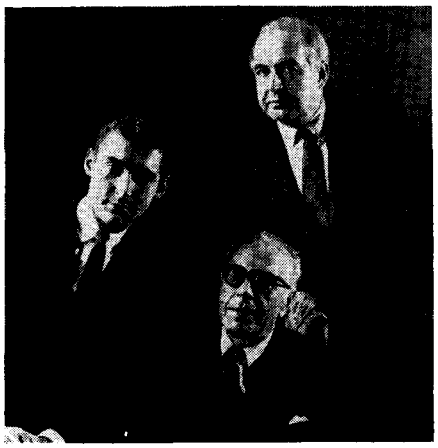
Recordings in Review

The Barber Concerto

BARBER: *Concerto for Piano. John Browning, piano; with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra.* SCHUMAN: *"A Song of Orpheus." Leonard Rose, cello; with Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra.* Columbia ML 6038, $4.98; stereo MS 6638, $5.98.

Contrary to one of the most formidable platitudes, familiarity with Samuel Barber's Piano Concerto breeds esteem. Indeed, in this performance, the work has more profile, a larger variety of expressive resources than had been recalled from its much-acclaimed introductory performance in New York during the inaugural week of Philharmonic Hall in September 1962. Doubtless John Browning, who was the pianist then as he is now, has profited from the many performances that preceded the recording; but it is clear, too, that Szell's temperature for certain aspects of the work—especially in the first ("Vanessa") movement—is several degrees warmer than Erich Leinsdorf's.

What emerges most clearly from the additional hearings are the compactness and discipline of the writing. Indeed, it has a refinement and elegance of cut that recalls, more than anything else, the workmanship of Ravel. This is most meaningfully apparent in the Canzona (slow movement), in which a bud of a melodic idea is cultivated not merely into a blossom, but into something of a full bloom. It is by far the most distinguished movement of the concerto, and a fitting older, graver partner for the fine Adagio of Barber's 1934 String Quartet. There will, sooner or later, come a performance by a pianist other than Browning, but his will remain the model for some time to come.



—*Columbia Records.*

John Browning (with Szell, center, and Barber)—"will remain the model for some time to come."

Schuman's *Song of Orpheus* is also a work of quality, though it attracted less attention at its first New York performance during the same inaugural week, because of the circumstances of its introduction—an afternoon concert by the orchestra of the Juilliard School. The mode of writing is an uncommon one for Schuman—a leisurely, mostly reflective discourse (the composer subtitles it a "Fantasy for Cello and Orchestra) on a setting of the Shakespearean text he wrote for a production of Henry VIII in 1944. A few of the pseudo-variations are busier than they are consequential, but it is, on the whole, a work of serene expressivity—a mood that not many composers can command today. Rose, for whom it was written, plays it superbly, and Szell's treatment is outstanding for suitability and beauty of sound.

The Enduring Monteux

MOZART: *Concerto in D.* BACH: *Suite in B minor.* GLUCK: *"Dance of the Blessed Spirits" ("Orphée"). Claude Monteux, flute, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux.* London CM 9400, $4.98; stereo CS 6400, $5.98.

DEBUSSY: *"Images," Three Symphony Fragments from "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien." P. Monteux, LSO.* Philips PHM 500 058 $4.98; stereo PHS 900 058, $5.98.

No one planned it that way, of course, but it could almost have been that the first record release after the death of Pierre Monteux last summer was designed to show the range and breadth of the musical interests comprehended in that remarkable man. What he would do with Mozart and Debussy has, of course, been the subject of so many demonstrations that only the best could be anticipated. It is what he does with Bach and Gluck as well that raises this experience to the level of a valedictory.

How many performances of the B-Minor Suite there have been since the very first—and still one of the best—by Robert Murchie and Sir Hamilton Harty on Columbia, only Richard Freed could tell. But there have not been many with the verve, the gaiety, the bounce and yet the scholarship of Monteux *père et fils*. For some reason not immediately traceable, I cannot recall having heard Claude Monteux as a solo flutist previously. The loss, obviously, has been mine, for he is one of the very best—assured yet tactful, straightforward and subtle at the same time. There are innumerable delights in the first six movements, but it is the racy performance of the Badinerie—a word that the Monteuxes seem among the few fully to comprehend—that gives this performance place among the best Bach ever recorded. As an encore, the second-act ballet music from *Orphée* is choice, taking in much more than the "Mélodie" sometimes offered by flutists under the title of "Dance of the Blessed Spirits."

The Debussy disc is a double delight, in terms not only of two performances that unfold with a softness of contour and a silkiness of texture that are abiding pleasure, but also for the choice of two works that are never in recorded oversupply. There is actually no other version current of the *Martyre* orchestral music independent of the spoken text, and it adds to another instrumental suite for the composer's devotees. Recordings of *Images* are less rare, but Monteux's belongs to the rarefied ones in which musical values are not subordinated to the pictorial. The two recordings are of equally high technical quality, providing a verity to the reproduced sound that should give them long life in the enduring Monteux catalogue.

Perspective on Ginastera

GINASTERA: *Concerto for Piano; Sonata. Hilde Somer, piano; with orchestra conducted by Ernst Märzendorfer.* Desto D-402, $4.98; stereo DS 6402, $5.98.

Among a wide variety of works performed at the Second Inter-American Music Festival at Howard University (Washington) in April 1961, Alberto Ginastera's piano concerto was easily outstanding for workmanship, clarity, and compositional viewpoint. This opportunity to hear it again sustains all those estimates of its professional qualities, but it also illuminates its lack of what might be called a personal profile of Ginastera's own.

This may be a penalty for the particular course of procedure Ginastera has elected for himself. This is, clearly, to stand away from the conflicts and contentions of the various strains of contemporary musical thought and select what is most useful to him. Buenos Aires is an excellent place to do this, permitting as it does a perspective on all and a partiality to none.

Thus, in his concerto, Ginastera begins with what is described as a "serial chord" and proceeds with variations of its component row. There are references in the later movements as well to the twelve-tone mode of thought, but not dogmatically. It is admirably evolved for piano and orchestra, with a suitable proportion of showy, thought-

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ful, and entertaining aspects. Too often, however, these are so strongly suggestive of such other composers as Bartók, Britten, and Stravinsky that a strong image of Ginastera himself does not emerge. The piano sonata of 1952 is less worldly, in the sense that the musical idiom is more strongly related to his own national background, but here again one is more conscious of facility than of a powerful musical individuality. Miss Somer plays both works with fine instrumental fluency, excellent definition of their structural elements and—in the slow movement of the sonata especially—sympathy for the expressive qualities they contain. The recording of solo instrument and orchestra are both up to the contemporary average of quality. In the perspective of the earlier sonata, the concerto may very well stand as a way point between Ginastera's earlier identification with local influences and a place of his own on the international musical scene.

"Façade" à la Gingold

WALTON: *"Façade." Hermione Gingold, Russell Oberlin, and an instrumental ensemble conducted by Thomas Dunn.* Decca DL 10097, $4.98; stereo DL 710097, $5.98.

Reactions to this issue are likely to run in two directions: those with no prior knowledge of the glorious fun in this entertainment may well regard Miss Gingold as only slighter better than Mr. Oberlin (assuming that one can distinguish which is her tenorish soprano, which his sopranoish tenor). Others long indoctrinated to the inimitable Edith Sitwell's declamation of her own texts in the first Columbia issue (ML 2047) will sniff at the latest effort as a *tour de trio* by comparison with her *tour de force*.

There is an elementary kind of logic in the choice of Miss Gingold to participate in such a project, for she is an English comedienne and this is English comedy, isn't it? The rub is that there are as many kinds of English comedy as there are English writers, and Miss Gingold's refined Cockney no more accords with the high style of Miss Sitwell's flavorsome verses than Stanley Holloway would with the brittle wit of Noel Coward. At that, she only performs ten of the twenty-one items, leaving the other eleven to Oberlin, who cannot forget he is a singer and makes the cardinal *gaffe* of following the tune of "Polka," rather than concentrating severely on the word values.

In respect to its total sound, the present issue has its closest competition from Columbia's remake of 1963, in which Vera Zorina spoke the verses to the musical accompaniment of Eugene Ormandy and members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Unfortunately Miss Zorina is less intelligible in English than she is in French, and too many word endings trail off into a rounded slur that deprives the texts of clear articulation. Moreover, Ormandy's musical treatment lacks lightness and point.

Such a complaint cannot be made against Dunn, whose instrumental combination of John Solum (flute and piccolo), Theodore Weis (trumpet), Charles Russo (clarinet and bass clarinet), Vincent J. Abato (saxophone), Charles McCracken (cello), and Harold Farberman (percussion) leaves nothing to be desired. His balance of music and words is not so acute as that Frederick Prausnitz provided for the unagingly crisp enunciation of her own verses by Dame Edith on the original Columbia issue (in which "I Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside" was spoken by David Horner). John Owen Ward's commentary is informative, but it does not make up for the lack of the texts offered by Columbia in both its issues. There is, of course, a second Sitwell (for London, with Peter Pears) but it is well short of her self-set standard. In summary, the values of Columbia ML 2047 are in a class of their own, with no second choice.

Nilsson's Leonore

BEETHOVEN: *"Fidelio." Birgit Nilsson, James McCracken (Florestan), Graziella Sciutti (Marzelline), Kurt Böhme (Rocco), Donald Grobe (Jaquino), Tom Krause (Pizarro), and Hermann Prey (Don Fernando); with Lorin Maazel conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the chorus of the Vienna State Opera.* London A 4259, $9.98; stereo OSA 1259, $11.98.

Were there no other contemporary recording of *Fidelio*, this one might be welcomed as a useful if unequal approximation of Beethoven's intent to sustain the listener while waiting for something better. Since there is, assuredly, something better in the memorable performance directed by Otto Klemperer for Angel which has been in circulation since August 1962, it can only be valued in terms of its superior components rather than as a successful totality.

Outstanding among these, of course, is Nilsson, whose Leonore is peerless among contemporary singers in power and command of the heroic stature in the music. To be sure, the power and the heroic stature count for more in the theater than in the recording studio, where something less can be converted into the equivalent. What is regrettable about this preservation of her superb effort is that a) it is not coupled with performers with characteristics akin to her own, and that b) it is not directed by a conductor who can make the most of what he has to work with.

In some ways, this is the best recorded conducting I have heard from Maazel. He is not often prone to such pointless demonstrations as the emphasis on a secondary line in the second violins (just after the beginning of the Allegro of the *Fidelio* overture) at the expense of the primary theme in the horn, and the proportions of voices to orchestra are generally good. Musically it is sound, and the characteristic quality of the Vienna Philharmonic is not abused. What I find lacking, however, is a really dramatic atmosphere, something to convey the sense of a theatrical experience rather than merely a series of concert excerpts.

If Nilsson is the primary strength of this undertaking, its crucial weakness is the performance of McCracken as Florestan. The qualities that count for so much in his stage Otello – burly power, the stamina and the physical presence to sustain his effort through a demanding evening's work—are mostly extraneous to this role. The sound is thick, dark, and insufficiently focused for satisfactory service to "In des Leben's Frühlingstagen," or "O namenlose Freude," a physical fact that no amount of earnestness or artistry can overcome. On the other hand, Kurt Böhme is past the vocal point to do himself justice as Rocco, Hermann Prey is too light for the Minister of Justice, and Tom Krause is more theatrical than dramatic as Pizarro. Graziella Sciutti as Marzelline and Donald Grobe as Jaquino are commendable.

For some musical undertakings, such words as "satisfactory" and "sound" might be construed as on the borderline of "respectable." But *Fidelio* is hardly one of them. Nilsson, for certain, deserves better. London's skilled technicians have made perfectly plain the virtues of the performance (a smartly stamping "Hauptmann" among them) as well as its shortcomings.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—London Records.

Birgit Nilsson as Fidelio—"peerless among contemporary singers in . . . heroic stature."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: *Miraculous Mandarin* Suite, Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta. Georg Solti conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London CM 6399, $4.98; stereo SC 6399, $5.98.	Solti provides in abundance what these works already possess in abundance—energy, propulsion, physical animation. However, there are also shades of refinement in the scoring—especially, of course, in the Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta—that tend to become overwhelmed by the churning and thrashing of sound with which they are infused. (What would be useful for Solti is some kind of emotional decompression chamber in which he would spend a few preparatory minutes prior to performing such a work as the MFSPC.) The ballet suite, which is more conventional in orchestral values, offers more resistance to his pressureful procedures and thus comes closer to a desirable result. For London's engineers, the highest praise for the penetrating clarity of the recorded results.
Beethoven: Fantasia (Opus 80), Concerto No. 3 (Opus 37). Daniel Barenboim, piano, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and the Vienna Academy Chamber Choir directed by László Somogyi. Westminster XWN 19078, $4.98; stereo WST 17078, $4.98.	Primary interest here attaches to the seldom-recorded Choral Fantasy rather than to the much-recorded concerto, especially as it abounds in the lyric passages to which Barenboim responds so naturally and with innate musical comprehension. It is also skilfully developed by Somogyi, who keeps it in the framework of the time in which it was written (1808) rather than trying to understand the projection it contains of the ninth symphony to come. All the elements are well balanced by Somogyi to a highly successful artistic outcome. The concerto is much less consistent an accomplishment, for want, on Barenboim's part, of a fully developed conception. He meets the expressive challenge of the slow movement (which should be the most difficult) with poise and insight, but some of the drama in the fast movements eludes him. There is the impression, too, that different tapes produced slight variations in speed (within movements) that were not coordinated in the final tape.
Britten: *Young People's Guide to the Orchestra,* Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings. The composer conducting the London Symphony Orchestra with Peter Pears, narrator; and Barry Tuckwell, horn. London CM 9398, $4.98; stereo CS 6398, $5.98.	Britten's limited command of the orchestra does not do as much for his elaborately scored variations on the Purcell theme as has been heard in prior versions from more expert hands. The simpler variations are well performed, but in those of greater complexity (the final fugue especially) the sound tends to become jumbled and loose in definition. On the other hand, the poetic content of the Serenade, with its texts from Cotton, Tennyson, Blake, Johnson, and Keats, is warmly conveyed, thanks to the more intimate means employed and the remarkably durable voice of Pears, for whom it was written in 1943. As for the horn performance, Barry Tuckwell matches the excelling standard of the late Dennis Brain more closely than could have been imagined. Particularly good sound.
Dvořák: *Othello, Carnival,* and *In Nature's Realm* Overtures. Slavonic Rhapsody Op. 45, No. 2. László Somogyi conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster XWN 19072, $4.98; stereo WST 17072, $4.98.	The wide-ranging dramatic possibilities of the Shakespearean subject have drawn a suitable range of musical thoughts from Dvořák, though their identity with Iago and Desdemona as well as Othello would not necessarily be the first association that would spring to mind. It is particularly appropriate to have it in juxtaposition to more frequently favored *In Nature's Realm* and *Carnival,* with which it shares cyclic association in the context of *Nature, Life, and Love.* The good qualities Somogyi has demonstrated in prior recordings (Haydn especially) give shape and direction to each of the overtures and a relevant spirit to the Slavonic Rhapsody.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 7 (No. 2) in D minor. István Kertész conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London CM 9402, $4.98; stereo CS 6402, $5.98.	Phonographic standards for this work have been high ever since it was introduced to this country in a version by Vaclav Talich and the Czech Philharmonic, in V-set 663 during 78 rpm days. They remain so today with versions available under the direction of George Szell, Rafael Kubelik, and the late Pierre Monteux. Kertész does not achieve results to match those just cited, but this is a performance that is, in every other way, creditable to him. His estimate of the music in this work is always just, and he never lapses into exaggeration, excesses of tempo, or dynamic distortion, which is all to the good for his future. As of now, however, he doesn't produce that special measure of intensity—either in repose or rejoicing—that marks the difference between acceptable and distinguished. The orchestra plays well for him, and it is admirably reproduced.
Haydn: Concerto in E Flat. Gould: *Pavanne.* Anderson: *Bugler's Holiday* and *Trumpeter's Lullaby,* etc. Al Hirt, trumpet, with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 2729, $4.98; stereo LSC 2729, $5.98.	Had Al Hirt persisted in the course he charted for himself at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, he might have earned a chair in the Boston Symphony on his own, for he has power, assurance, and a resplendent trumpet tone. However, years of performing the specialties that have earned him fame and fortune have downgraded the finesse required to give the slow movement of the Haydn or the occasional trills in the allegros quite the shape they require. It is, nevertheless, a showy and fine-sounding performance that he achieves, especially in the top register, which is troublesome for others. Fiedler and his adaptable ensemble give him admirable assistance not only in Haydn, Gould, and Anderson, but also in a bouncing version of *Java.* Big sound.
Mozart: Concerti (K.412, 417, 447 and 495). Erich Penzel, horn; with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting. Mercury MG 50407, $4.98; stereo SR 90407, $5.98. The same works, with KV Anh. 98a. Barry Tuckwell, horn; with the London Symphony conducted by Peter Maag. London CM 9403, $4.98; stereo CS 6403, $5.98.	Penzel and Tuckwell turn out to be much the same kind of horn player—technically proficient, yet without that sense of security that encourages abandon and a freedom of personal expression. As neither conductor has much inclination in this direction himself, the prevailing impression in both recordings is that of dutiful execution of a difficult task, rather than the joyous exercise of a long-awaited opportunity. The "plus" of the Tuckwell-Maag disc is a ninety-one-measure Allegro that trails off into silence just as it is fairly started.
Schumann: Symphony No. 3 *(Rhenish), Manfred* Overture. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18908, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138908, $5.98.	For reasons not altogether easy to define, this performance has the depth and gravity that one associates with the late Wilhelm Furtwängler, plus some valuable propulsion inherent in Kubelik himself. Part of the "Furtwängler sound" may come from the performing organization itself, which, after all, is the Berlin Philharmonic with which W.F. had some of his most memorable association and to whose postwar character he contributed so much. But a more consequential part of it, to my mind, is Kubelik's growing ability to search out and sustain the internal texture and components of the musical totality, rather than concentrating—as many other conductors are inclined to do in their early years—on the top and bottom of the range. In any case, this is a deeply felt, warmly stated version of a work that is in many ways Schumann's best for orchestra. The accompanying overture is also persuasively performed. Broad, full orchestral sound, substantially reproduced.
Walton: Concerto. Bloch: *Schelomo.* Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. RCA Victor LM 2109, $4.98; stereo LSC 2109, $5.98.	Though it is hardly fair to equate Walton's attractive work with the deeply expressive one of Bloch as a "twentieth-century masterpiece" (as is asserted on the blurb accompanying this disc), it is of a quality to merit the recirculation in this issue of a disc originally issued in the late 1950s. It was written for Piatigorsky, and he plays it not only with an affection bred of that origin but also with a sure sense of its celloistic character. For some concert-hall purposes, the adagio ending of the work is a disadvantage, but this is of no concern for the record listener, who will find it a proper balance for the slow section with which it begins. There are, of course, more recent recordings of *Schelomo,* but Piatigorsky's possesses continuing interest in the declamatory power of his solo effort. The recording of the cello is still satisfactory, but the orchestra sounds a little remote (more so in the Walton than the Bloch). —Irving Kolodin.

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Shown at the Show

By IVAN B. BERGER

"IT'S AN interesting market," said Acoustech's Morley Kahn at this month's New York High Fidelity Show. "Since stereo came in, audio gear's been getting smaller and less expensive, with receivers and package systems coming in. But the audiophile is returning."

Mr. Kahn caters distinctly to the audiophile. While he does sell a preamplifier kit for $149, his product line extends up to a $1,690 full-range stereo electrostatic loudspeaker-amplifier combination, the Acoustech X. The woofer and tweeter sections of the "X" (designed by Arthur Janszen) are fed by separate high- and low-band amplifiers on a single chassis. A front-panel antenna trimmer control on Acoustech's $299 Model VIII tuner matches the tuner's impedance to that of the antenna across the entire FM band.

Mr. Kahn's solid-state line was typical of the top-line equipment. Marantz and McIntosh are among the few in this area that are sticking with tubes, and "Mac" now has transistor preamplifiers. Hadley, which last year showed a tube amplifier and a solid state preamp, has added a transistor amplifier. Its Model 622 amplifier boasts an exceptionally detailed specification sheet, listing power output (50-62 watts rms) into loads of different impedances, and harmonic distortion for different load conditions and power output levels.

CM Laboratories, also exhibiting for its second year, showed a new preamplifier whose inputs may be mixed (at fixed levels) for recording. The output transistors of CM's new 70-watt power amplifier are protected against damage from short or open circuits.

Crown has switched the bulk of its tape recorder line to solid-state, modular construction. Magnecord's latest models are similar, offering plug-in, interchangeable circuit boards for various functions, along with such professional features as bias metering.

J. B. Lansing's "Graphic Controller" is a preamplifier designed for easy use by both the audiophile and his wife. Most ingenious feature is a tape monitor switch that cannot be left in the wrong position. With the monitor and other subsidiary controls hidden behind a folding panel, operation of the sliding main controls should be obvious to the most untutored.

Grado demonstrated a new cartridge that will replace its entire present line. Test equipment in the booth ran separation curves on the spot to demonstrate the cartridge's extended response. Marantz showed a parallel-tracking arm and turntable system with zero tracking error and a cueing control.

Sherwood's unique "Tanglewood" speaker system smooths its bass response through the use of two non-identical woofers with staggered resonances. Stanton also showed a new speaker system; using an electrostatic high- and mid-range unit but a dynamic woofer, it proved not to be a revival of the late, lamented Pickering system.

But most of the new speakers this year were compact units selling for less than $100. One such, the Lahti U-2, lays claim to relatively modest response (90-12,000 cycles per second, plus or minus 6 db). Questioned about these conservative specifications, Uolevi Lahti said, "We asked ourselves: 'Should we tell the truth? Or should we be competitive?' We decided to give the truth a chance and see if that worked." The truth seems to be working, and so do Mr. Lahti's speakers, in operation at the McIntosh booth. Coming is a $99 add-on unit, with twelve-inch woofer and super-tweeter, designed to use the U-2 as a mid-range; level controls insure that the sound will be balanced when used with the U-2.

On display in their own booths were the new KLH 17, Goodmans Maximus, AR-4, ADC Brentwood, KSC-55, Scott S-5, Electro-Voice Sonocaster, Benjamin 208 and Sonotone RM-1, all under $100.

A more deluxe version of the "Sonocaster" is included with the Electro-Voice "Entertainer" portable phonograph system, while the Benjamin speakers will probably be used most often with the Benjamin Stereo 200 system. The Stereo 200, a standard-sized Miracord changer and base with a cleverly built-in 36-watt transistor amplifier, is sold without speakers, to give the listener a freer choice.

Transistors have begun to live up to one of their promises – compactness – only recently. Beginning last year with the new breed of portables and their furniture-styled counterparts, components have been shrinking. Prime examples are KLH's new Model Eighteen tuner, the new Scott, Eico, and Harman-Kardon receivers, and Electro-Voice's new amplifier and receiver line. To conserve shelf space, E-V's new receivers take full advantage of the transistor's low temperatures and are built up instead of sideways, presenting an almost square front panel in place of the more customary low and wide one.

Leak's transistor-integrated amplifier is said to be 48 per cent of the weight, 43 per cent of the volume, and 89 per cent of the price of equivalent Leak tube gear. Oki's new tape recorder line is exceptionally light for full-size machines; its largest unit weighs twenty-five pounds with speakers, seventeen pounds without. Sony's new Model 250 tape deck, with recording controls behind a panel for neater appearance and to prevent accidental erasure, was priced at $139.95; the promise that transistors would lower prices may at last be coming true as well.

Whatever their price range, and whatever their desire for complex functions or simplicity of operation, the 22,000 visitors to this year's show should have found something to suit them.

"It looks like a demonstration of some kind."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Suite (after the third Partita); Handel: Theme and variations in G minor; Corelli: Sonata in D minor; Spohr: Variations (Op. 36); Fauré: *Une châtelaine en sa tour*; Don Mateo Antonio Perez de Albéniz: Sonata in D; Albéniz: *Malagueña*. Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18890, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138890, $5.98.	The partita is not, as might be supposed, one of those for keyboard transcribed for harp, but the E major for unaccompanied violin. It tends to lose some definition and continuity of line in this guise (attributed to a "manuscript" of the "Baroque age"). This is in no respect a reflection on Zabaleta's artistry, which is, as always, remarkable for its refinement and impeccable taste; but it is difficult to make fingers do the work of a bow. Also string-descended is the Corelli sonata, identified as Opus 5, No. 7. It is, however, not one of his more characteristic works. On the other hand, the Spohr variations (on the song *Je suis encore dans mon printemps*) were written for his wife, a harpist, and make extensive use of the instrument's possibilities. Musically, like the remaining works of the disc, they are more remarkable for what Zabaleta does with them than for what they offer of intrinsic musical value. The *Malagueña*, not surprisingly, is the most flavorsome performance of all.
Bartók: Sonata; Debussy: *En Blanc et Noir, Six Epigraphes*. Robert and Gaby Casadesus, pianos; with Jean-Paul Casadesus and Jean-Paul Drouet, percussion. Columbia ML 6041, $4.98; stereo MS 6641, $5.98.	The beautifully matched sound produced by M. and Mme. Casadesus, the refinement and shading of their dynamics are warmly complementary to this stereo remake of performances long admired in the "complete" edition of the composer's piano works by Robert Casadesus. Indeed, these performances may stand as a paragon of how these works should sound. However, the same qualities applied to the Bartók sonata leave a good deal of its power blunted, or perhaps "muffled" would be more appropriate. The pianistic pressures are too light, and the sound is wanting in the proper bite to release the energy in the work.
Brahms: *Zigeunerlieder, An eine Aolsharfe, O kühler Wald, Alte Liebe, Trennung;* Schubert: *Fahrt zum Hades, Der Wanderer, Nacht und Träume, Auflösung, Die Forelle*. Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano; with Sebastian Peschko, piano. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18889, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138889, $5.98.	The catalogue of vocal sins committed by Miss Bumbry is almost as long as the list of songs she performs here, from overstrident production to squeezed sound in the lower range and lack of support in the middle. When she relents from forcing, as in "Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn" (No. 7 of the *Zigeunerlieder*), she conveys something of a genuine emotion. However, there is rarely real warmth or vibrance in the sound, which is well beyond the previous standard associated with her. Indeed, in such a song as Schubert's *Fahrt zum Hades* Miss Bumbry sounds less like a singer of established reputation than like one who might, or might not, make one. In good times and bad, the piano playing of the experienced Peschko is a pleasure all of its own, as is the perfectly balanced reproduction.
Beethoven: Trio in E flat (Opus 1, No. 1); Haydn: Divertimento; Rozsa: Theme and Variations. Jascha Heifetz, violin; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; and Jacob Lateiner, piano. RCA Victor LM 2770, $4.98; LSC 2770, $5.98.	From the opening bars, Lateiner's purposeful and sophisticated sense of the pianist's purpose in such a work as this provides a direction lacking in other recent trio performances by Heifetz and Piatigorsky. Indeed, his phrasing and dynamics have a plasticity and deftness that commend him as a chamber music performer of high quality, whatever the surroundings. Indeed, his statement of the opening of the slow movement packs so much variety into a phrase that the time seems ripe for him to be heard again in the solo repertory. In the movements derived from works written by Haydn for the forgotten baryton (a multi-string instruments of the viola da gamba family) Ingolf Dahl has provided Piatigorsky with a solo work of highly agreeable musical qualities, in a setting respectful of the composer's spirit. The accompanying orchestra is notable for the quality of sound from its concertmaster (J. Heifetz). The two string players have much to do and do it splendidly in the adroit writing of Rózsa (the slow movement of a double concerto commissioned for these players). The present performance restricts the "orchestra" to strings and a pair each of oboes and horns. There is no conductor.
Dvořák: Quintet. Frank Glazer, piano; with the Fine Arts Quartet. Concert Disc M 1251, $4.98; stereo CS 251, $5.98.	There is a high pleasure content in Glazer's sensitive, well-proportioned performance, not always equalled in the playing of the quartet. It is gratifying, once in a while, to listen to a performance that has not been polished to the last shine of perfection, and there is also a more than permissible amount of inaccurate intonation, especially from the viola, which has a tendency to sound sharp. On the whole, though the string players are temperamentally well adjusted to the pianist, they do not match his standard of execution as consistently as one would like to hear. My preference would remain with the second of the Clifford Curzon versions, in which he is associated with the Vienna Philharmonic Quartet.
Charpentier: "Depuis le jour" *(Louise)*; Verdi: "Ernani, involami" *(Ernani)*; "Mercè dilette amiche" *(I Vespri siciliani)*; Gounod: "Le Roi de Thule," "Ah, je ris" *(Faust)*; Mozart: "Ach, ich fühl's"; Korngold; "Marietta's Lied" *(Die Tote Stadt)* etc. Dorothy Coulter soprano; with the orchestra conducted by Dean Ryan. Phoenix mono $4.98; stereo $5.98.	For those who have missed the earlier phase of her career, Miss Coulter is the young soprano who attracted attention for her excellent effort as Milly in Douglas Moore's *Wings of the Dove* at the City Center in 1961. Here she demonstrates the delightful freshness and clarity of her lyric-coloratura voice, and also a rather unvarying artistic calm whether the individual she is impersonating is maid or mistress, proclaiming a love that is requited or unrequited. Certainly what she has to offer is unsufficient for "Ernani, involami," or "Ach, ich fühl's," in both of which she does little more than sing the notes accurately. There is something more like personal participation in the Puccini and Donizetti excerpts, but in the sense that a record is evidence of an experience worth preserving, this one is premature. It is well made technically (in RCA Victor's Rome studio).
Haydn: Sonata in E flat (No. 52); Liszt: *Sonetto No. 104 del Petrarca*; Liszt-Paganini: Etude No. 2 in E flat; Chopin: Nocturne Op. 48, No. 1; Debussy: *La Cathédrale Engloutie*. André Watts, piano. Columbia ML 6036, $4.98; stereo MS 6636, $5.98.	The pianistic promise of Watts is less clearly defined in this miscellany than it was in his recording of the Liszt E flat concerto that followed his debut with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic as an emergency replacement for Glenn Gould a year and a half ago. His primary identification remains with Liszt, as may be heard in the playing of the Petrarca sonnet, but he shows a strong affinity for Chopin, too, if barely any with the essence of Haydn. What is required for Watts is, in all probability, what can be gained only with time—the more strongly defined impulses that come only with experience. Fine sound, always, and beautifully reproduced.
Strauss: *Emperor* Waltz, *Roses from the South, Morning Papers, Artist's Life, Vienna Blood, Thousand and One Nights; and Tritsch-Tratsch* and *Leichtes Blut* polkas. Vienna Choir Boys with orchestra. Philips PHM 500-024, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-024, $5.98.	Aside from the well-known charm and insinuation of the pure-voiced singing by the choir from Vienna, the performances of the choice repertory pursue a variable course in the interpretations directed by Hemuth Froschauer, Hermann Furthmoser, and Gerhard Lang (the label is indefinite about more precise identification of who conducts what). Thus *Roses from the South* is delicately inflected, but the *Emperor* and *Artist's Life* waltzes are seriously afflicted with heavy percussion and unduly metronomic tempos. On the whole, more for the devotees of the Wiener Sängerknaben than of the Wiener Walzerkönig.
Wagner: Duet *(Siegfried)*. Eileen Farrell, soprano; Set Svanholm, tenor; and the Rochester Philharmonic conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor LM 2761, $4.98 (mono only).	The enhanced prominence of Eileen Farrell and Erich Leinsdorf since this recording was made in the late Forties has not, of course, altered the qualities of the performance itself. It is still remarkable for the power of her vocal equipment—more splendid, actually, then than now—and uninteresting for her lack of background in the challenging and changing demands of this great score. Svanholm's effort is authoritative but harsh in sound, and Leinsdorf drives both hard to attain a greater degree of Wagnerian justice than is within the scope of Miss Farrell or the orchestra itself. Resonance has been added to the thinner sound of the original. —I. K.

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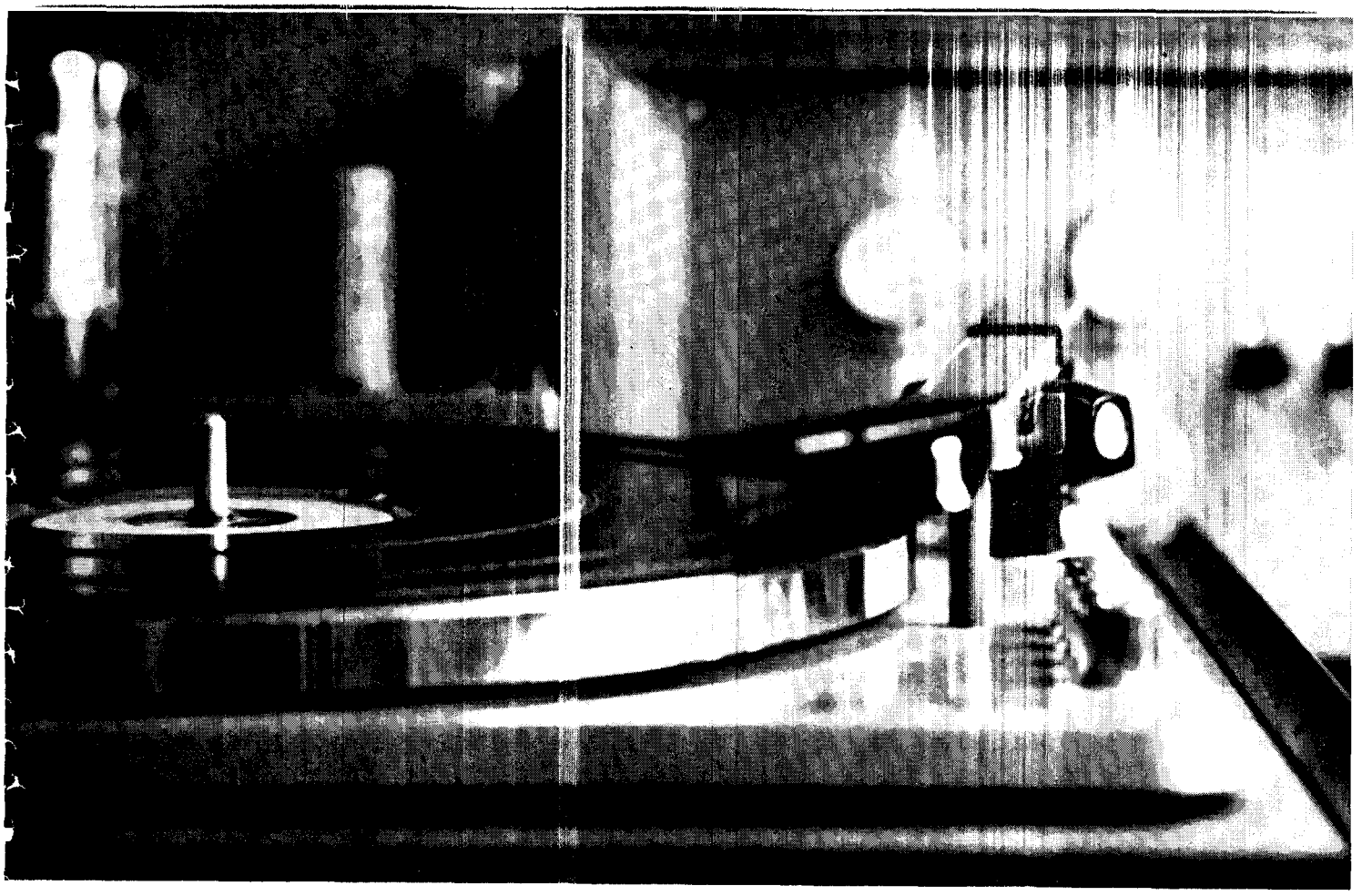

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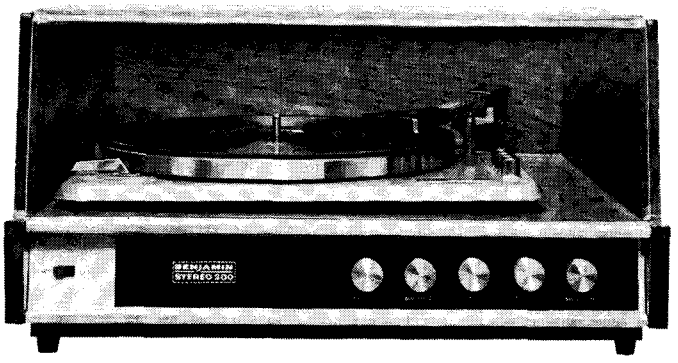

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Music To My Ears

Continued from page 35

his background in the German theater has perhaps left him uneasy as yet in French. It is not a voice of much sensuous appeal but, then, neither is Bacquier's, which nevertheless served that performer effectively, for he, thanks to Parisian training, knew exactly what he was doing at all times. Thanks are due also to John Macurdy for his sonorous Old Hebrew.

Nathaniel Merrill and Robert O'Hearn have applied to this new production the stage sense that has commended their previous work at the Metropolitan, plus a warm range of colors to suit the Near Eastern locale. A circular unit serves for the interior of Act I, for Dalila's "pad" in Act II, and for Samson's treadmill in Act III, without intruding on the action, and there are also permanent staircases. It works well and is visually appealing (if in no way distinguished). Had Zachary Solov's choreography matched this standard it would have greatly enhanced the opportunities provided in Saint-Saëns's skilful score, but his temple dance was limpid, his Bacchanale trite. The graphic collapse provided by O'Hearn for Samson's mighty push deserved something more tempestuous, as preliminary, than Solov's mincing formulations. However, while Prêtre and Gorr are performing their leading roles, this is better French opera than the Met has offered in a decade.

The parsimonious Scotch, who are the subjects of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* are getting a bad name in the new

production which served for the opening night dedicated to Joan Sutherland. They dress much better (in the finery designed for them by Attilio Colonnello) than they live (in the ruins of a Gothic castle which he also provided), making more than needfully graphic the reasons why Enrico Ashton is determined to marry his sister to a wealthy suitor. Outdoors or indoors—and it was sometimes hard to tell, from the scenery, which was which—they wore regal ruffs that made for pretty pictures but hardly for conviction.

The pictures were, in part, the results of the postures arranged for them by stage director Margherita Wallmann, who, like Colonnello, was showing her wares for the first time in the Metropolitan. However, she hardly addressed herself to the first order of business, which was to give Miss Sutherland a credible pattern of action to go with her incredible singing of the music. This was unvarying in its dependability—and such top Ds and E flats as she struck do not happen; they have to be produced—but mostly unvarying in mood, cadence, and coloration as well. As a phenomenon of nature, Miss Sutherland is as remarkable as Old Faithful; but her performance tends to be equally predictable. Her Mad Scene, while phenomenally adroit, was almost impersonal, and hardly as dramatic as in the previous action devised for her by Franco Zeffirelli.

What Miss Wallmann failed to do for Miss Sutherland was not offset by the inaction of Robert Merrill as Enrico or the stilted postures of Sándor Kónya as Edgardo. The former is as robust a singer and no more believable an actor than he ever was, while Konya's qualities count for much more as Walther or Lohengrin than they do as Edgardo. If mention of Silvio Varviso's conducting has been left to the last, it is not because it wasn't least. It was.

—Irving Kolodin.

Kempff's Debut

THE same evening that brought Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's debut at the Metropolitan also found Wilhelm Kempff appearing for the first time at Carnegie Hall. Although the noted German pianist has been playing publicly for almost four decades and has toured throughout Mexico, Canada, and South America, this represented his long-overdue introduction to the United States.

Hearing Kempff in person did not provide any major revelations, however. He does not seem to be the kind of musician whose style is one thing in the recording studio and another in the concert hall. If one may generalize on the evidence of two recitals (he played the last four Beethoven sonatas one night and works of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms two nights later), Kempff is a basically intellectual pianist with individual ideas in matters of interpretation and a slightly old-fashioned approach to the German romantics.

At the present he definitely is not a bravura pianist—one wonders if he ever was—nor a very dramatic or spontaneous performer. Although nothing on his two programs fell short of correctness or lacked authority, relatively little was really moving, either. Kempff apparently values architectural clarity and linear poise above any direct appeal to the emotions. His basic tenet seems to be: Avoid exaggeration, even at the expense of impact if necessary. The "molto espressivo" marking of Beethoven's Op. 110, therefore, emerged just plain "espressivo," and, by the same token, there was remarkably little "molto" in the "allegro molto" that followed.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that Kempff was invariably most persuasive in the slow movements. Here his tendency to understate was, if anything, an advantage; there were none of those explosive challenges that had caused him to lose control elsewhere. The Andantes—especially that of Brahms's F-minor sonata—were poetic, not precious. Even in the most delicate, high passage-work, the pianist's tone never lost its bite, and his articulation never became fuzzy, yet the dynamic range was always remarkably generous. Introspection for Kempff need not be synonymous with small-scale fussiness. If he had a lesson for the younger generation of pianists in attendance, this was it.

The only real surprise of the two concerts came in Schumann's *Davidsbündler* on the second night. The Beethoven and Schubert (A-major) sonatas that preceded it had shown Kempff to be so serious and so lyrically oriented that one was unprepared for the freedom, spirit, and personal differentiation he brought to the eighteen character pieces. Kempff's *Davidsbündler* may not be the last word in wit or elegance, but his is a masterful and valid reading in any case. If everything on the two programs had been consistently of the same caliber, one might have come away thinking of Kempff as a great pianist, not just as another very good but limited one.

—Martin Bernheimer.

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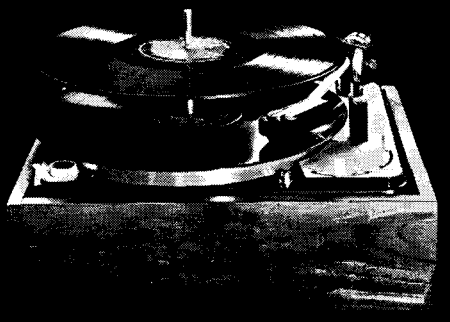

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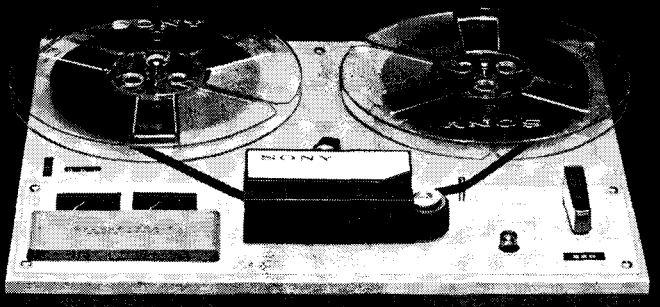

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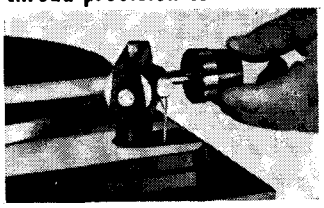

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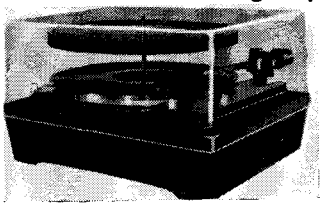

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THE OTHER SIDE

Hail Ward, Farewell Hotter

LONDON.

IT IS not only politics that have lately undermined London's musical life, for with the Festival Hall out of action until next February, our orchestras have been rendered temporarily homeless. For the first time since the season of 1950-51 the Royal Albert Hall is in regular winter use for concerts, the Royal Philharmonic (still engaged in a desperate struggle for the right to retain its title, a right bitterly contested by the 150-year-old Royal Philharmonic Society, which insists that the "loan" of its respected name was granted solely to Sir Thomas Beecham and not to the orchestra as such) has turned a Hampstead cinema into a pleasant venue for Sunday-evening concerts, while civic halls in or near London are also benefiting from the South Bank *Generalpause*. Meanwhile, the London Symphony is winging its way around the world, winning friends and influencing people—one hopes—to the tune of a deficit estimated at 50,000 pounds. They may not have had a Beatle-like send-off at London Airport, but these boys certainly know a trick or two about public relations. At about the time of their departure at the end of last month, Londoners were surprised to note that the postmarks on many of their letters bore the legend "LSO Diamond Jubilee: World Tour 1964."

After several hectic months in the hands of builders, who converted the old amphitheater and gallery into a single unit with more comfortable seating and air-conditioning, as well as replaced the antiquated lighting system with a most elaborate, up-to-the-minute installation, Covent Garden reopened in September with the first complete *Ring* cycles of the Solti regime. Though the staging, designed by Schneider-Siemssen and produced by Hotter, still left a good deal to be desired in detail, the musical side of the performances was full of present achievement and future promise.

Solti's ideas on the kind of orchestral sound appropriate to the *Ring* may not please Wagnerites of the old school (they are certainly far removed from the blend of sonorities for which the Bayreuth Festspielhaus is famous), but the playing he secured was always splendid and at times quite stunning. On the stage we witnessed the end of an era, when Hotter bade farewell to the role of Wotan, while the emergence of a British Wotan and Brünnhilde (David Ward and Amy Shuard) seemed to herald the dawn of a new dynasty for Valhalla. Because a slipped disc prevented Hotter from completing the second cycle, Ward sang the Wanderer in both cycles as well as Wotan in the first *Rheingold* and *Walküre*; for the second *Walküre*, however, Hotter was in magnificent form, both vocally and histrionically, thus ending his illustrious reign—embracing some 400 *Ring* cycles over a period of more than thirty years—in a blaze of glory. One cannot doubt that Ward's Wotan, already remarkably fine and still developing, owes a profound debt to Hotter's tuition and example, but it is true also that nature has endowed him with just the kind of voice and physique required for this most exacting role.

WAGNER is also receiving plenty of phonographic attention at present, with Bayreuth recordings of *Tannhäuser* and *Parsifal* (the latter due next month) from Philips, and Decca's eagerly awaited *Götterdämmerung*—with Nilsson, Windgassen, Frick, and the Vienna Philharmonic under Solti—presumably ready early next year. Decca's October list, instead of featuring the Maazel-directed *Fidelio* as most of us expected (since it has already appeared in the United States), brings us instead a delightful recording of Britten's comic chamber opera, *Albert Herring*.

This was the work with which, in the summer of 1947, Britten launched his newly formed English Opera Group—an organization that, seventeen years later, is still going strong and at this very moment is paying its first and highly successful visit to the USSR.

Involving a total of twenty-six performers—ten adult and three child singers, twelve instrumentalists and a pianist-conductor—*Albert Herring* is a delightful and immensely entertaining work, even if it may not rank among Britten's finest achievements. Music and characterization are sparkling and full of fun; perhaps some may find it a shade too genteel.

This, however, is a minor reservation concerning the work's ultimate stature and is hardly relevant to the great enjoyment *Albert Herring* holds in store for anyone with a taste for bubbling operatic comedy. The performance by the English Opera Group under the composer's direction, recorded in Aldeburgh this summer, could scarcely be bettered: in the title role he created

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seventeen years ago, Peter Pears is as superb as ever, and from the remainder of the excellent cast I would like to single out especially Sylvia Fisher (Lady Billows), April Cantelo (Miss Wordsworth), Owen Brannigan (Police Superintendant Budd), and Joseph Ward (Sid). John Culshaw supervised the recorded production, which, with its superlative sound and plenty of stage atmosphere, is up to Decca's highest standards.

THERE is also a debut recital by the young Italian tenor Bruno Prevedi, whose Calaf was acclaimed at Covent Garden last year and who will soon return to London to sing Manrico in the forthcoming Giulini-Visconti production of *Il Trovatore*. For this disc Prevedi has chosen a conventional program of popular arias (Verdi, Puccini, Giordano, Mascagni), revealing a fine, manly voice and a straightforward delivery but, as yet, little sense of line. A very different kind of recital comes to us partly from Decca's own archives and partly from those of the BBC, and is devoted to the art of Maggie Teyte. The program is as odd a mixture as one is ever likely to encounter: songs by Schumann, Brahms, Fauré, Hahn, Dvórak (including a preposterous arrangement of the Humoreske, disguised as a Scottish air), Quilter, Delius, and others, two enchanting numbers from Messager's *Veronique* and Offenbach's *La Périchole*, and some "gems" from musical comedy. This remarkable singer was not really at home in the world of lieder, but the French and English items offer rich rewards and should not be missed by any of Miss Teyte's admirers.

There are no major sets from EMI this month—just a varied assortment of single discs ranging from Philharmonia-Klemperer performances of Mozart Symphonies Nos. 31 and 34 to a collection of Elgar's salon pieces (Royal Philharmonic under Collingwood). In addition to the Mozart coupling, Columbia's list features good, if not really outstanding performances of Debussy's *Images* and *Jeux* from Cluytens and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.

On HMV, Menuhin completes his set of Handel's Op. 6 Concerti Grossi with a disc containing Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5; Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick contribute a most attractive collection of piano duets—Brahms's *St. Antoni Variations* and five Waltzes, Debussy's *Petite Suite*, and three movements from Ravel's *Mother Goose*—all of them skilfully transcribed for three-handed performance; excerpts from *La Traviata*, performed in English by the Sadler's Wells company are unlikely to have more than a purely local appeal, despite John Wakefield's stylish Alfredo.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Dvorak; Overtures, Op. 91, 92, 93; Slavonic Rhapsody, Op. 45, No. 2; Vienna State Opera Orch.; Somogyi cond. **XWN-19072/WST-17072**

Britten: Matinées Musicales; Soirées Musicales. **Respighi:** Rossiniana. Vienna State Opera Orch.; Zeller cond. **XWN-19073/WST-17073**

Maureen Forrester Sings Operatic Arias and Songs: Handel; Gluck; Mozart; Purcell; Vienna State Opera Orch.; Holetschek, harpsichord; Zeller cond. **XWN-19074/WST-17074**

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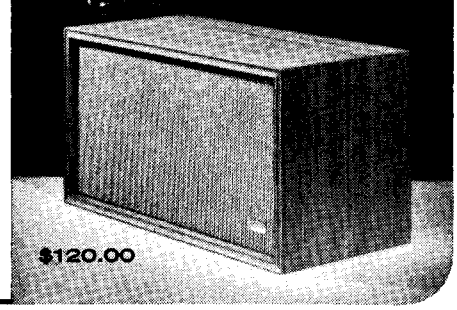

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Continued from page 65

We are living, as never before, in a world of changing values; never before have time and space come so close to becoming simultaneous elements. Therefore customary, predictable dimensions and rules are violated every day. It is our duty to crystallize the ambitions and goals of the future from the complex flow of ideas and facts before us.

It seems strange that Schönberg was not led by radio, films, and television to the area of electronic music, especially since he also lived to experience the beginning of hi-fi, large-screen films, and widespread television. Only one bit of music resulted from such contacts—The "Music for a Motion Picture" (*Begleitungsmusik*). Schönberg's music, like Berg's and Webern's, belonged, after all, to the great artistic epoch that began to crumble in Europe after 1900 and that had been sentenced to death by Planck's revelation of the quantum. That era is escaping us so rapidly that each passing day takes us further away from understanding its performance practices, values, needs—in short, its very existence.

To want to *stay modern* by using the twelve-tone technique (*e.g.*, Stravinsky), or to want to *be modern* by relying on electronic coincidences (*e.g.*, Maderna) means only one thing: to value aging techniques rather than new creative means. Today's creative means must be those of tomorrow; we cannot think in terms of tomorrow if we rely upon old positions and procedures.

One of the most deceptive elements of electronic music is the fact that it does away with the need for a recreator. There is no longer a middleman between the composer and the listener, no performer who makes an actuality of the work and brings to it his perspective and his personality. Undoubtedly, one of music's special fascinations has always been the uniqueness of its moment of creation, varied by the additional viewpoints brought to it by later performers without destroying the individuality of the work itself. This repeated synthesis of impressions and interpretations eventually results in the stimulation and the satisfaction of man's artistic nature. Yet the self-sufficient electronic music has hardly proven itself as being unvariable. The tiniest change in electronic conditions, the tiniest failure of a connection, the tiniest alteration of spatial arrangements—any of these could lead to a catastrophe. On one occasion during an otherwise successful premiere of an electronic work, one of the loud-speakers broke down. Not even the world's worst interpreter could inflict this kind of deformation on a work.

The more composers became aware of such dangers, the more they gave way to the need for another musical principle—*improvisation*. The introduction of *chance* is the result of our new mathematical consciousness. To form a creative artistic principle on such grounds represents a declaration of artistic bankruptcy. Improvising today adds up to nothing but a demonstration of varied performance techniques (as in Stockhausen's Improvisations, whose sameness of form both tires and bores the ear), or the filling out of predetermined schemes using stereotyped paraphrase techniques (as is the case in the majority of jazz improvisations). To the latter situation, the creative impulse is called upon only when a strong personality stamps the variations with his own ideas. A few experiments once led me to perform some pungent clarinet improvisations in Gravesano together with Jimmy Guiffre, and the results will soon be made public in a recording accompanying the *Gravesaner Blätter*. An outgrowth of this joint effort is that Guiffre plans to come back to Gravesano to learn the essentials of conducting from me, and I, in turn, am anxious to study the art of improvisation with him. He defines improvisation as follows: "When I play, my lips, fingers, breath, and posture all want to become creative, and thus express the intensity of living. Improvising, I give way to the activity of their will. . . ."

What is modern art? The word defines itself: art that will become *unmodern*, and therefore has only timely value. The concept "modern" comes before "avant-garde"; yet today one can say that avant-gardism is "modern." During his entire life, Schönberg was never "modern." His works never became anyone's daily diet; to the end, he remained a feared avant-gardist, and he is performed as seldom today as before his death. Today, any avant-gardist claims the right to be heard. For Schönberg, quality was the only element of importance—never novelty for the sake of drawing attention to itself, never sensation for its own sake, never commercial art for the sake of celebrity. That is why Schönberg was so quickly considered passé and aged, while all too many little semi-geniuses tried to declare themselves gods. Now some of them have given up such ambitions; a few have even experienced the injustices that marked Schönberg's career. Too much has backfired. The listener who angrily stuffed his finger into his ear when he heard the sound of a piccolo in 1950 is bored today if he doesn't hear the shrill frequencies of jazz that have been greeting him in movie houses and on records for a decade. Both classical and romantic music are dying in the public eye, simply because they lack "the exciting frequencies."

Example? A highly intelligent student of philosophy with a "classical" educa-

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tion comes to me with exciting news: tomorrow he is to hear his first Beethoven symphony. I see him again the next day. Pressed for a reaction, he admits: "This music did not reach me at all. I missed all the high frequencies!" The handwriting on the wall? In 1963, upon my return from South America, I was able to take two days off to attend the Donaueschingen Music Festival. I heard the last premiere, a work by a composer whom the avant-gardists had, till then, acclaimed as their most likely leader and spokesman. The actual composition was ten years old. For me, it left the strongest impression of the festival—a piece of strong virility whose basic expression relied upon the composer's unexpected limitation of his vocabulary to a Bach-like range-scheme: only three octaves, filled with basic whole and half steps. The result? The avant-gardists were offended, and they reacted much as had the previously mentioned "classical" philosophy student. The bearded ones booed Stockhausen because the high frequencies were missing! On the other side of the fence it is worth noting that the score for this work, which has just been published, opens with this metronome marking: "63,5(!)". Thus we reach a misguided striving for exactitude that exceeds reason. Obviously, the next step will be a piece by some enthusiastic successor who puts down a metronome marking of "63,59(!!)" even though neither would be capable of ascertaining an exact "quarter-note equals 63" beat without a metronome.

If the *Eroica*, or Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, or Debussy's *Pélléas et Mélisande*, or Mahler's Fifth were to be written today, they would have no future. Neither their sounds nor their actuality correspond to our times. Historical sound and historical actuality, however, can transcend time, provided the music of a previous era is performed better than ever before. But our orchestras are already losing the ability to play classical music with nobility, to let romantic works sing, and to recreate baroque art with stylistic authenticity. Art, in the old sense, is dead. Will art ever be able to resume its place as a sign of the times if the times are dominated by technology? Or has art developed entirely new, still unknown, powers of attraction? Can the electronic possibilities of a new art correspond to the needs of the space age and the space-age mentality? Could electronic tonal formation ever become a real, a standard thing, like electricity itself, so that it becomes a part of human artistic expression as well as human dreams?

I expect everything from the electronic sound of the future, but nothing from the electronic music of today.

(Translated from the German by Martin Bernheimer.)

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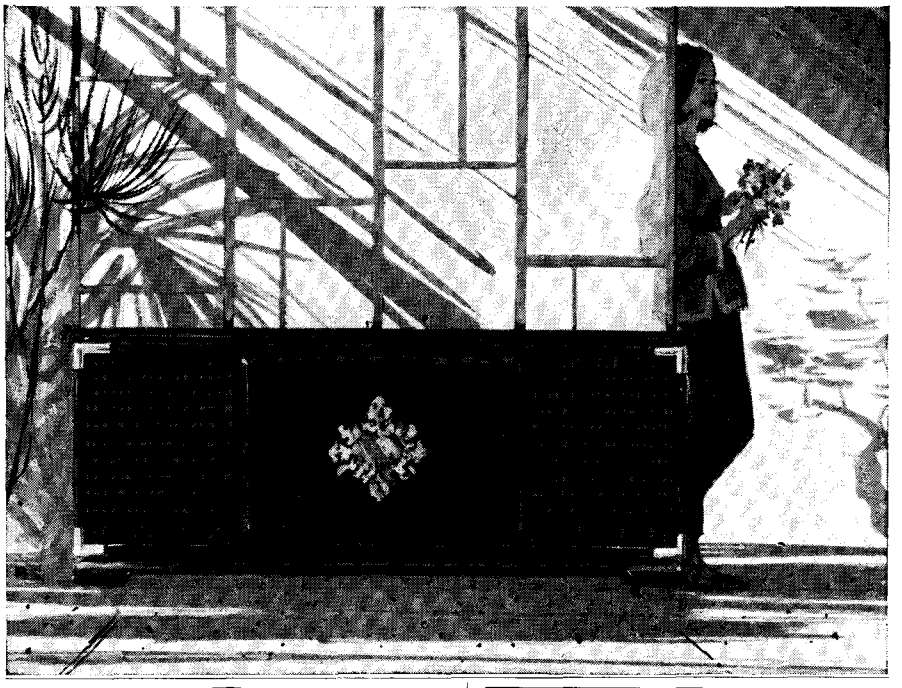

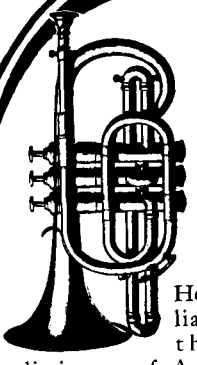

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

"Daphne" in Buenos Aires

YOU MENTIONED recently [*SR*, May 30, 1964] a recording of Richard Strauss's opera *Daphne*, made at the Teatro Colon under Erich Kleiber. Unfortunately I lost the issue in which details about it were given. Could you give me the address where I might be able to obtain it, with the list price? Thank you.

DANIEL MILLER.
Amherst, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The limited edition is available in return for a contribution of $20.00 from the Musician's Foundation, 131 Riverside Drive, New York, 24.*

Bjoerling in Swedish

I AM WRITING THIS to bring to your attention a recent release in the United States by RCA in its International Series of a record album of Scandinavian songs sung by Jussi Bjoerling. The record is LM 9884 and bears a Swedish label. As far as I know, the songs on this record have never been recorded on a single disc anywhere, nor have they ever been available in this country in any form.

The record includes several songs that Bjoerling sang at recitals in this country and some ballads and patriotic songs that he apparently emphasized in Sweden. Of most interest, however, is the presence of two Sibelius songs, namely *Sigh, Sigh Sedges* and *The Diamond on the March Snow.*

DAVID B. KIRSCHSTEIN.
Hartsdale, N.Y.

A Society for Beecham

THE BEECHAM SOCIETY (honorary president, Joseph Szigeti) would be interested in hearing from any admirers of the late Sir Thomas. Full details on membership may be obtained from the Secretary at the following address: Stanley H. Mayes, 402 South Juanita Avenue, Redondo Beach, California 90277.

STANLEY H. MAYES.
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Bouquet for Williams

I'D LIKE TO extend my congratulations to Martin Williams for the recent excellent jazz article entitled "Mostly Modernists" [*SR*, June 26]. Two of the musicians mentioned in the article, Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk, are truly two of the jazzmen of the 1960s.

If a jazz buff is looking for an album that contains haunting numbers, breathtaking and imaginative charts, outstanding stereophonic sound, and "tour de force" solos—then I suggest he (or she) pick up the latest Columbia LPs by Miles Davis and/or Thelonious Monk.

DENNIS R. HENDLEY.
Milwaukee, Wis.

In Re Monteux

UPON READING THE Monteux discography [*SR*, Aug. 22] I noticed that several recordings of which I have personal knowledge were not included in this list:

Beethoven: *Ruins of Athens, Overture,* Op. 113. San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux, Victor 49-3691 in 45 RPM set WDM 1637

Coppola: *Interlude Dramatique.* Symphony Orchestra of Paris conducted by Pierre Monteux, French HMV W-1106

Also, the album number of *Sadko,* symphonic poem, by Rimsky-Korsakov, is incorrect. The correct number is DM-1252 for this set.

NATHAN E. BROWN.
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Imbrie Live

AS PUBLISHERS of Andrew Imbrie's music, we would like to thank you for your complimentary review of the newly released Columbia recording of his Concerto for Violin with Carroll Glenn as soloist [*SR*, Sept. 26].

While it is true that Imbrie "has [not] had a work performed by an orchestra of the Eastern seaboard." his setting of the Walt Whitman text *On the Beach at Night* —a twelve-minute work for mixed chorus and string orchestra—was performed by the Concert Orchestra of New Jersey and the Westminster Festival Choir, conducted by Nicholas Harsanyi, in Princeton this July as part of the New Jersey Tercentenary Festival.

Concertgoers in the New York metropolitan area will have an opportunity to hear a "live" performance of the Concerto for Violin on November 15 when it will be performed in Carnegie Hall by the Orchestra of America, Richard Korn conducting, with Miss Glenn again as soloist. The work will also be presented this season on the West Coast in March by the San Francisco Symphony, Josef Krips conducting, with Jacob Krachmalnick as soloist.

ERNEST R. FARMER,
President.
Malcolm Music Ltd.
New York, N.Y.

Greeting to the Editor

IN REFERENCE TO your review of the Callas record of Beethoven-Mozart-Weber arias: Drop dead.

NO NAME GIVEN.
No city given

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Billie Holiday

Continued from page 68

from his trumpet the deeper and more complex vehicle of his art; she took whatever aspects of that side of Louis Armstrong she needed and she made them her own. She was drawn to the greatest Armstrong, the Armstrong of 1929 to 1933, the majestic melodist poised above the beat, above his accompaniment, and above his material—but with his emotional roots planted firmly.

A striking case in point is Armstrong's 1933 version of "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" and the one Billie Holiday did six years later; whatever departures from the original she makes that are not her own, these echo Armstrong's trumpet passages on the piece as much as his vocal chorus.

Consider the way these early Billie Holiday records were made: Like the similar recordings of new pop material made by Henry "Red" Allen a few years before and by Fats Waller contemporaneously, the Holiday and Wilson records were primarily intended for sales to jukebox operators in urban Negro areas—these were Depression days and there weren't many people buying records for playing at home. The assemblage was strictly a last minute, pick-up affair, but the players usually came from the Basie, Henderson, Goodman, or Ellington orchestras. The repertory allowed for occasional standard tunes, but most often the players and the singer were handed the latest would-be "hits," uncritically selected, presented on publishers' "lead sheets" which offered the words for Miss Holiday and the melody notes plus some simple harmony for the players. They learned these songs, transformed them, worked up simple arrangements and effects, and committed them to wax.

Some of the dog tunes just couldn't be helped much, and the singer and the players did not always succeed. But brilliant success could come in the most unexpected ways. The idea that Billie Holiday could sing something called "A Sailboat in the Moonlight (And You)" to any effect except a ludicrous one may seem preposterous, yet she sang it beautifully, and tenor saxophonist Lester Young accompanied her in one of the great examples of jazz counterpoint on record.

Sometimes she transmuted her material by bold departure from it ("Without Your Love"); sometimes she treated a puerile song with such an implied sarcasm that its puerility never had a chance ("Getting Some Fun Out of Life"); and sometimes she could sing a song as if she half believed it—or at least as if she discerned the human truth its banal words pretended to be getting at ("If Dreams Come True").

One should not leave these early recordings without some further praise for her accompanists—surely "Georgia on My Mind," "Laughing at Life," and "Easy to Love" would be good jazz recordings if only for Teddy Wilson's

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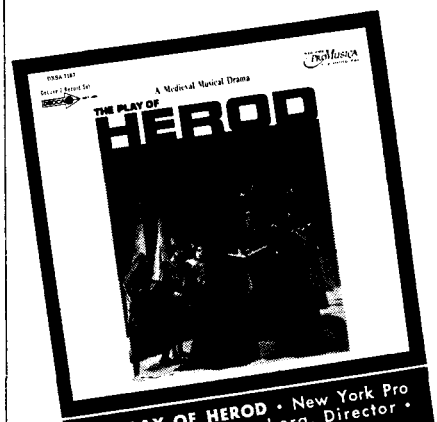

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contribution to them. It has been said that Lester Young's was the closest musical temperament to her own, but I don't agree. The trumpeters on these records, like Buck Clayton and Roy Eldridge, had worked out personal styles under Armstrong's tutelage, as she had. Lester Young was an original and a precursor of the jazz to come, and in Billie and Lester, two jazz areas met in superb musical discourse.

Those who hold that the younger Billie Holiday was the best Billie Holiday hold with her 1939 version of "Yesterdays," which comes from the period of her first "supper club" success. Hearing the way she transmutes its calculated nostalgia into human pathos one may agree, for the moment at least, that they are right. One price of her growing success was that she began to get more formal arrangements by larger groups on her recordings, but from this period comes one example of a great jazz singer doing an exceptional popular song, Billie Holiday's "Lover Man," and it is surely some sort of tribute to the public taste that this one became a best-selling record.

AFTER 1952 she was back to recording with small and relatively informal groups of jazz musicians, but the show was really all hers and in a way that it had never been before. Her musicianship—her ability to invent melodies, to vary them, to retain what was good as written or to retain what was good from her own earlier versions of the songs she re-recorded—was more highly developed than ever.

And her voice? It may well be that it deteriorated, but for me the dishevelled edge of her sound comes from deeply suppressed tears, tears which she simply could not let go without the self-pity she denied herself, suppressed tears upon which every emotion she undertook—from gaiety even to sadness—was imposed. No one could help her and she could not help herself; in that essential sense she was a tragic being.

But to say more is to go more deeply into her biography and that is something which, in speaking of Billie Holiday the singer, one should not do. Her life may have been personally tragic, but her art was always soundly histrionic, for she had the ability of a great actress to keep a personal distance from both her material and her performance of it and to imply a criticism of it.

We have heard her studio recordings when she was able to share her talents with everyone. We have heard performances done in large halls when she projected to large audiences. Now we have one valuable example of how she shared her musical art more intimately, with a small nightclub gathering. May there be others.

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(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

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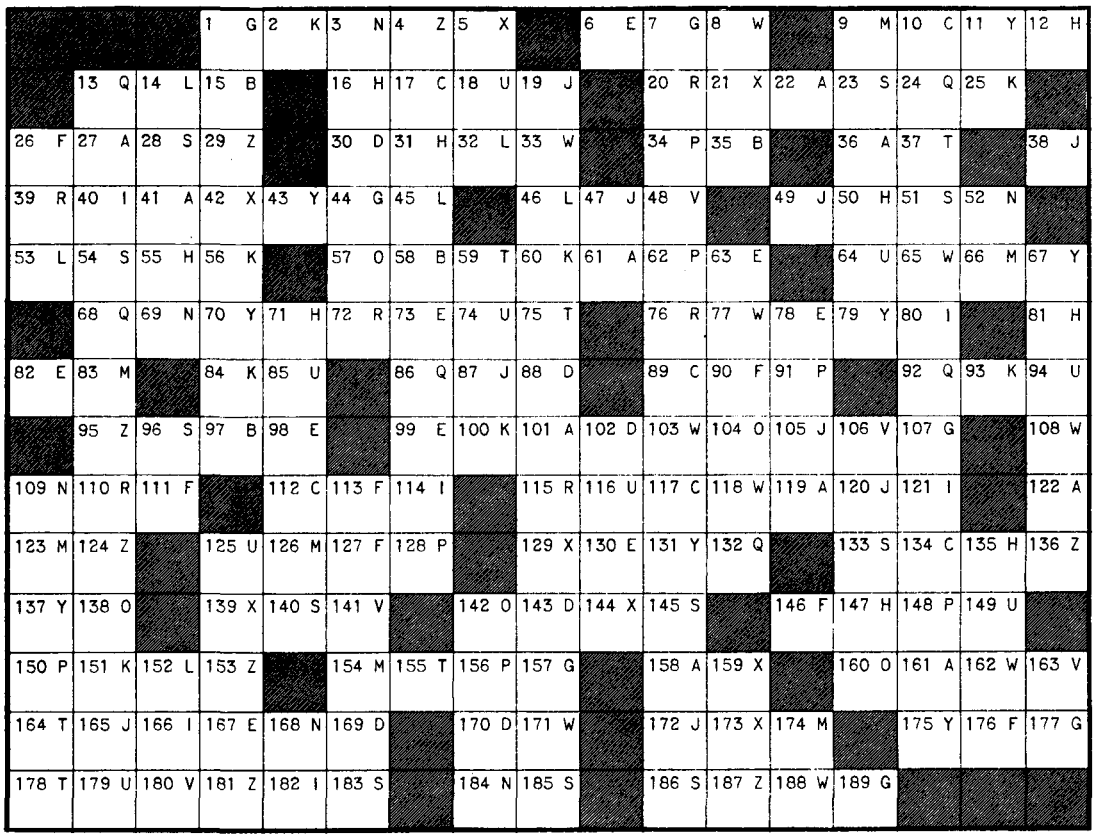
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The doctrine or the science of the good.	122 61 41 119 27 158 161 101 36 22
B. One of Charles Frohman's most beautiful starring actresses, early 20th cent. (surname).	15 35 97 58
C. Shoot of a perennial plant, of second year's growth or later.	134 10 112 117 17 89
D. Painter, one of the last, and the most talented, of the Hudson River School (1825-94).	170 88 30 143 102 169
E. Age of President Truman on his next birthday (comp.).	98 73 99 130 63 6 167 78 82
F. Two contradictory-sounding wds. used colloquially often to introduce a new aspect of a topic under discussion.	111 90 26 146 113 127 176
G. Describing something recently brought into existence.	44 107 157 1 7 189 177
H. Argument in which one of the propositions is understood but not stated.	31 71 50 147 16 55 135 81 12
I. Herbaceous plant whose blanched leaf stalks are eaten raw as a salad or cooked as a vegetable.	182 80 166 114 40 121
J. One of the "overhand" mining excavations for the removal of ore (2 wds.).	19 105 120 165 49 172 47 38 87
K. Considered as a hypothesis which has undergone some verification (2 wds.).	60 151 84 100 56 2 93 25
L. Goes with a chop to mean a vicissitude.	152 53 14 46 45 32

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Substance having a poisonous juice, usually identified with henbane or with ebony.	9 126 154 174 83 66 123
N. Without arrangement or order; haphazard.	69 3 52 109 184 168
O. Long and slender.	104 160 57 138 142
P. Moderate temperature, esp. if less than is considered normal or usual (as in baking; 2 wds.).	128 150 91 62 156 148 34
Q. Biblical name for the ancient Hittite city known to the Greeks as Epiphania, and still existing in W Syria.	68 92 86 24 132 13
R. Terrified.	110 115 20 39 76 72
S. The staff of life in its most familiar form (3 wds.).	140 96 28 186 54 185 133 145 183 51 23
T. Shallow lake, esp. one near, or communicating with, the sea.	155 164 75 178 37 59
U. Gratis (3 wds.; WNI III).	85 74 149 116 94 179 18 64 125
V. Any of numerous large marine snails belonging to *Buccinum* and allied genera.	48 163 180 141 106
W. Making a shrill, creaking noise.	118 103 65 77 33 8 162 188 171 108
X. The bridge holding of the player to the right of the newspaper-games declarer (2 wds.).	21 144 5 129 173 139 159 42
Y. Allowance for traveling expenses; provisions for a journey.	11 175 131 137 43 79 70 67
Z. To make a critical alteration or correction.	4 95 153 181 124 136 29 187

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Watch courtesy Tiffany & Co., from $110 to $3,000.

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Now there's a jeweled main bearing in this Smith-Corona portable.

Why? For the same reason jewels are put in a fine watch!

A typewriter, like a fine watch, is a precision instrument. Now Smith-Corona® adds a new dimension to typewriting precision. The first jeweled main bearing in a typewriter—made from the same hard sapphire used in the bearing points of fine watches, U.S. satellites, and many space-age precision instruments. Only Smith-Corona has it and so many other exciting features. Changeable type. An all-steel frame so strong you can stand on it. A cushioned carriage-return handle. Distinctive new colors . . . even the platens are colored! All from the company that offered the first five-year guarantee on any typewriter. Small wonder more people buy Smith-Corona portables than any other portable in the world. How about you?

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES

SCM® GUARANTEE: Any Smith-Corona branch office will replace without charge (except for labor and shipping) any part that proves defective within 5 years of purchase date. No labor charge within 90 days of purchase. Warranty covers all parts except motor, rubber parts, energy cell or charger after 90 days. Does not cover damage from accident or misuse and extends only to original owner. SCM CORP., 410 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. 22, N.Y. IN CANADA: SCM LTD., 30 BERTRAND AVE., SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

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